

June 1928

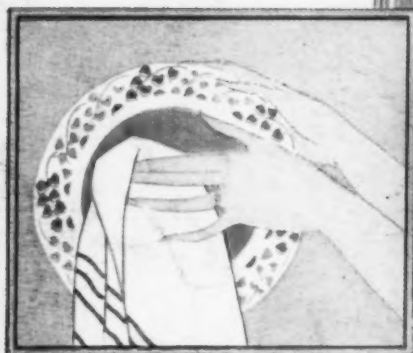
THE
RED BOOK
Z I N E



& A Sensational Novel by Rupert Hughes

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Bruce Barton, Virginia Dale & others Lindbergh and Ford

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expressive
hands*



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for troubles of the gums

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*The way to have firm,
healthy gums—beautiful, white teeth*

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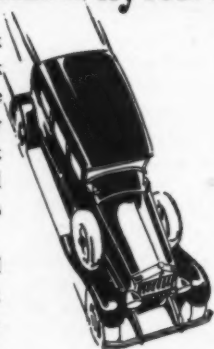


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Psychologically Considered

By GEORGE E. JOHNSON,

Associate Professor, Graduate School of Education, Harvard University

Author of "Education Through Recreation"

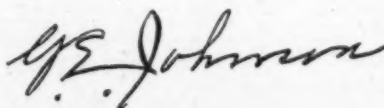
THE summer camp restores to children much of the naturalness of living that the modern community in so many ways tends to take away. The full significance of this is not disclosed in the bare statement. Biologists and sociologists have long emphasized what they regard as an antagonism between human nature and the demands of complex modern society. The burden of adjustment is too great for many.

If this be true with respect to adults, it is still more so with respect to children and youth. Educators are recognizing today the need of wholesome yet free expression of the child's inborn tendencies and of the many resulting tendencies so naturally and generally acquired by children on the basis of the inborn. The camp environment, closer to nature and socially simpler, is ideal for the expression of these tendencies freely yet wholesomely. It gives zest and joyousness in the experiences that naturally occur in the child's life. Thus the weeks in camp insure against the suppression or cramping of the inborn tendencies or their diversion into unwholesome forms.

The chief value of the summer camp, however, is not in this negative aspect or in the prophylactics of camp life. The positive influences are of even greater importance. An observer of the activities of children in a good camp can readily understand and appreciate how so much of human nature finds natural and wholesome expression in ways to develop such traits as: energy; liking for effort; industry; initiative; love of achievement in certain

lines, hence ambition; courage; persistence; self-control; confidence; sociability; sympathy; cooperation; and many others. He also knows how these activities, which have become associated with deep enjoyment, tend to establish youthful standards of right behavior in harmony with desires in such a way as to result in mental integration. In this way, certain moral traits develop in harmony with and not contrary to existing predispositions and attitudes. This is of fundamental importance in early moral training, for it makes possible the identification of the child's self, his desires and his interests, with right behavior.

It is this point of view of right behavior and its relation to moral conduct that is deepening the conviction that in camp life one holds the vantage ground in moral education. The great moral philosopher, Paulson, said: "The goal at which the will aims does not consist in a maximum of pleasurable feelings, but in the normal exercise of the vital functions for which the species is predisposed. . . . The problem of ethics, therefore, is to set forth in general outlines the form of life for which human nature is predisposed." For a portion of the year, at least, may it not be said truthfully that the summer camp provides the environment which most completely meets the needs of the developing character of children?



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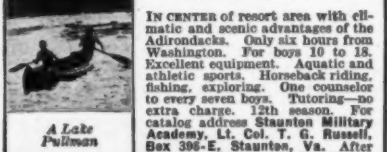
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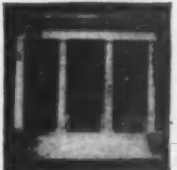
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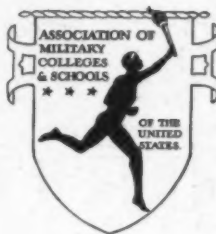
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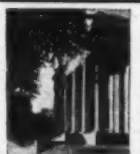
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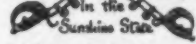
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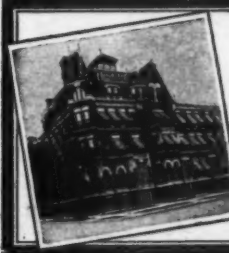
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will recall this scene
eventful years
from now?



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Rolled away in a corner of the
cedar chest.

And where will his fraternity pin
be? Dropped... long since... into
the jewelry case of the girl who be-
came his wife.

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does quite get over. At first its ac-
curacy seems nothing short of amaz-
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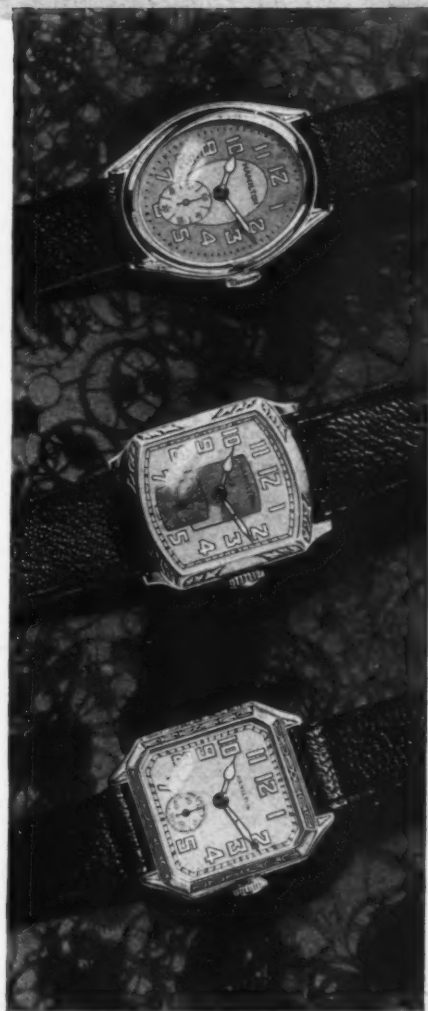
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By Angelo Patri

Decoration
By Franklin
Booth

IT is fine to be able to gather and enjoy the pleasant, the lovely things of life. Gathering and holding what he most desires gives a man a high sense of power; and when a man is filled with power, he is happy.

Like all other benefits conferred upon men, this one has its reverse and tremendously dynamic side. If a man clutch his heart's desire, clutch it to him in dread and fear lest it go from him, he will most assuredly lose it. All joy, all power, all happiness dies in the clenched hand. Life must be permitted to flow freely through our hands lest it cease to nurture us, and we die.

Three times the people offered Caesar the crown, and three times he refused it. Why should a Caesar want a crown? Francis of Assisi was offered a prince's ransom, but he smiled, took up his beggar's bowl and staff and went out into the world, barefooted. Why should St. Francis want a princely fortune when the kingdom of God was within him?

The hard-pressed breadwinner shakes his head.

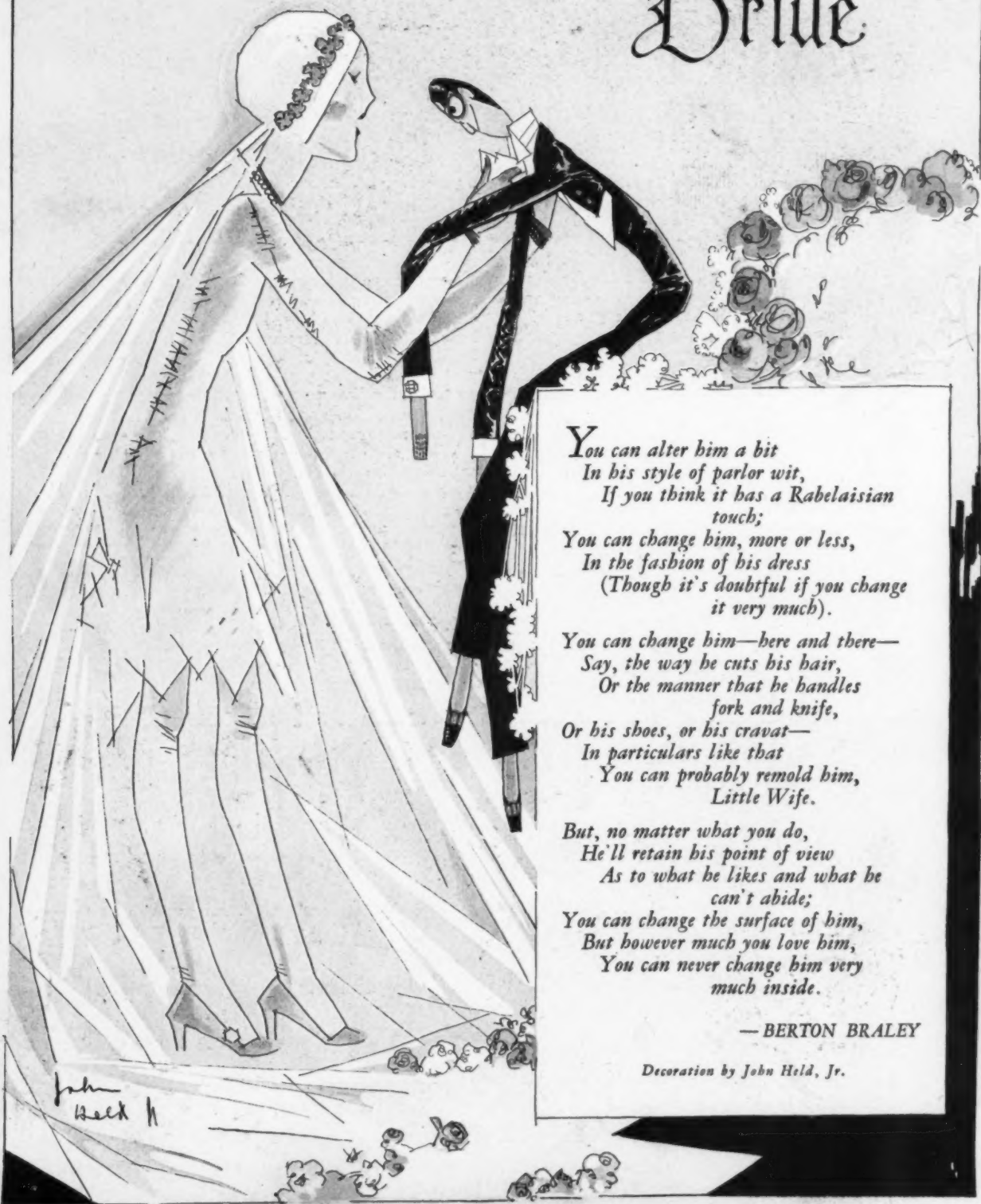
No empire ever was or ever will be his for refusal. No princely fortune was ever in his power. Life for him means one long, hard scramble for daily bread. Why talk of renunciation? Because in it lies the wellspring of happiness for prince and pauper alike. The good we share, the prize we renounce, the love we set free, is our princely possession for all time and beyond. The open hand alone knows true riches.

When, as little children, we play along the shore snatching the sparkling jewels from the wave-washed sands, we discover with dismay that the treasure we hold is but a handful of dull pebbles and empty shells, noxious with dead seaweed. The Angel of Renunciation whispers: "Put them back and they will sparkle again. They belong with the sea and the sand and the sun and the wild free air. Put them back."

Happy for us if we learn our lesson early, so that in old age we may not find ourselves standing on the lonely shore, our hands filled with dull stones and withered grasses.



To Any Bride



*You can alter him a bit
In his style of parlor wit,
If you think it has a Rabelaisian
touch;*

*You can change him, more or less,
In the fashion of his dress
(Though it's doubtful if you change
it very much).*

*You can change him—here and there—
Say, the way he cuts his hair,
Or the manner that he handles
fork and knife,
Or his shoes, or his cravat—
In particulars like that
You can probably remold him,
Little Wife.*

*But, no matter what you do,
He'll retain his point of view
As to what he likes and what he
can't abide;*

*You can change the surface of him,
But however much you love him,
You can never change him very
much inside.*

—BERTON BRALEY

Decoration by John Held, Jr.

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*J*OSEPH

CUMMINGS CHASE

When in an art exhibition at Paris (France) an American wins a prize, it means for him a seat among the mighty of his fellows, as it should and ought. That an American emerges from a Gallic competition with both the first and second prizes is almost unthinkable, possibly unprecedented, not to say de trop. Well, Mr. Chase did just that in the Grunwald poster show of 1904; whereupon he turned his attention to the painting of portraits. General Pershing and Marshal Foch were among his sitters. It is an ill year when the harvest from his easel does not exceed fifty portraits. His studio is at the Hotel Chelsea, New York, where, besides prolifically laboring as a painter, he produces a prodigious amount of literary work. He is a New Englander from Maine.



Photo by Nicholas Murray, New York City

PEGGY FISH: Little did she suspect, when one day Miss Fish ventured from her fireside in Jersey City, bent upon a journey to New York, how greatly traveling was to affect her future career. Emanating from the Hudson tube into the sunshine of lower Manhattan, the discovery of her charming qualities as an artist's model merely depended upon how soon the first artist would discern them, which promptly happened. And in a trice she was one of the outstanding successes among models. Nor did she escape the vigilance of theater and movie scouts. She is one of Mr. Chase's favorite types.

**MC CLELLAND
BARCLAY**

The St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts, the Art Students League of New York, and the Art Institute of Chicago are the sources from which Mr. Barclay obtained his academic training. Soon after he was born in St. Louis, in 1891, he found that he wanted only to draw, and promptly made a habit of the predilection. So, after making himself prominent in the art field of his native city, he came to Chicago, where he stayed ten years, harvesting commissions, mixing freely with fellow-craftsmen, dilettanti and cognoscenti. When he quitted the town he left behind a broad wake of friends and orphaned presidencies in societies of which he was a member. A year ago he came to New York, and is now far on his way to duplicate what he did in Chicago, namely to become a native of the place.



ROSEMARY WALLACE

Folks at Fitchburg, Mass., where she was born, remember with a flutter of hearts the days when Miss Wallace was a mannequin in their midst. Confining her efforts to home consumption meant at least a 97% loss to her as a business proposition; and so, being of Scotch descent, she descended upon New York a year syne. Here Mr. Ziegfeld was putting the finishing touches to "Rio Rita," the show that was to open his new theater. With her acting for Mr. Ziegfeld and posing for Mr. Barclay her time is pretty well accounted for.



Photo by De Barron Studios, New York City

Photo by
Nicholas Hår, New York City

**MOLLY
McMAHON**

She is of Irish descent; and Mr. Webb, who knows, says she looks Spanish. She is a New Yorker by birth, and after being graduated from school became a pupil at the Art Students League. Because she herself is an artist, and because Mr. Webb can teach her things essential to rounding out her facility with brush and colors, this young lady poses only for Mr. Webb. Her hours for recreation are spent in writing poetry and riding horses.



Photo by
Nicholas Murey, New York City

THOMAS WEBB: That Mr. Webb became an artist is in no wise the fault of his family, who, possibly noting early his artistic trend, decided to have him a lawyer. So he did the reasonable thing and became one. That over with, he went in for art with and for all he was worth, first at the Art Students League, New York, under Bridgman and Bellows, later at the studios of Kyahei Inukai, the portrait painter, and Power O'Malley, famous for his Irish landscapes. He is an authority on color in its relation to personality and dress—a subject wherein the painter of portraits must be well versed. Golf, horse-back-riding and fencing are his hobbies.

Photo by
Arnold Genthe, New York City



CAROLYN PIERSON "Miss Newark" in the last beauty show at Atlantic City was none other than Miss Pierson. Although a student of art, the young lady's most urgent ambition and natural bent is to be a dancer. She is now one of the students of Luigi Albertieri, who taught the great Pavlova. And she lives in Jersey City—was, indeed, born there.

HASKELL COFFIN: He came to the Corcoran School of Art in Washington from Charleston, South Carolina, where he was born in 1877. Looking for wider fields to conquer upon the completion of his studies, New York seemed to beckon him; and thither he hied, enrolling at the Art Students League, where in due time he carried off a coveted scholarship prize that took him for a happy period to the Julian School in Paris. Since then his activities have been many and varied: portraits, mural decorations, magazine covers, commercial illustrating—in fact, the whole gamut of productions that fall to the lot of the successful artist.



Photo by
Nicholas Hain,
New York City



Photo by
Leo Barry Studio,
New York City

RIPPLES COVERT

When Mr. Teague saw the musical show "Rose Marie," he by the same token clapped his discriminating eyes upon the loveliness of Miss Covert; really, he discovered her. She is now in the cast of the "Ziegfeld Follies." What with her ardent studies with vocal and dancing teachers, her hours for recreation are not many, but a goodly share of them are spent in posing for Mr. Teague. Miss Covert is a Boston girl.

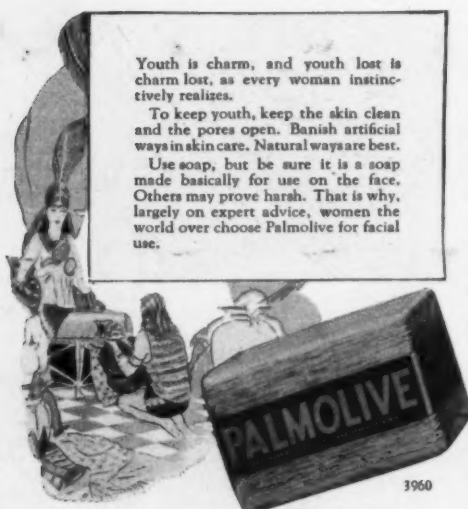


DONALD TEAGUE: He was born in New York City, where was his home until he fell victim to the suburban charms of New Rochelle. Here he has acquired a tract of land with trees on it that will remain there after the mansion, now planned, is finished, for he intends to fit the house to the lot. From his studies in the Art Students League he debouched directly and successfully into the field of illustration. One of his vacation trips took him to Morocco, Africa, which place so impressed him that he threatens some day to quit this hemisphere and take to living among the sheiks and Zuleikaa. "No," as they say in the movie columns, "he is not married, girls!"



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KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION



EDWIN BALMER, *Editor*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: ARTHUR MCKEOGH, New York; DONALD KENNICOTT, Chicago.

ART DIRECTOR: HENRY A. THIEDS

A COMMON-SENSE EDITORIAL

Youth Does Not Take Advice

By BRUCE BARTON

IT was my privilege to have a small part in the preparation of some questions for Mr. Edison to answer over the radio on his last birthday.

The questions dealt with the personal sort of things which we human beings are always wanting to know about each other: How Mr. Edison does his work; whether he still believes that under-eating is a help to health; whether he still sleeps only four hours a night; which invention in his judgment is the most important—and so on.

At the end of the interview we added the good old stand-by: "Have you any advice to give to the youth of today?"

To which the great genius responded in five words: "Youth does not take advice."

Youth does not take advice. There was a boy named Lindbergh, who conceived the crazy notion that he could fly across the sea. Any one of us might have told him that he would fail, but he would not listen to us. Alone he flew, and won.

And when he had won, we wise old people set to work enthusiastically to destroy him. We plied him with temptations to wealth. We sought in every way to exploit his fame and turn the public's enthusiasm into disgust.

He would not take our advice. Instead, he held himself so far above us that he has lifted the spirit of the whole world, and merely by being his own youthful self has done more than all our trained ambassadors to create international understanding and a foundation for peace.

Youth does not take advice. There was a boy named Voltaire who wanted to write, but his father was determined to make him a clerk.

"Literature," exclaimed the old man, "is the profession of the man who wishes to be useless to society, a burden to his relatives, and to die of hunger!"

But Voltaire persisted on his wayward course and became the most powerful influence in his century.

Youth does not take advice. In the very year when Edison was pursuing his tedious and apparently endless search for a filament that would burn in a vacuum without being burned up, famous scientists in Europe announced publicly that the search could not possibly succeed.

Youth does not take advice. A young man named Jesus swept up the shavings in His carpenter shop one night, hung up the tools, and told the neighbors that He was going away. He was terribly foolish, they said to Him, leaving a good trade like that. The town was sure He would come to no good end, and "even his brethren did not believe in him."

Youth does not take advice. By dint of our fears and our hurts and troubles, we elders achieve a certain experience which we attempt to impose upon our children. Some of it sticks, and so we perform the useful function of keeping the world from going too fast and possibly skidding into the ditch. But fortunately we are not all-powerful.

Fortunately youth does not take advice.



Dividing the TREASURES

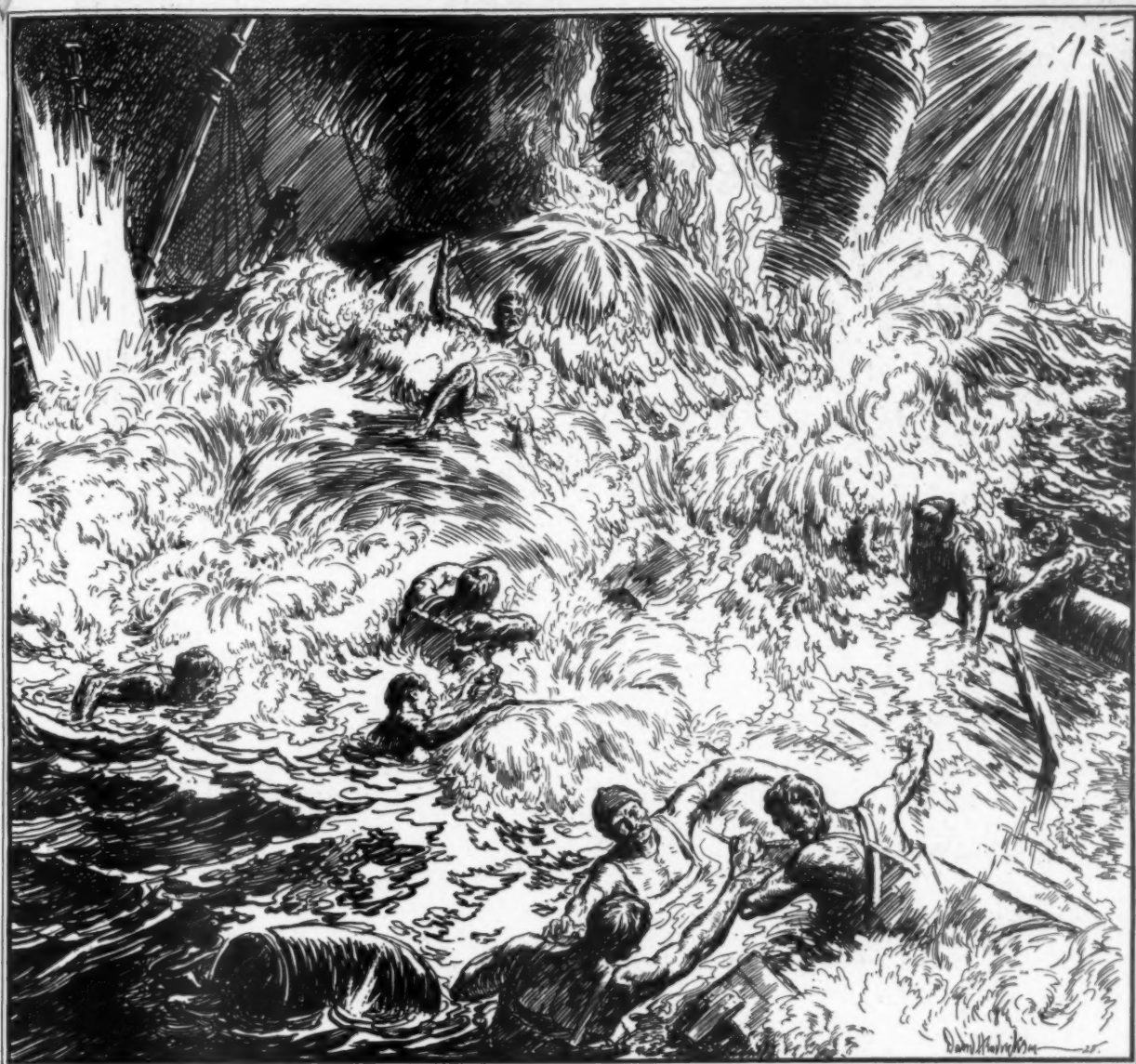
Eating chocolates is a social pleasure. Part of the fun is exploring and dividing the chocolate contents of the PLEASURE ISLAND PACKAGE—real treasures from the Spanish Main. In the chest are a tray and two bags of loot reminiscent of the days of Black Beard and Morgan. Dividing the treasure is a social delight when the chest is

Whitman's

PLEASURE ISLAND
CHOCOLATES



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IT is strange, in this day of our dominance in world affairs when the prestige of Spain is a memory, to recall our situation just thirty years ago. We were at war with Spain because of Cuba; and whatever was the confidence at our capitol, abroad it was believed that the new prodigy of the West never could prevail against the power of Spain!

Something almost atavistic fed our own fears when Cervera's squadron of four armored cruisers steamed from Cadiz and spread panic along our Atlantic seaboard all out of proportion to the actual danger threatened. The ghosts of the great Armada—the Invincible Armada—seemed to sail in the skies as convoy for Cervera's ships. We forgot how Drake had beaten the Invincible Armada; we had not forgotten that Dewey, without the loss of a man, had destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay; but as yet we scarcely comprehended it.

The Spaniards were on the sea, which was still the Spanish main. We had summoned the battleship *Oregon* around the Horn from the Pacific to reinforce the Atlantic fleet; and we organized Schley's "flying squadron" to harry and hunt down the speeding ships of Spain.

At last they were located in the harbor of Santiago; and the paramount matter of the moment was to "bottle them up." So Sampson and Schley, with their combined fleets, besieged the fortified harbor. Sampson, in command, determined to choke the channel by sending in and sinking a ship in the bottle-neck; and Richard Pearson Hobson, a lieutenant upon the flagship *New York*, volunteered to take in the doomed vessel.

This was the *Merrimac*, a collier three hundred and thirty feet

HOBSON

Illustrated by David Hendrickson

long, which required a crew of seven, besides Hobson, to navigate—and sink—it.

The call for volunteers for what was, apparently, "certain death duty" was made by signal; and names poured in by the hundred. The junior officers' mess of the *New York* responded *en masse*. "The bulk of the fleet," reported Hobson, "was anxious to go."

The ship was prepared, ten torpedoes secured at its side to sink it. Hobson chose his seven men; and in bright moonlight—for light was needed to see the channel—the *Merrimac* started in.

On the first night, Sampson halted the attempt. The strain upon the men was tremendous, having prepared themselves for the extreme peril. Next night, under better conditions, they went in.

The shore batteries opened upon the unprotected collier; the Spanish sentinel ships concentrated a short-range fire. The Spanish mines exploded; the *Pluton* and the *Reina Mercedes* torpedoed the vessel. Under this hell of fire, Hobson cried out, "Lads, they're helping us!" and the American torpedoes were exploded to sink the *Merrimac* instantly.

Some failed; and the ship's steering apparatus was shot away. The *Merrimac* grounded and became a fixed target to the Spanish forts and ships.

At last the tide swung the wreck down the channel.

"She's going to turn over on us, sir," cried a man.

"No, she'll right herself in sinking," replied Hobson; and the eight men, miraculously spared, clung together and saved themselves on a raft as the *Merrimac* went under.

The Spaniards picked up the commander and all the crew.

Hobson became the name and symbol of supreme heroism.

She Goes to WAR

By Rupert Hughes

With splendid, graphic strokes Mr. Hughes restores to you the most tremendous event in modern history. Here again is the pomp and panoply, the glorious hate and fascinating fury—especially as it affected woman!—told as only talent and intelligence can relate it in the light of this unblinded day.

Illustrated by H. M. Stoops



THE butler stepped hastily through the moon-blued white columns of the portico and beckoned. He looked back into the high hall and saw the young girl running down the great stairway.

He put his fingers to his lips and whistled.

The dozing chauffeur woke, stared. The butler wigwagged excitedly. The gears snarled; the burly roadster bucked, shot to the foot of the steps, stopped short.

The chauffeur was hardly out before a young woman in the scant costume called full evening dress, with a coat flying behind like a pair of wings, dashed from the house. Her heels were going *rat-a-tat-a-tat* down the steps as she murmured:

"Night!"

"Good night, Miss Joan," said the butler.

"Even'n'!"

"Good evening, Miss Joan," said the chauffeur.

She was already at the wheel and had the car started before he could scramble in. He went backward with a slam as she swirled the monster around the driveway.

He had the door closed just in time to save it from being ripped off by the gateway. Low branches of a tree switched his face as she glanced at the clock on the dash and said something like "Hell!" He thought as much.

She gave a little greased lightning to the car on the sleek highway, and the speedometer arrow shivered nervously between sixty and seventy. The chauffeur was even more nervous. As they pierced a dark wood, she mumbled:

"Going to the war?"

"Got a mother—wife—three kids."

The last word was jolted up into the capitals as the right wheels whooped over an unseen bump. They slashed across a narrow bridge so close to the granite abutment that he gasped:

"Maybe I'd better go to the war."

She got the point, and threw in more velocity as her comment. The chauffeur shot forward as if to dive headfirst through the windshield as she suddenly braked down to a tame forty when they drew into the village.

Out of the dark appeared a squad of soldiers, singing, arm-in-arm. The song was quenched, and they sought cover with an agility that showed the value of their studies at the training camp.

In the town-square a fragment of the Salvation Army was spread out beyond the curb. As Joan swooped past, the trombonist seemed to swallow most of the tube. She grazed the skirts of the *contralto*, and a tambourine rattled with terror.

Once through the village, she gave her chauffeur more cause to imagine how much safer he would be in France. But as she drew near to the Country Club, lighted up and at a distance resembling a candy cottage on a wedding cake, she was checked by the throng of other cars hurrying toward the community's farewell to Cheshelm's own company of soldiers, entraining in the morning for France *via* a big assembly camp.

Joan hated to drive slowly anywhere, and so did her car. They were used to letting pedestrians fend for themselves. Though the highways about the Club were thick with motors, by clever work and outrageous impudence she managed to steal the road from most of them.

She went into the curved driveway at such speed that the chauffeur closed his eyes. So he did not see what happened to big Tom Pike, who had parked his car at a distance and was escorting his very small mother afoot to the clubhouse. He was in his new uniform; she was in her old one. He knew all about automobiles and she only one thing—that they are all murderous.

She shrieked and froze with terror as the headlights of Joan's plunging demon blinded her. Tom lifted her lightly and set her on the steps in time to have followed her to safety if he had wanted to. But he preferred to stand stock still in angry calm.

Joan, assuming that everybody had sense enough to get out of her way, failed to jam down her brakes until the collision bar had struck Tom Pike's knee. It staggered him a little, but he received it like a statue.



"Well, don't you want to dance with me, Mr. First Lieutenant?"
 "God, yes!" he gasped.

Joan called around the windshield in a fury: "What the—why the—"

His only answer was a glare of such contemptuous hatred that she resorted to snobbery as her only remaining weapon. She turned the wheel over to the chauffeur and stepped out, with a flippant:

"Well, well! It's Tom Pike, the garage boy—and all dressed up! What are you, an admiral?"

He did not answer that either. As the chauffeur backed and twisted the car and ran it to some distant parking-place, Joan inspected Tom more closely, and having learned something about insignia of late, taunted him further:

"A first lieutenant! You frighten me."

She frightened him so that he wanted to knock her down with his fist, or better yet, to cut her in two with a slash of repartee. But the best he could do was to turn away from her, seizing his mother by the tiny point of her elbow, and hoist her up the steps.

As Joan smiled at the success of her ridicule, half a dozen young men of her acquaintance descended on her to wrangle her

for the first dance. Most of them were in uniform. Some of the smartest and richest wore the ill-fitting garb of privates; one was a corporal, and another a second lieutenant. As this last had had his clothes made for him, they fitted him, and Joan selected him for the first dance.

Democracy was suddenly the fashion. It had the charm of everything that is novel, by reason of genuine newness or by a revival of something old and forgotten.

The realm about Cheshelm conformed to the type of American rural life in the East. A central village of the humblest sort served as the hub of a vast wheel of estates where people of wealth played country gentry, pretending to be farmers and leaving agriculture to the hirelings while they admired the landscape and traversed it in automobiles or followed hounds across it or in winter swooped across the snow on skis.

The townspeople were grocers, bakers, hardware, feed and grain merchants, plumbers, garage men, laundresses and purveyors to the rich or to the poor that hung about them. The rich and the poor mingled on a friendly basis so long as the poor realized that

the graciousness of the rich was pure condescension and repaid it with lower prices than were charged in the city.

In short, Cheshelm did its little best to be as feudal as American conditions permit.

WHEN the World War broke and the call came for the nation to reveal and exploit its man-power, Cheshelm did as well as could be expected. Rich and poor alike volunteered in the usual proportions, or gave good excuses for waiting until the draft act should annul all excuses. In Cheshelm as elsewhere, the nation also revealed its woman-power.

Never was there a war in which women took so large a part. Those who could not sacrifice themselves to the dirty work and the drudgery, or the pretty work and the flummery, tried to share all the dangers with the men.

A hundred thousand Joans of Arc arose overnight and offered to lead the way to battle. And that caused no end of difficulty, since American men had been so long in the habit of letting the women have everything they wanted that it was hard to deny them the privilege of sleeping in the muddy trenches and having their sweet bosoms riddled with cooties and shrapnel.

The Cheshelm Country Club was one of the most aristocratic in the whole republic. Its women were as high-spirited as any, and having complained of the difficulty of keeping servants that could serve, decided that the noblest work of woman was to serve.

Cheshelm, like the rest of the country, was stirred to its depths by a great desire to be democratic, to live and die for democracy. There would soon be a phrase, accepted by nearly everybody at home, that the soldiers were fighting "to make the world safe for democracy." In Cheshelm it was a watchword that kindled a frenzy of enthusiasm.

Once a year the King of England dances with the palace servants. Once a year the King of Spain gets down on his hunkers and washes the feet of certain carefully selected and sterilized beggars.

Such ceremonies are well understood, and there is no record of any chambermaid asking the English king to dance with her the day after the annual affair, or of any Spanish beggar offering his feet to His Majesty to scrub on any other occasion.

But the war was on for a long run and democracy must be professed indefinitely. It was the only thing in style, except bravery and self-sacrifice, and Cheshelm never yet had lagged behind the van in doing what was smart.

The villagers had for years kept up a little separate company of a scattered National Guard regiment. The officers held it together by imploring recruits, and committing patriotic perjury whenever it was necessary to save the company from being disbanded for lack of attendance.

When the war broke, the ridiculous little organization became the pride of the town. Its enlarged quota was quickly filled, and there was a waiting-list a mile long for every one of the positions as officer. Tom Pike, who had worked up to the difficult post of first sergeant, had been elected first lieutenant to replace a man whose wife, mother and three children forbade him to leave them to starve. Tom was not quite sure how his own mother would be fed, but she trusted to the ravens and promised him that she would get along. The second lieutenantcy was secured by Percy Van Ruyper, who paid for it by buying a lot of much-needed equipment. And so the company was ready for camp at an early date, and the Country Club meekly begged permission to receive as honored guests persons who had never before been allowed to enter the grounds except to build additions or deliver supplies, or repair the plumbing.

Among all the snobs in Cheshelm, Joan Morant was probably the snobbiest. She was as kind to her servants and the tradespeople as she was to her horses and dogs—and would have been equally amazed to hear them asking to sit at table with her or take her out to dance.

FOR such a man as Tom Pike, it was impossible to comprehend such a girl as Joan. He was bound to misunderstand her cordiality when she stopped at his garage for gas or oil, or stood by his side talking learnedly of the ailments of a sick engine.

He was quite as proud and haughty in his way as she in hers. He was quite properly convinced that a good mechanic is as good as anybody, not one day in the week, or during a war only, but all the year around.

He had been scorched by Joan's warm beauty and deceived by her careless informality with him. He knew he was as good as she was, and he thought she knew it too. He did not understand that the more aristocratic one is, the more superior one can be, and usually is, to pretentious pomposity.

There was no other girl in town who was so free of her language, so frank in her talk and so indifferent to her postures as Joan Morant. She said "Please!" and "Thank you!" to her servants and to others who waited on her, but that was only politeness. She never thought of drawing social lines and putting people in their places, because she assumed that they knew their places and recognized that she was surrounded by a sacred circle of superiority.

She could go anywhere at ease just because she was a goddess. Even Jupiter could take supper in the humble cottage of a peasant, and praise the porridge as if it were *potage St. Germain*. But the peasant must not return the call and expect to be served with nectar.

Joan's snobbery never showed itself plainer than at a time when the rest of the aristocracy was standing on its head trying to show how democratic it could be. Most of the snobs who were struggling to be aristocratic had been only pretending all the time. Some of them were really democratic at heart, but had never dared to show it for fear of criticism.

When Joan reached the clubhouse and accepted Lieutenant Percy Van Ruyper's invitation to the dance, she found herself jostled by lads whom she recognized as drivers of trucks, hostlers about the stables, clerks in the village stores, the ticket-agent at the station, the man who hustled the trunks on and off the train, and hired men about the farm.

She was mortally offended and a trifle sickened. She tried to remind herself that these poor souls were all heroes ennobled by their bravery and consecrated by their readiness to die for the republic. She was willing to crown them with laurels and revere them as saints, but dancing with them was another thing yet.

She tried to force herself not to be a silly idiot, and above all, not to make herself conspicuous, but her stomach regarded the affair as a sort of Channel crossing. She had no theories of class-distinction, and despised some of her own relations more than anybody else. She had no idea that it was degrading to be in trade, and she accepted the tradespeople as inferiors only because they fawned on her and her people for the sake of their custom. But she could not, all of a sudden, fawn on them.

She felt so ill at ease that she could not dance. She blamed the music and dragged the protecting Percy from the floor on a pretext that she was thirsty. He led her to the punchbowl.

Presiding over the cut-glass bathtubs of lemonade were the grandest ladies in the county, trying to give away their wares as eagerly as farmwives at a fair trying to sell turnips and cabbages. Others were doing their utmost to stuff sandwiches and cakes into capacious soldiers whom they would not have permitted to wait on them a month ago.

JOAN was a bit sickened by all the bad acting in this amateur show, and she could not applaud it or play the part thrust into her hand. She decided that she was not thirsty and turned with relief to greet an old friend of hers, a somewhat eccentric girl who had spent a deal of time away—abroad, Joan had supposed. Dorcas was dressed now as a Red Cross nurse, probably for a pageant or something.

Joan hailed her now: "H'lo, Dorcas! Haven't seen you for ages. What're you all dolled up for?"

"I'm going to France."

"Already?"

There was a touch of excusable pride in Dorcas' answer:

"The Red Cross is always ready to go anywhere at any time."

Joan lifted her eyebrows at the boast, but felt at once a keen impulse to hurry across to France.

"I believe I'll go along with you, if you don't mind. The uniform is most becoming. I never thought you were exactly beautiful before, but you're the stunningest thing I ever saw in that get-up. How can I get one?"

"By taking a course for three years."

"My God! The war will be over by that time."

"I hope so."

"Did you study three years?"

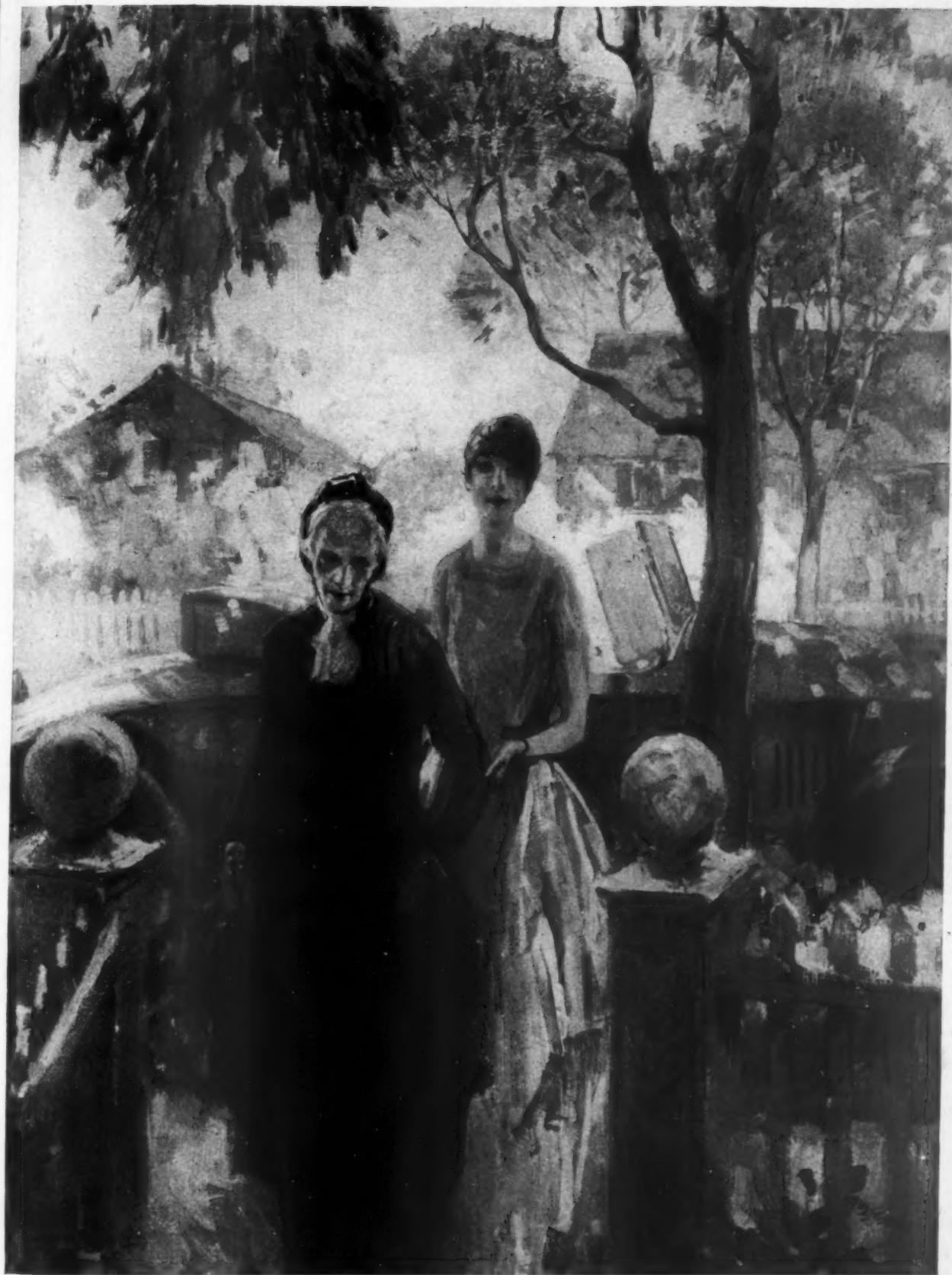
"Yes. I didn't expect to go to France, but I wanted to make myself useful somehow."

"I wish to the Lord I'd known about it. I'm crazy to get into this awful mess somewhere."

"The Red Cross can use you right away for a thousand things, but not as a nurse, of course. To be a trained nurse, you've got to be—trained. But the Red Cross needs thousands of workers if they're willing to work."

More in self-defence than in pique, the whimsical Joan passed up the suggestion:

"I don't think I'd care for nursing. I want to fight. I could



There was something not so contemptible after all, Joan thought, that a boy from this cottage should be an officer superior to Percy Van Ruyper.

always whip all the boys I knew, and run faster. I'm a dead shot with a pistol or a shotgun. Why can't I fight?"

"Why not?" said Dorcas, whose training had taught her that argument is more likely to make well people ill than ill people well. Just then the floor manager howled:

"The next will be a Paul Jones!"

Joan always hated the promiscuity of the Paul Jones even in her own crowd.

She refused half a dozen prayers to dance, but her fat old Uncle Cornelius simply dragged her in. She could not hurt his feelings, though she knew he would not be equally tender of her tender toes.

The band struck up. After a moment or two of hopping about with her wheezy uncle, a great circle was formed. All joined hands. Then, at command, the grand right-and-left began. She had to touch palms with Tom, Dick and Harry—Tom being Pike. The whistle blew, and she was lucky enough to be near Van Ruyper. As he flung her into his bosom, she pleaded:

"Dance me off the floor, Percy, and leave me."

"I can't—I've got a gal in there, and you've got a man. You'll have to play the game tonight."

He dragged her back into the circle when it formed again, and once more she wove her way among the sweaty-handed soldiers. The whistle blew as she was leaving Tom Pike, her left hand just about to slip from his huge fist. He had been paying little heed to the passers-by, and he drew her back and put his arm about her before he realized who she was.

There was a difficult instant for both of them. He would have been glad to cast her off, but he dared not. For her to refuse to dance with him would give him more importance than he deserved. Seeing that he was half-paralyzed, she snapped:

"Well, don't you want to dance with me, Mr. First Lieutenant?"

"God, yes!" he gasped, and could have bitten his tongue off with rage.

He put his arms about her as if she were a red-hot stove. But he found that she was not so warm as all that, and yet not cold—anger flushed her. He gathered her in and resolved to show her how well he could dance.

She was surprised at his rhythmic sense. She had to show him that she was no cow. The jazzy music was too crazy to permit anything reasonable. Jazz is anarchy, and she laughed at her prejudices for the nonce.

Tom pressed her close. She pressed away. He groaned. He could not tell whether he wanted to break every bone in her body or fly with her to another sphere. They danced in mutual wrath to such amorous music that she felt it best to talk of something less compromising than the implications of the music. She could think of nothing more brilliant than:

"So you're on your way to France?"

"I hope so—but there's a long stay in camp first."

"Then I'll be there before you."

"You going to France?"

"Of course. Everybody is."

"What could you do in France?"

He was asking merely for information, but a quirk of the jazz threw into his tone what she took for contempt; she answered stoutly:

"Drive an ambulance—or an ammunition truck, fight, shoot—"

"That's a man's job. A woman's place is in the home."

"What a brilliant remark! Did you just think it up all by yourself?"

He had meant to imply that she was too precious, too exquisite to be risked in the war-zone, but he lacked the graces of compliment and found that he had blundered again. His anger at his own awkwardness she interpreted as insolence. He made a bad matter worse by floundering:

"You'd only get in the way and interfere with the soldiers."

His thought was graceful; he meant that it would be hard for soldiers to keep their minds on the battle while she was near, but his flattery fell with the thud of an insult.

Joan, furious, snapped: "Don't let me interfere with you, Mr. Pike. I think I'll not dance any more."

Just then the belated whistle blew, and some dancing corporal taking a last whirl hooked his heel around Tom's shin and threw him off his balance. He caromed into a flying shoulder and was flung heavily to the floor.

In spite of all he could do he carried Joan with him, and in his frantic efforts to save her flung her on her back and landed on all fours alongside her.

Her head hit the floor and her bobbed hair afforded no cushion. The nasty crack on the skull and a bruise on one elbow did not improve her temper. She could have throttled Tom Pike to death

Sadie leaned so far out to watch the torpedo that she lost her balance. Joan clutched, flung herself backward, and brought the girl safely away.

cheerfully if she could have reached him. He could have killed himself to escape his remorse, and was so frantic with confusion that his agony took the form of a grimace that resembled a smile. He was nearer sobbing than laughing, but his emotion sounded like laughter, and he used that versatile word "funny," which meant to him as to countless others, "strange, incredible, bewildering, baffling."

"Gee, that was funny!" he said, and scrambling to his feet lifted Joan to hers as easily as he had tossed his mother to the steps when Joan's car frightened her.

This was the final sin. Joan could never endure to have a man lift her. She resented the assertion of superior strength. The feeling of helplessness infuriated her.

Then the imbecile attempted to brush off her dusty skirt, and as he slapped at it, she had to wring her hands to keep from slapping him down.

She tried her best to laugh at the ridiculous accident, but she felt more like crying. And she would rather have died than cry. She was almost maniac with a dozen angers at once. Tom Pike faltered:

"I'm mighty sorry! Can you ever forgive me?"

She answered, "No!" and walked off the floor. A dozen matrons and maids surrounded her with consolation or concealed exultation, knowing from experience that a woman would much rather fall secretly than publicly.

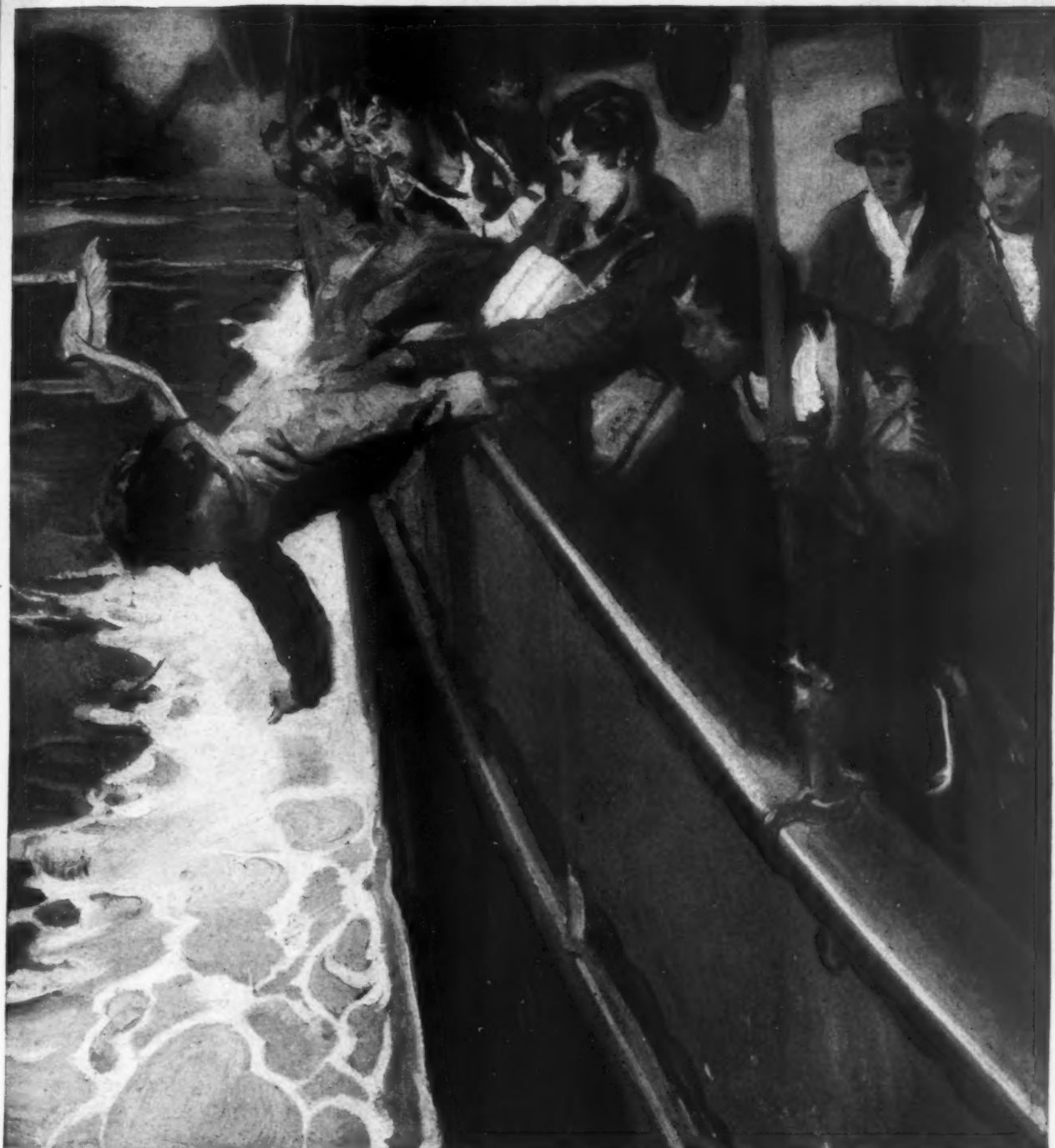
Joan was wrathful enough to groan:

"That's what one gets for dancing with a gang of muckers. I deserve it."

Because she wanted to go home, she insisted on staying; but she kept aloof from the dance floor, sullen in a black rage, forcing a miserable pretense of indifference to a peculiarly tormenting humiliation.

When she abandoned Tom, he stood rigid and gaping, feeling a tingling emptiness in the arms where Miss Morant had almost unbelievably rested for a while.





The circling dancers capered about him. Another grand right-and-left was finished, but he did not come back to life until one of the girls in town,—a clerk in the drygoods store, Molly Crawford,—seeing that she was about to fall into the arms of Joan's puffy uncle, ducked him, ran to Tom and jounced him furiously about the room.

Molly was giggling over Joan's disaster:

"I hope you threw her down a-purpose. She had it comin' to her."

Tom did not hear Molly's comments. He was wishing that he had the courage to dive through a window and disappear. He would have felt much obliged to Percy Van Ruyper if he had obeyed Joan's command. For when Percy tried vainly to shake Joan out of her wrath, and pleaded, "Wow, but you're glum! Can't I do anything to cheer you up?" Joan answered:

"Yes, go throw that unspeakable Tom Pike out of here."

"Good Lord!" Percy stammered. "He's my superior officer!"

Times had topsy-turvyed indeed, when a Percy Van Ruyper admitted his inferiority to a Tom Pike.

TOWARD the end of the evening the two factions of the village were pretty well worn out with trying to mix. Like oil and water they mingled when violently shaken, but on coming to a repose, returned to their separation.

The fashionables were drawn together for the dance or conversation, while the villagers were happy gathered in clusters of their own sort.

Joan was surrounded by the soldiers who were aristocrats, Van Ruyper, a sergeant or two, some corporals and a few privates, wretchedly ill at ease in their machine-made misfits.

She promised to go with them to France and be a mother to them while leading them to the fray. Van Ruyper and his friends organized themselves into her bodyguard and elected her their honorary colonel.

Colonel Joan invited them to ride back to camp in her roadster. They accepted with delight, piled in on top of the chauffeur, and made a sardine-can of the rumble seat.

About the same time Tom Pike, (Continued on page 159)

Ragamuffin

By Ewing Walker

who writes, as only a Southerner can, of fast horses, fair women, feud and love. Here is high feeling and the spell of chivalry.

Illustrated by Leslie L. Benson

THE older members of the family speak of it as Alan's Walk, for it was old Alan who built it with his slaves during the early 'forties. No one seems quite sure of the year, though there appears to be no question as to the motive which prompted him. It seems—so goes the story in the family—that old Major Alan Churchill on a thawing winter's day, when the ground was covered with the slush of a passing snow, was making his way from the big house to the paddocks. Somewhere between the two he slipped and fell into a particularly deep puddle of especially muddy snow.

The women of the family—who have a way of speaking bluntly upon such matters—stoutly maintain the old major was just plain drunk, having been one who sometimes took a good many and always took them neat; but the men as steadfastly avow he was but hurrying to the barns, in exemplary solicitude, to see after a mare in foal, and in his commendable haste, fell in slush and rose in profanity.

In any event, all agree he fell, and that the following day work upon the walk was begun; and there it stands—or runs—today after these eighty-odd years.

Today it is an uneven, worn, moss-mottled brick walk which, in addition to saving bibulous—or solicitous—majors from stepping into treacherous puddles, has its disciplinary uses. When the small darkies of the place grow too clamorous in their play, they are given case-knives and set to cutting and gouging out the tufts of grass growing between the bricks. As the walk is a lengthy one,—something like two hundred yards long,—and as there is so very much to talk and dream of,—if one happens to be a small darky, with the bumblebees zooming by, and a buzzard or two lazily floating high overhead, and maybe a mare nickering away off yonder in the lower pasture,—the work sort of drags; and by the time one has reached the end of it, the grass is once more lush at the distant point of beginning.

At one end of this walk is the "big house" of Oakmead, a comfortable-looking structure of brick that has stood there, half-hidden behind the trees, time out of mind. At the other end stands a towering, patriarchal cottonwood tree, at the base of which is a squat, thick-waisted little log house that of late has come to be called Mercy Lodge.

For many years Mercy Lodge served as a "plunder-house," into which were tossed all manner of interesting odds and ends, such as bits of old harness, worn garden tools, fragments of rope, a discarded hunting-horn or a post-maul with its handle missing. I remember it had a strange, elusive, half-musty odor entirely fascinating to the nostrils of a small investigative boy.

And then Little Gill came to Oakmead, bringing with him his vague, fleeting smile, his pitifully sagging shoulder, his leg inches shorter than the other—these last two grim mementoes of un-talked-of racing days in England; and he brought with him a something else which none of us can quite define, but which somehow we all seem the better for.



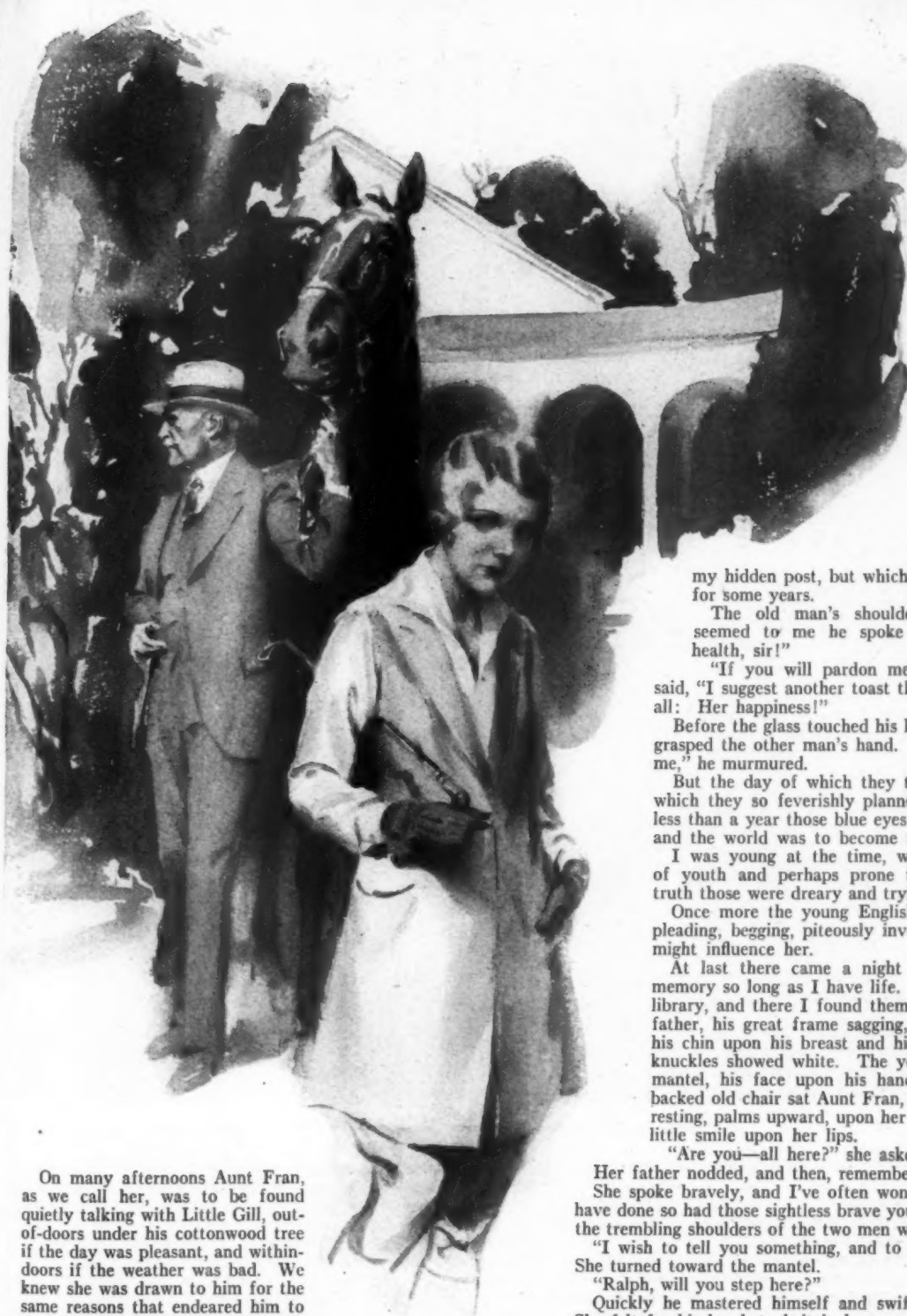
The log house was cleaned out; its roof was patched; wood was piled for the great yawning fireplace with its rough sandstone hearth; and Little Gill moved in. It wasn't long before he became very much a part of life at Oakmead. If a colt, a hound, a kitten, a game-cock—most any animate thing—were injured or ailing or orphaned, it was pretty apt to find its way to the cabin under the cottonwood tree; and unless the case was hopeless, it left that cabin a deal better for its sojourn there.

One day last spring Aunt Frances left her chair before the library fire, took up her stick and, her blue eyes staring sightlessly before her, started from the room, scarce feeling her way, so well did she know her surroundings.

It was a bleak day for one of her years to venture out, so one of us asked: "Where are you going?"

She paused a moment, smiling, her tall figure erect and the inevitable little lavender puff at her throat. "You are a tedious lot. I am going down to visit with Little Gill at Mercy Lodge."

With that she was gone, and through a window I watched her confidently striding along Alan's Walk toward the giant cottonwood and the dwarf log house that thus received at her hands—and merited—a new name.



"Marsh, I have never knowingly been guilty of a breach of the laws of hospitality. You can very easily save me that necessity."

—with Aunt Fran's father in the old library; and peering through a window, I saw the old gentleman solemnly gripping the young man's hand, after which black Cicero brought in glasses and a decanter, and they drank a toast the words of which reached me at

my hidden post, but which I was not to understand for some years.

The old man's shoulders straightened, and it seemed to me he spoke with difficulty: "Your health, sir!"

"If you will pardon me, sir," the younger man said, "I suggest another toast that takes precedence over all: Her happiness!"

Before the glass touched his lips, her father once more grasped the other man's hand. "You make it easier for me," he murmured.

But the day of which they thought so much and for which they so feverishly planned was not to come. In less than a year those blue eyes were to lose their luster, and the world was to become to her black and unseen.

I was young at the time, with the impressionability of youth and perhaps prone to exaggerate; but of a truth those were dreary and trying days for us all.

Once more the young Englishman came to Oakmead, pleading, begging, piteously invoking the aid of all who might influence her.

At last there came a night that shall linger in my memory so long as I have life. I was summoned to the library, and there I found them, all strangely still. Her father, his great frame sagging, sat staring at the floor, his chin upon his breast and his hands clenched till the knuckles showed white. The younger man stood at the mantel, his face upon his hands. In a straight, high-backed old chair sat Aunt Fran, her long, beautiful hands resting, palms upward, upon her lap, and an ineffably sad little smile upon her lips.

"Are you—all here?" she asked.

Her father nodded, and then, remembering, said: "Yes."

She spoke bravely, and I've often wondered whether she could have done so had those sightless brave young eyes been able to see the trembling shoulders of the two men who so loved her.

"I wish to tell you something, and to ask of you all a favor." She turned toward the mantel.

"Ralph, will you step here?"

Quickly he mastered himself and swiftly stepped to her side. She felt for his hand, took it in her own, once she had found it, and stood before us. Her head was thrown back; her shoulders were squared, and a smile—wistful, plaintive, yet courageous—played upon her lips.

She began slowly, whether because of her effort to conquer her emotion or because she wished each word to reach us clearly, I could not know. "Ralph Ogden paid me the honor of asking me to be his wife. Even—even after my affliction came to me, he insisted that we marry. I tell you this because I am very proud of having the love of a gallant gentleman. We are not to marry, for I will not be a terrible burden to the man I love, and who is, as God in heaven knows, the only man I have ever loved or could ever love. I wish you all silently to promise me you will never, at

On many afternoons Aunt Fran, as we call her, was to be found quietly talking with Little Gill, out-of-doors under his cottonwood tree if the day was pleasant, and within-doors if the weather was bad. We knew she was drawn to him for the same reasons that endeared him to the rest of us; and we also knew there was another reason, but to this none of us ever referred.

There had been a time, many a year before, when those blue eyes of hers viewed the world in the courage and hope and romance of young womanhood; and there had been a young Englishman, whose father her own father had known while racing a season in England. And there had been glamorous days in Washington, where the boy was a young attaché; and numerous visits to Oakmead, when we lads looked in mute wonderment at his glistening sword and brave uniform, or listened in rapt delight to thrilling tales of English and Scottish hills.

Finally there had been an audience—it was a twelfth of October



"Miss Frances," said the Colonel, "I've come to report that I've decided to do away with all donkeys at

any time, mention this night to me; for it is not—it is not going to be easy."

For the first time her voice faltered; but in only a little while she spoke bravely again. "My dear, I wish you what I fear we neither shall have—great happiness!"

She turned away, and her hands feeling before her, walked from the room. We could hear her light step passing up the stair; and then we heard her door close. It seemed to me to shut away from her for all time the beauty and hope and happiness that should have been hers.

On the twelfth of each October a regular procedure is gone through. As the rest of us sit down to breakfast, a colored maid will announce: "Miss Frances wont be down dis mawnin'." She say she aint feelin' so good." Whereat the Boss will cough, and as he serves our plates, look uncommonly severe; and we, saying nothing, will stare at the tablecloth. About noon, on each twelfth of October, a messenger rides out from town, with a long pasteboard box under his arm. We have come to know that box contains a great mass of roses. Aunt Fran will remain in her room all of the day, but the next morning she is with us again, smiling as bravely as ever.

So we know the other reason she finds it pleasing to chat with quiet, broken Little Gill under the cottonwood tree at the end of

Alan's Walk; and I've a fancy that at times they talk of the far-off hills of Northumberland and Durham, which Little Gill—and one other—knows; and too, perhaps, of some of the county families living there.

Then Jocelyn came to Oakmead. I was shocked when first I saw her, so strangely was she like Aunt Fran. Of the same height, seemingly, to a fractional part of an inch; with the same long, tapering hands, the same brave blue eyes and the same manner of holding her head and shoulders, she might have been Aunt Fran herself thirty-odd years ago. Her mother had died when she was a child, and her father, the Boss' brother and in the army, had kept her with him wherever he was stationed; and then he too had died, and as was proper, she came to us at Oakmead. She and Aunt Fran spent long hours together, quietly talking within-doors or slowly walking about the place.

Jocelyn, too, was soon very much a part of life at Oakmead. A natural horsewoman, she chose her mount and rode in all manner of weather; she came to know the brood mares and the stallions, the weanlings, the yearlings, the two-year-olds—in short, all the horses on the place. She grew familiar with blood lines and racing dates, with riders and race forms and even with the hounds that do little save eat and afford fox-hunters food for heated argument.



Fardown. They're a waste of good pasturage." Then he turned to the Boss and held out a chubby hand.

One morning in early April a small darky came running to the house for the Boss, and out of breath, reported that something was amiss down in the small pasture we still call the tobacco field. Not bothering to find a hat, the Boss hurried along after the little negro; and behind him followed Aunt Fran, Jocelyn and myself. When we reached the pasture, a sight met our eyes the like of which I hope never to witness again.

The January before, a brood mare called Margot's Choice had found twin colts and, while an ill-tempered brute, until this particular morning had cared for them well enough. Evidently she had suddenly had a "spell," for Barney Moore, the trainer at Oakmead, and Little Gill, who at the moment were talking, suddenly heard what they later described as a "kind of a squeal." Hurrying to the tobacco field, they found Margot's Choice snorting and raging over toward one corner of the pasture and shaking something in her mouth much as a terrier shakes a rat. It was the smaller of her two colts that she was doing her villainous best to murder.

As we approached, we heard Barney shout: "Wait'll I get a fork!" and we saw him running toward the stables. A maddened horse is a dangerous adversary.

Nearing the fence, we heard the Boss gasp, "My God, look!"

And the next moment he shouted, "Come back!" and again, "Come back!"

And then we saw. Over toward that corner of the field where the frenzied mare was ripping at the squealing colt with her teeth and slashing at it with forefeet, grows a cluster of small-bodied, high-limbed trees which the negroes call "he-simmons." Hurrying through them was Little Gill, one shoulder sagging, limping more than ever in his haste, and with no manner of weapon in his hands.

As he hurried along, we could hear him talking to the mare, that now had paused in her murderous work and, nostrils distended, eyes wildly flashing, feet braced, was watching the frail little man approach.

"Aint you ashamed o' yourself, a-treating your own bit of a colt in such a fashion? I'm surprised at you, I am! Now, trot along out o' this and stay away till you get your manners back!"

The rest of us stood voiceless, held there by what we were seeing.

The little colt lay whimpering between the forelegs of the mare. Still she stood there, trembling in her blind madness, and Little Gill, limping on, halted only when he reached her nose.

He shook a reproving finger at her. (Continued on page 124)

The Mystery of the

Illustrated by Rico Tomaso

DALLAS KELRAE was dead. He lay sprawled like the picture of a dead man, in the theater aisle. A bullet nestled in his heart. The rows of empty seats stared vacantly as if intent on discovering the secret which had shattered his brilliant, brittle life. His hand, that had written play after play, closed loosely now on nothing, half hidden where the tenth row cut across the house.

It was Carson, chief property man, who had found the dramatist. The footlights were on for the rehearsal, and Carson had strolled down into the dark bowl of the auditorium to get a peek, he said, at the stage. Just to see if everything was set, you know. The company was wandering on and off, waiting nervously for Kelrae to come and call the rehearsal; every player was hoping fervently there wouldn't be another scene like the one of the afternoon. Carson had come from the right box, which led from the stage, crossed through the eleventh row to the center aisle, and there in the gloom had sensed something darker than the gloom.

"What the—" he muttered. Even as he said it, he knew it was a breathless body on which he looked. In another second he knew it was Kelrae's. "Mr. Gold!" he shouted. The players stopped talking. Property men did not usually shout to a producer like that.

"Turn on the house lights," Carson yelled again. "Mr. Gold, come here quick!" The electrician snapped on the lights, and Gold was already in the left aisle. "Look!" Carson directed, and Gold grasped the back of a seat, his pale face growing paler than ever, and gasped: "My God!"

"What is it?" some one called from the stage. Everyone back there was trying to penetrate the dazzle of the footlights to see.

"Kelrae's here dead," Gold stuttered, almost as if poor Kelrae shouldn't be dead *here*, but somewhere else.

Above the instant gabble a scream rose, filled the empty theater and died. It was Lila La Rue.

Even in that moment Gold wondered if she was acting.

The company was pouring through the box and aisles now, standing in a tormented little cluster, looking down at what had been Dallas Kelrae. Carson was saying over and over: "I come past here and seen something. . . . I knew it wasn't right." No one paid any attention. Everyone was doing his own talking.

Gold seemed to have got hold of himself. "We'll have to send for the police," he said.

Lila La Rue drew her beautiful self to her full height. The company became as tense as if some one had missed a cue. Every eye was on Lila. Her throaty voice, whose resonance and clarity were always the admiration of the critics, began steadily as if she were reading the lines of a play: "You will not send for the police, Sam. Not yet."

"Not send?" Sam Gold repeated stupidly. In Gold's life there were certain infallible things to follow certain events: a doctor in the train of an ache, press-notices after a first night, the police, naturally, after a murder. He hated to be cowed in what he felt to be irrevocable; especially he hated to be cowed by Lila La Rue. After all, he was the one who put up the money. The thought gave him courage, and he said determinedly: "But we must get the police, Lila. It's for everyone's good. We can't take the responsibility of this. The thing must be sifted down; we've got to find out who—who did this—" His eyes carefully avoided the dead man as if that still figure would arise and accuse one of them. Gold wiped the back of his fat neck, stealthily, with a silk handkerchief.

"Yes, that's right. It's not a pleasant position for any of us." That was Duncan Berriman, the leading man.

Lila La Rue threw Berriman a look then. Everyone saw it. But afterward each described it differently. "As if she hated

him," Carson said of it. "As if she loved him," was what the character woman said. Strange that an actress as direct in her playing as Lila La Rue could turn suddenly so ambiguous. She stood now in that distraught group in command as surely as if the scene had been written for her. "You're a fine lot of troupers," said Lila, and her velvet contralto seemed only wrapped around something hard as nails. "If this gets out, the show's done for, isn't it? How can we open next week if there's a hullabaloo?"

Gold, remembering his investment, decided for the first time that Lila La Rue had a keen business instinct. He remained silent. The juvenile was heard saying excitedly: "But you can't keep a thing like this quiet, Miss La Rue—"

"Who the hell wants to?" Lila turned on him. "But we have to keep our heads, don't we? What I say is, go slow. For all we know, he might have died of—of a stroke, or something."

No one but Lila La Rue would have dared say such a thing with that thread of blood and the black bullet-hole in the white bosom of Dallas Kelrae's shirt.

It was Berriman who had the courage to express what they all thought. "Don't be a fool, Lila," he said.

Some one ran out on the stage, calling in a strained voice: "Say! Say, the prop pistol's gone. The gun we use in the last act. It aint on the table where I put it." The voice belonged to Carson, who had gone back-stage through the box, with ideas of his own.

In the instant they all turned toward him, Duncan Berriman stooped swiftly. He was standing erect when he said: "That settles it. Call the police, Gold." And Gold stumbled out to the box-office to put in his call.

He was barely back, telling everyone not to touch a thing, when Gracie Fairchild appeared. The players were standing in little groups of two and three, talking in low voices as if Kelrae might be annoyed if he heard them. No one had thought of Gracie;



Theater Aisle

By
Virginia
Dale

who knows and can represent, as only a dramatic critic may, the amazing mind and manner of those captivating people to whom the stage is all the world.



It was at Lila La Rue and not at the body of Kelrae that his wife looked. Gracie's was a mouth made for endearments, so what she called Lila became the more horrible.

"You damned baby vamp," said Lila, slowly, distinctly, the charm of her voice unsmothered by her hate. "Don't think that by calling me names you can turn suspicion from yourself! There isn't a soul in this theater doesn't know you've been eaten up with jealousy. Everyone knows how you've hung around the rehearsals for fear I'd get Dallas back again. And—don't—you—forget,"—Lila's notes broke off into a crash like ice splintering as it hit the rock of her vindictive triumph,—"that everyone heard you this afternoon

scream your rotten threats to Dallas. If I were you, I'd keep quiet."

"Don't! Lila, Gracie, for God's sake!" Gold pleaded. Berri-man released Gracie, who crumpled in her seat, and went to Lila. He said something in a low voice, and after a single second Lila nodded and walked steadily toward the stage, Berriman following. . . .

A few minutes later three policemen came, quickly followed by as many reporters. And presently more and more people were crowding into the theater, mostly those belonging to the Rialto, who suddenly discovered that Dallas Kelrae, aloof and mysterious in his life, was one of them now that he had left them. Two playwrights who had been fiercely envious of Kelrae as he had thrown one hit after another into many successive seasons, talked quietly now of his greatness. Producers and press-agents forgot class-distinctions and found the common denominator of their admiration. And as midnight settled toward fulfillment, other players came in from the other theaters to be on the spot of the greatest climax in town. It was almost as if they had been waiting all these years to make Kelrae theirs as he had walked down the glittering highway of fame inscrutable and alone.

One reporter was talking earnestly to Gracie, who sobbed and picked at her handkerchief. Another listened, a little thrilled in spite of himself, to the cool, rich voice of Lila La Rue. Two

yet her name and Lila's had been coupled to Kelrae's for a long time, and certainly in these last weeks of rehearsing no one had even mentioned the one without bringing in the others. Gracie was Kelrae's wife.

She had been an ingénue in one of his road companies, and he had married her at the end of last season, just after Lila had closed in New York with his "Manhattan" and gone to Europe. The company there in the empty theater, which had known for three weeks it was part of a drama beside the one in rehearsal, became taut spectators as Gracie's blanched face came from the shadows into the cruel light of the tragedy. Gold spoke at last, mumbling: "You've heard, Mrs. Kelrae? I—I—"

The stage-door man pantomimed he had told her. Gold dropped back as Gracie fluttered nearer. Even Lila drew away.

But it was at Lila La Rue and not at the broken body of Dallas Kelrae that his wife looked. Gracie's babyish mouth twisted. It was a mouth made for endearments, and so what she called Lila La Rue became the more horrible as it poured from her delicately painted lips, as if a flower suddenly opened to spurt poison. She raised her small hands at last, and they became claws in their eagerness to tear at Lila's full-blown beauty; and Gold and Berri-man caught her arms and held her. But the terrible words kept pouring from Gracie's painted lips.

Hatred, cold and deep as an ice-floe, turned Lila into a statue.

others were taking down Duncan Berriman's version, while that actor, with his gay Mephistophelean face a mere mask for his nervousness, lighted cigarettes in quick succession and threw them, after a few puffs, into the aisle.

Suddenly one of the policemen looked toward the left box. "Who's that?" he demanded sharply. Everyone looked. A girl stood there, gazing down, her eyes fixed on the still, sprawled figure of Kelrae around which excitement swirled.

"Why, that's Georgia Kane; she's the agent of the show," Gold said. He rubbed his fat, perspiring hands with his handkerchief. "She—" He broke off to call: "Come on down here, Georgia."

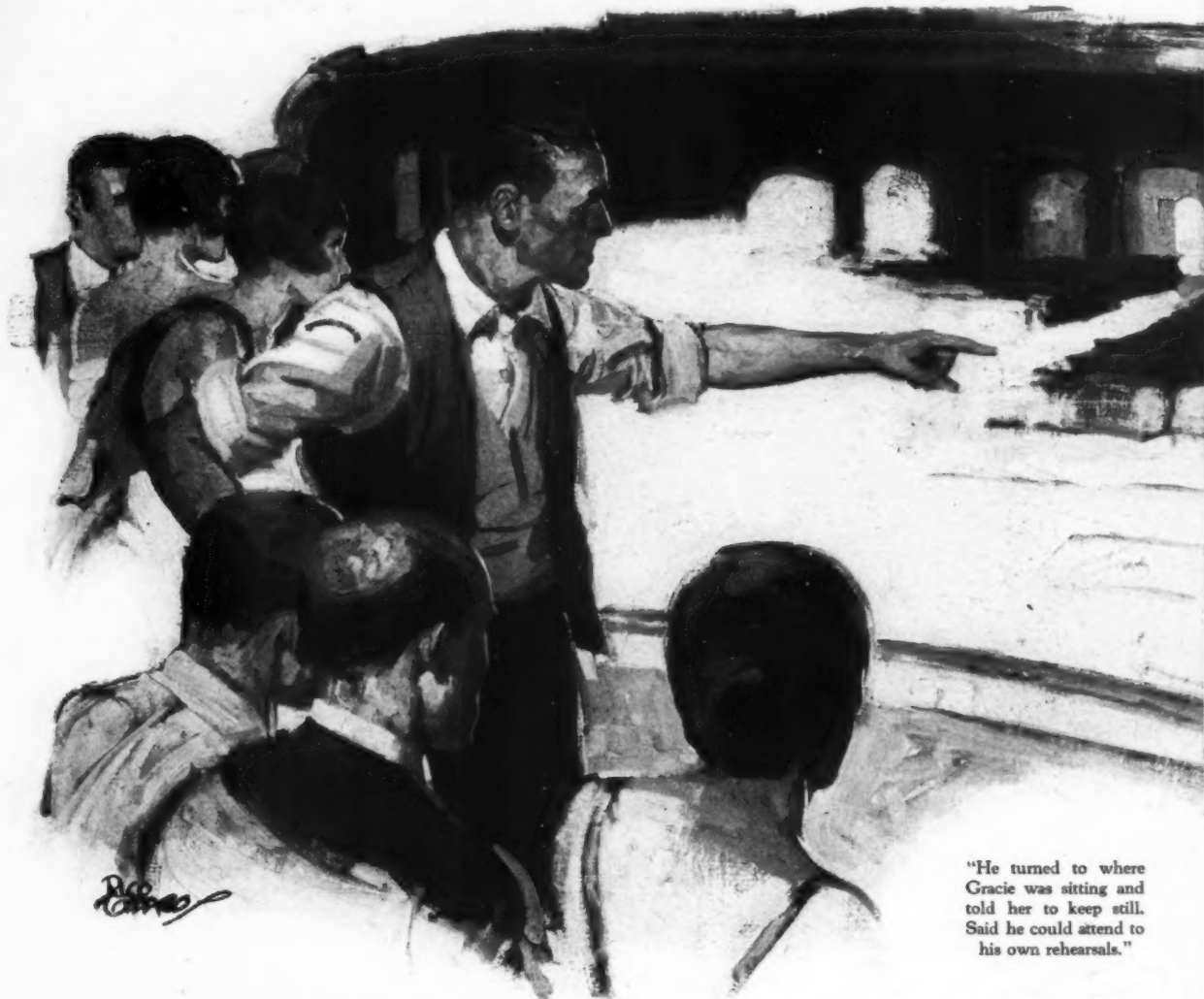
They took down her name and address. Gold told them she was one of the best agents in the business, had worked four seasons for Kelrae. They took that down too.

"They'll want you for the coroner's inquest," the policeman said. "How did you—"

He was interrupted by Carson's excited voice from the stage.

"Hey! Listen, everyone. Come here! I was just back to the prop table, and the gun's there. The gun that wasn't there when I looked before. Some one put it back." Carson, in terror, looked like a man made up to resemble ultimate fear.

"Who went back there?" everyone demanded. "Who was it?"



"He turned to where Gracie was sitting and told her to keep still. Said he could attend to his own rehearsals."

She came slowly. She seemed to be like one learning to walk. Her smart coat was as out of place as if some witless soul had placed it about the shoulders of the Tragic Muse. She came through the tenth row, stopped at its center, and said: "I don't want to go any nearer."

Kelrae had never written a situation more intense. Lila La Rue herself had never arrested an audience so completely as this girl standing there with her eyes like twin bruises in her white face. Duncan Berriman wondered why he had never before seen that she was lovely. One of the reporters stepped back, and with strange intuition his look flashed from Gracie to Lila, from Lila to this girl Georgia. "Three women," he told himself. "Three women who wanted Dallas Kelrae."

"How long've you been there?" an officer asked Georgia.

"For—oh, a long time. Since just before Carson found—"

"What? All these hours? How is it we didn't see you? Weren't hiding, were you?"

"No, I wasn't hiding. I was sitting there—watching—listening—"

The question wove intensely through the theater. The girl Georgia was still. She knew.

She was left alone near the inert figure of Dallas Kelrae. She heard Lila's full-throated scream again, and Gracie's hysterical, babyish sobs. "I," said Georgia in a whisper, "I was the only one who really loved you." It was immensely pitiful to her, that of all the excited crowd, she was the only one. She knew that it was so.

That Dallas Kelrae had been admired and criticized, feared and courted, magnetized idolatry and disdained it, was as well known to the glittering world of the theater as the important place he occupied in it. Other dramatists, eager for interviews and yearning to open the book of their lives, with perhaps a few paragraphs deleted, marveled at Kelrae's constant mystery. Some had been heard to say he elected to be mysterious for the glamour attached to it. But there was something bigger about Dallas Kelrae than the conscious gesture of mystery; he was the sort of person whose mind is the secret house where other people leave scraps of themselves without disarranging its host's own furnishings. Kelrae picked up after his guests, tolerated what

had become imprinted, but allowed no one to change the structure of his dreams.

He lived in a renovated farmhouse off a highway in Vermont, where the chilled winds whipped the nights into terror, and in summer a still moon looked down. He worked in a tower, reached by a mad, curving stair; and even Gracie Fairchild had never been to that tower room. And neither had Lila La Rue.

He had kept for years an apartment in a secluded uptown hotel, far from the Broadway crowd, and there Gracie elected to run frequently when life in the farmhouse became too bleak. She always explained carefully that Dallas was "wrapped up in a new

Her sudden departure for Europe came instantly on the trickle of Rialto gossip that reported somehow the storm that had followed Kelrae's discovery of what all the theatrical world had so long known. But despite her flight, it was Lila La Rue who had the part of one despised. Impossible to put the great dramatist in such a rôle. And when he married the younger Gracie, Lila La Rue became the woman scorned and thrown aside for fresher beauty. What woman could stand that?

Grim, and beautifully gowned, Lila had returned from Paris. No one knew whether she had seen Kelrae before rehearsals for the new play, though it came out at the inquest she had telephoned him daily for weeks after her return. The offer of the new part came from Gold, as producer. But behind it Lila La Rue knew there was Kelrae himself, and grimly, in her beautiful clothes, she told herself he knew her value in his plays and could learn again her value away from them. She would laugh in the faces of those in her world who had laughed at her. Gracie was only the joke that had come between them.

It was the character woman who began talking at the inquest, unofficially. Poor thing, it was the first time in all her thirty years on the stage the newspaper men had paid her any attention. They listened to her in a corner of the room, and she made the most of her moment.

"Of course we all couldn't help but wonder," she said, "how it would end. I mean after Kelrae began leaving the theater with Lila—Miss La Rue," she hastened to correct herself. "You mean you thought his wife might be jealous?"

The character woman threw up her hands. "Don't put it on me!" she begged. "I wasn't the only one to think it. Everyone in the company thought so."

A man from a morning paper demanded: "Well, is it unusual for a playwright who's doing his own directing to have things to talk over with his star?"

"Well, no dramatist, or director either, ever had to talk things over outside the theater with me!" the character woman answered. No one paid her the tribute of a doubt.

"Was there ever anything between Kelrae and La Rue?" a young reporter asked bravely.

The character woman looked at him. "Rip Van Winkle is with us in person, and not a motion picture," she answered scornfully.

"Did his wife get on to what people in the company were thinking?" some one else interrupted.

"She must of." The woman's voice sank to a whisper. "She took to coming to rehearsals, you know, and she'd have their great big town car waiting at the stage entrance. She'd take Kelrae straight away under Lila's nose. It was raw work," the character woman reflected. "Leave it to these

baby vamps to beat an old-timer's time. You could see Lila fairly sizzle every time it happened."

"But Kelrae must have been willing to go. I don't suppose even his wife could have dragged him off if he hadn't wanted it," the very young reporter remarked.

The woman looked at him again, and when she spoke it was slowly.

"I don't know," she said, and the years that had made her uninteresting before, seemed suddenly to shift their withered pages to sheets scrawled with bitter lessons. "I don't know," she repeated. "Wives have always got the drop on other women, somehow. A man may deceive his, and most likely does. But I've always noticed a fellow'll jump through for his wife, where he'll just leave the other woman lay and howl." She glanced at the ringless fingers of her left hand. "I hope to Heaven the show don't bust," she added earnestly. "I certainly need the money."

Carson, the property man, told his side of the story eagerly. He adored repeating how he discovered "the body," and with each recital he elaborated. The very young reporter said disgustedly: "That publicity hound wont (Continued on page 164)



play." When he came down for rehearsals or the other business of the theater which so plainly bored him, she tried to lure him to the places where lights shone brightest and her own gay crowd danced and drank. But he would never go.

It was simple enough for everyone in the theater to figure why Gracie married Dallas Kelrae; she would have married Perseus and made history different by stealing the eye of the Grææ herself. But then, any actress on Broadway would have married Kelrae, whose plays met not only the generous praise of the critics but a public support that gave them long runs. Gracie had never an idea of giving up what she called her "career;" the answer to her ambition could be spelled by her name in electric lights. It did not lead to Dallas' tower room, except as he would work there writing plays for her. So far, he had never written for Gracie.

But why had Kelrae married Gracie Fairchild? That was what everyone had asked when he returned with her as his wife from the run he had made to Chicago just before the show closed there. Players met on Forty-second Street and agreed that "Gracie got a great break," which is the way actors refer to another's luck. In the wings they whispered that Kelrae had wanted to "show" Lila La Rue, who had grabbed four fine parts from him, ridden to celebrity on them, who had known those wind-whipped nights in Vermont and other nights with other men miles away from Dallas. All Broadway knew about that, long before Dallas Kelrae even suspected.

Lindbergh



Photo by Aero Digest

CHARLES LINDBERGH.

BEFORE Emil Ludwig embarked upon his recent visit to America, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE cabled him, asking for his selection of the five greatest living Americans. This resulted in the most important, and by far the most interesting, article which the great biographer wrote about this country, before his visit.

He selected, as you may remember, Jane Addams, Thomas A. Edison, John D. Rockefeller and Orville Wright as four of the greatest, and requested that he be allowed to defer his nomination of the other name for the group of the great until after his arrival.

Just before sailing back to Germany he completed his group with two, not one, whom he named for the reasons herewith given—and which constitute, we believe, the most fascinating and intelligent estimate yet made of two of our greatest contemporaries. (Written in German, the article has been translated by Dr. Philip Allen of the University of Chicago.)

As his previous article in THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE was probably the most quoted from of all printed in America, Dr. Ludwig makes this request:

"When Paris, the shepherd on Mount Ida, was obliged to apportion the apple, he cannot have been more deeply embarrassed than a foreigner who is asked by the public press in America for a scale by which to measure important men. Therefore I beg all who intend to quote from what follows (as was the case in my former essay) to add that I feel myself neither competent nor chosen nor capable to apportion a California apple or a Florida laurel. My remarks are but the private judgment of an amateur and are not even typical of European opinion, much less of the conviction of America."

I HAVE certainly seen enough important men in this country to be able to furnish a long list of such names: but the politicians cannot be included in any such roster, because a foreigner should refrain from the expression of opinion during the stress of a political campaign; and others whose names have been propounded to me in the journals have remained unknown to the foreigner. Moreover, the two names upon which I have finally decided are more important as symbols than as personalities: one of them has many enemies in America, the other none; but both names are known to every child in Europe.

The workroom of President Coolidge has no other decoration than the flag which stands prominently at his desk; on the latter there is nothing to be seen but papers and books. A single picture enlivens the room: on his left the President has set up the portrait of Lindbergh, embossed in silver. Thus he who visits the first representative of the nation finds himself constantly in the presence of a second representative who symbolically is a listener to all conversations and decisions that are uttered in this center of the Republic. This is a height of fame unparalleled for a youth of twenty-six years; as I review in spirit the history of great personalities, I find no analogy, for young men thus celebrated were formerly princes or generals or, in the case of Alexander, both. Not even the great adventurers have attained so much at so early an age; and as to artists, their names have remained chiefly in the narrow circle of the cultured classes. When young Goethe wrote "The Sorrows of Werther," the book was translated as far abroad as China, and its characters painted on porcelain; but the man on the street scarcely knew the poet's name in Frankfurt, and was quite ignorant of it in Berlin.

Lindbergh has attained a greater success in time of peace than even the heroic aviators and mariners of all nations in their wars. He flew

and conquered without killing anyone or inflicting the least harm, and he did this in an incontestable fashion, with simplicity—such as did not characterize the discovery of the North Pole; in the latter case there were three candidates for the honor, who so far as I know are today still striving for the palm of victory.

The last man to conquer the world overnight was probably the German Roentgen when in a lecture at the University of Würzburg he announced the X-rays and for the first time taught humanity to look into the interior of bodies. On that occasion, twenty-five years ago, and now again with Lindbergh, it was surprise which caught the world; for you recall that even the first flight of the brothers Wright appeared only as the final unexpected success in a series of attempts which had been going on for a century. Since the war no man by deed or work has so quickly and completely won all nations and classes of people as has "Lindy." And when last June we read that the young man had landed at Le Bourget, had asked where he was, and had then put on his straw hat; at that very moment we felt that the treasure of human legend had grown richer by one story, for a living man had seen the sun rise twice in twenty-four hours.

As a matter of fact, in my rôle of modern Paris, I have to consider Lindbergh a veritable son of the gods, for he remained invisible to me a mortal. I did not succeed in seeing him. He was always concealed by clouds, part of the time by real clouds, often by those composed of reporters or friends. And like the gods in Homer, he only permitted his voice to be heard from afar, as in the movie which is the modern form of the god from the machine. The modesty with which he made his appearance there, as well

and Ford By Emil Ludwig

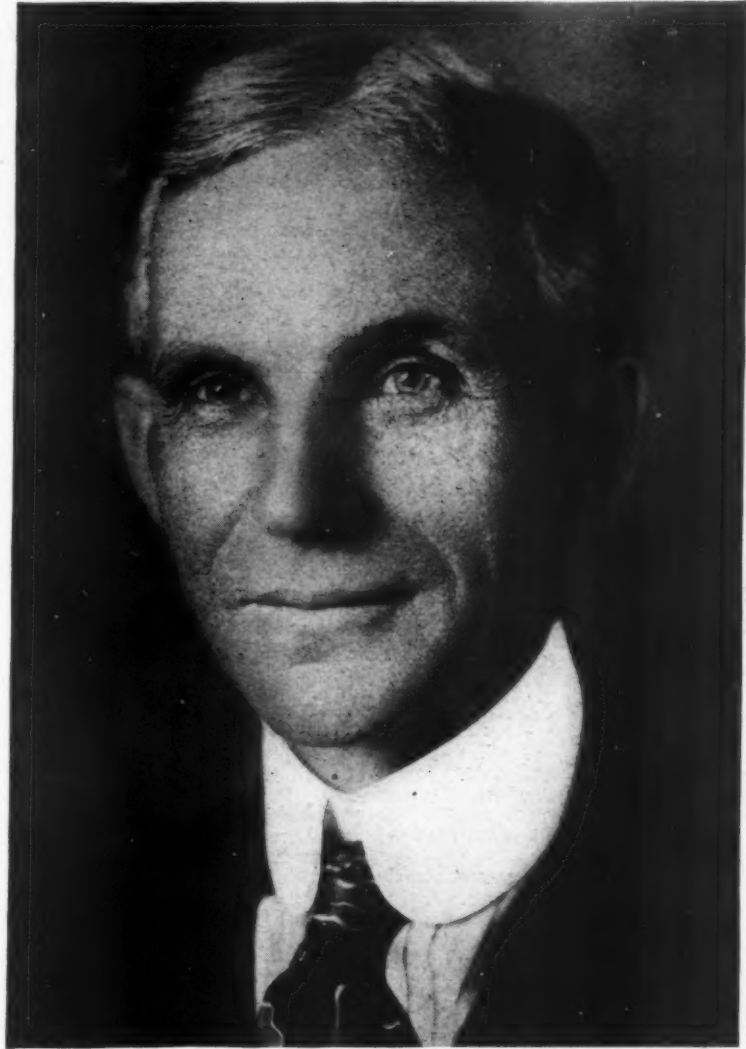
as the slight awkwardness of his demeanor, pleased me.

The difficulties which await this life of Lindbergh's are greater than those which he has already conquered. He appears to be well able to cope with the seductions of world-fame; after a first fair deed it is more difficult to realize composedly and collectedly that life is not made up of sheer great moments and that thoughts, like machines, come to maturity only through the slow development of years. The moment may well come in which the grown man Lindbergh will look back enviously upon the years of his youth, like a great singer whom the world has adored before he has attained maturity: on the contrary only a cheerful character and a resolute endeavor can protect him, both of which seem to be represented in the very form of his being, prototype for which is his unusual mother. . . .

Courage and luck, self-reliance and trust in God, protected Lindbergh's flight of two days; Henry Ford required forty years to attain his goal.

There this other American is before us, sixteen years of age, at the little table in the house of his parents—which is standing today. Beside the broad bed and near the window of the narrow room is the table full of clocks, pieces of clockwork and tools: I see him there with the magnifying glass in his right eye, examining, repairing, improving the delicate machinery; a mechanic, an analyzer of technique, a strange quiet lad. But when I view the picture of the eighteen-year-old boy, which still dominates the mantel of the living-room of his parents, then I find myself looking into two eyes deeply set, brooding, dangerous. Is this a dreamer or a conqueror? In any case it is not a youth who will arrive at the gifts of life by natural process of slow development.

And so he lives shut in within himself for years, always groping, always experimenting, advancing from the delicate mechanism of clockwork to the construction of motors; forever changing, a great combiner, an inventor it may be. Twice he sets out with new ideas to improve automobile motors; twice he fails of his goal. The family, small farmers in the neighborhood of Detroit, are discouraged because the son follows fixed ideas; his friends shrug their shoulders; the townspeople laugh at him.



P. and A. Photo

HENRY FORD

What is a dreamer—a poet? a prophet? a philanthropist? Ford has read almost no books, much less written any; to this very day he despises literature. Is he therefore a materialist whose only aim is to make money? Or is he a friend of humanity who wishes to attain practically what no philosopher has yet gained? How does this man work who is now regarded as the richest as well as one of the most powerful men in the world?

An excessively slender, very tall man confronts me, white-haired and still very erect, simple in all things, in dress, demeanor, conversation; a thoroughly shy, nay, even embarrassed man, to whom the great fame that precedes him is uncomfortable. A man who at first blush impresses one rather as extraordinary than important, whom one would prefer to leave undisturbed, for he seems inclined neither to unbend nor yet to play a rôle. One has the feeling that if this man is the creator of a mighty work, it has come about through his imagination rather than because of his precision; perhaps, however, due to both. In any case he makes no very happy impres-

sion and yet this does not seem to dismay him. When one sees him as I did, far away from his work in the inadequate sphere of recreation, he seems to be only homesick for his kingdom. He is created for work, for the unravelment of his dreams.

He is withal, when he finally begins to thaw, not in the least conventional; on the contrary when he speaks, as for instance of Russia, he is more sensible than most Americans, for he speaks in Russia's favor. Sooner than most people he has discovered that not only Bolsheviks live in that country, but Russians as well, and that the Bolsheviks are no longer Communists. When I told him it was my experience that Lenin and Ford were the two saints in Russia, the observation did not flatter him at all; moreover he seems to me in the highest degree self-confident, and his ambition never takes the form of vanity.

Otherwise, why should he so definitely subordinate himself to Edison? I saw him on a trip to Florida, when a whole town was surrounding Edison's car, and Ford, whose name is on every lip, was left at one side disregarded: no glance of disappointment—complete devotion to the other per- (Continued on page 132)



RIDING in the sky
and on foot upon for-
est trails, a novelist
and naturalist found
this glorious story.

Illustrated by
Frank Schoonover

Hearts A

By William By

The Story So Far:

JAMES DORN, map-maker of the Royal Canadian Air Force, had been musing in his tent on an island in the little lake near Titan Pass station when his partner "Kansas" Eby, who had gone to a dance at the town, stooped through the flap of the tent.

"Dorn," said Kansas, "remember when the Transcontinental rolled in? Well, I was standing on the platform, alone. A girl came out into the vestibule and down onto the steps and stood there a second in plain sight. She was about chin-high to you or me, about twenty, brown hair, a brown-eyed queen! She jumped—"

"You mean she jumped off the train?"

"Jumped and lit running!" Kansas asseverated. "She flitted into the cedars, and hid till the train picked up and went on."

Kansas, it seemed, had tried to find the girl who had so strangely left the train at this little wilderness station, but had failed. It was to Dorn, some time after Kansas had departed for his own camp, that she revealed herself. Rowed by an old native, Père Bergelot, she landed at Dorn's camp—and told a strange story:

"My father is up on the headwaters of the Carrot, Mr. Dorn," she explained. "He's been in that region three summers, tracing a chromite float that is rich in platinum. In his last message out he mentioned four bush-sneak *métis* were shadowing him and said he was keeping close to camp."

"I don't know what's happened. His cabin is on a little island. They probably wouldn't attack him there. But if they're way-laying the passes, he can't come out afoot. Over the trail it's more than a two-weeks' trip to the lake, but in a plane—"

In brief, this girl Joyce McNain asked Dorn to rescue her father; and though sorely puzzled, especially by her insistence on accompanying him, Dorn an hour later flew northward into the night with her.

At dawn they were over the island of their search, and found it deserted. More, on exploring the island and the cabin, Dorn saw clearly that it had not been visited in years. Joyce confessed then—in part: she was herself fleeing from deadly peril, had

sought this place—a place she had visited as a child with her father—to hide; had lied for fear her real story would not win his help. Sometime, she promised, she would explain to him.

Dorn agreed to respect her secret. And because she was wholly unequipped for life in this remote spot, he promised to purchase an outfit for her at Edmonton and to bring it to her secretly. She gave him a diamond brooch to sell in order to buy the needed articles, and asked him to send a telegram to a certain newspaper-man in Calgary, which read: "Get in touch with H-C-S. Tell him I am safe, alone, and wish to remain so. If this becomes known, it will be because he and you and the others insist upon finding me.—Joyce."

And at Edmonton, after Dorn had sent the message and had sold the brooch to a jeweler, he was arrested in his hotel room by a squad of police under a private detective and charged with theft of the brooch. The detective tried to persuade Dorn to disclose Joyce's whereabouts in payment for freedom. But Dorn by quick thinking and even quicker action contrived to make his escape and to get out of Edmonton with the supplies Joyce needed.

It was after he had delivered them safely that he was confronted at Titan Pass by the detective (whom he had nicknamed Soft-shoe) and Carter-Snowdon, a wealthy man of forty-odd, the descendant of a famous pioneer, and a power in the Northwest.

Dorn thought: "He's the H-C-S that Joyce sent her message to. It is his power and his money that is behind this hunt for her."

Carter-Snowdon demanded of Dorn information about Joyce, claiming her as his ward, but betraying such a personal jealousy that Dorn knew he lied.

In his aching desire to find out what Joyce's situation might be, Dorn played with studied provocation: "Yes, it is a nice prospect—being there with her. You said it."

Carter-Snowdon flushed down to his collar.

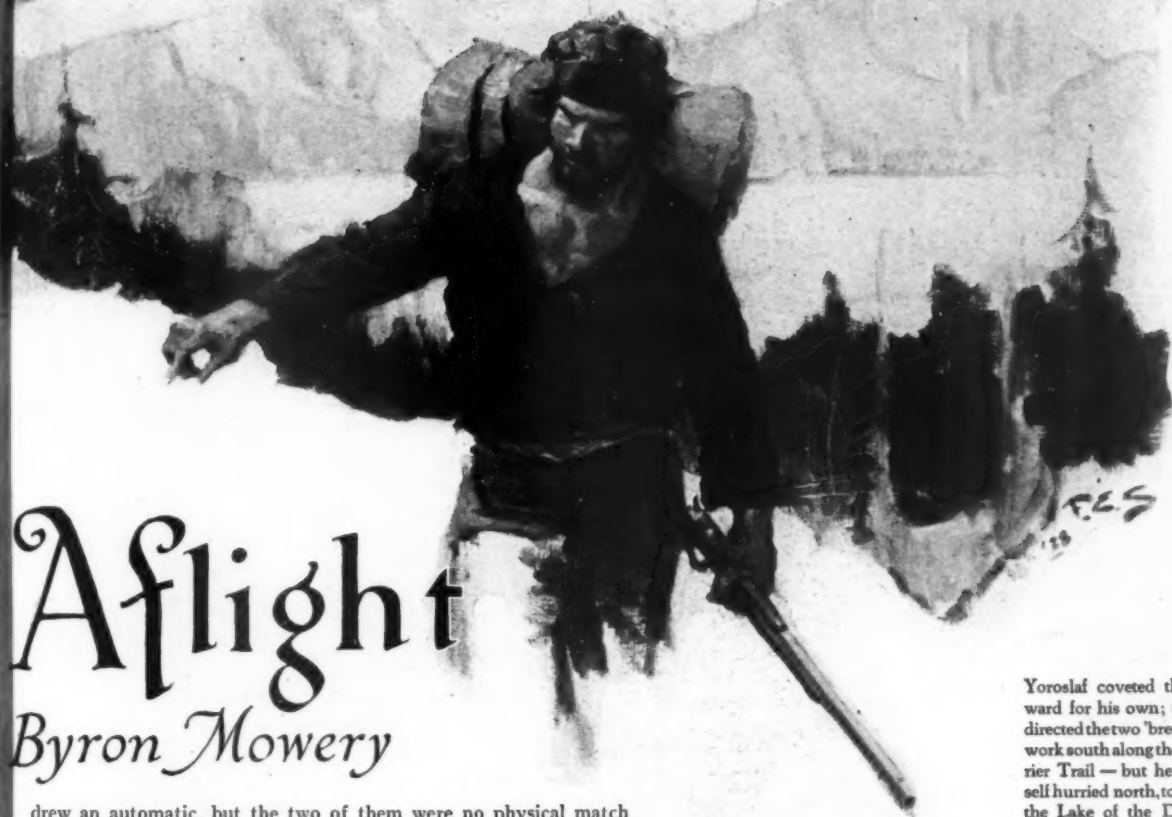
"You—d'you think she'd have a nobody like you—even if she could? You damned fool, she's rich, well-born, out of your class. She's using you."

Even if she could. Once from Bergelot, once from Soft-shoe, and now a third time, that warning, that blunt statement!

Dorn again refused the demand for information. Soft-shoe

s Aflight

n Byron Mowery



Yoroslaf coveted the reward for his own; so he directed the two 'breeds to work south along the Carrier Trail—but he himself hurried north, toward the Lake of the Dawn.

drew an automatic, but the two of them were no physical match for Dorn, and met swift defeat.

But there were more than two of them, he learned that night: Carter-Snowdon had two airplanes with their crews, and a gang of half-breeds encamped not far off, ready to trail Dorn to the hunted girl's hiding-place.

Dorn sought aid of his friend, the old Indian guide Luke Illewahwacet, and told his story—and learned that years before, Luke had frequently guided Joyce and her father, Roger McNain, on mountain excursions.

That night Dorn sent Luke to spy upon the Carter-Snowdon camp; and a cry in the night told him that the old Indian had been made captive by his enemies—by men who would torture him to gain knowledge of Joyce's hiding-place. *(The story continues in detail:)*

LONG before he was near the Lake of Dead Waters on his trip that night to save old Luke Illewahwacet from torture, Dorn cut aside from the traveled path, for he knew perfectly well that one of those French-Babines was lying low for him somewhere along their back-trail. Circling out into the drogue of black tamarack, he made his way through the dark woods, with a star to guide him, till at last he caught the red glow of Carter-Snowdon's camp-fire three hundred yards ahead.

He dropped to hands and knees then, and with all caution crept closer to study the camp before attacking it. He knew that those 'breeds whom Carter-Snowdon had hired on this relentless hunt for Joyce would be posted out in the darkness; and as he wormed noiselessly through devil's-club and deerbush, he kept thinking: "They caught old Luke, at night, in the bush. Anybody who can do that—" He was wise enough to be fearful. Remembering how silent and elusive Joyce had proved herself in the woods, Dorn thought: "She could do a better job of creeping up on this camp than I."

When he could hear muffled voices ahead, Dorn stood cautiously erect; and unable to see over the buckbrush, he drew himself up into a tree, and from that perch had clear view of the camp.

A big wasteful fire had burned to red coals. To the right of it a tent was pitched, and from the tent came blasphemous groans

of the 'breed Dorn had shot. On beyond camp lay the starlit sheen of Eaux Mortes. In the fire-glow shadows moved, vague and blurred at first to Dorn; but as his eyes grew used to the strain, he identified his men and made out what they were doing.

Old Luke, hog-tied hand and foot, his head slumped pitifully on his breast, was bound to a tree about twenty-five feet from the fire. Cold and businesslike, Soft-shoe stood near him with some glittering instrument in his hand, waiting till the old Indian was conscious enough to talk. In front of the two Carter-Snowdon paced back and forth, nervously chewing a cigar. The heavy biplane and the pursuit monoplane were drawn close in ashore, but the aviators were not about. Dorn reasoned: "Soft-shoe sent them up to the Station; he didn't want any unnecessary witnesses here tonight."

Joe Yoroslaf was busy with some task beside the fire, but Dorn could not then understand what Yoroslaf was doing. At the edge of the shadows a 'breed was flattened against a tree with a rifle in the crook of his arm.

A shudder ran through Dorn when his eyes fell upon a block of ice on the moss near old Luke. He understood its purpose; he had heard gruesome stories of the ice-torture with which the Cossack *promyshleniki*, generations ago, had extorted sea-otter peltry from the miserable Aleuts. "God is high in his heavens, and the Czar is far away," their boast ran; and Dorn thought of that boast now, and as he felt of his bulging jacket-pocket, he reflected: "Not so far away as they maybe think! If I can only get close enough to be sure I won't kill Luke—"

While he watched from the tree and carefully planned how to creep up nearer that camp, he saw the detective walk over to the fire and draw out of it two iron rods and then thrust them back into the glowing coals. He could plainly observe how nervous Carter-Snowdon was, and how the sentinel 'breed, a little sickened already, kept glancing around to see if the business had started yet. But Soft-shoe was unmoved. Dorn knew he had planned these details of fire and ice and knife, and meant to consummate the affair with his own hands. Not even the 'breeds had the brutality for it.

Dorn slipped down from the tree, and abandoned his rifle there; and flattening himself on the ground, he began creeping inch by inch up on the camp.

As his detective brought one of the irons from the fire and came up to the old Indian, Carter-Snowdon turned his back and sidled away. He had no heart to watch. He was angry at himself for not having gone up to Titan Station and left this ugly work to his men. Orders for other men to carry out had always been his rule and habit; it kept one pleasantly aloof from ugly actuality; one achieved results without feeling of guilt or writhing of conscience.

When he heard a sharp, nerve-jarring grunt wrenched from the old Indian, he came very near whirling around and ordering the detective to stop; but he clamped down on himself and walked a little farther away to the edge of the shadows. He was thinking: "If I let him go on, I'll damned quick know where she's hiding! She could whisper and bury me like an avalanche."

Carter-Snowdon could not understand, it was utter mystery to him, why Joyce had left him that night so suddenly, or why the devil that girl should ever want to leave him at all. She had not previously shown the slightest sign of wanting to break away. Quite the contrary, Carter-Snowdon reflected, with roused memories; and it maddened him to think of her now in the company and protection of that cartographer Dorn. He had thought at first that she must have known this Dorn in her girlhood years; but he remembered that she had never mentioned the man's name. So he must have been a stranger; she must have fled from him to an utter stranger!

Carter-Snowdon walked away to the shadow edge; and while he was standing there, some sudden and mysterious missile whirled past his ear, spluttering and fizzing like a tiny firecracker, and struck squarely in the bed of coals; and in the next instant that bed of coals exploded with a terrific flare, and the moss lifted up off the ground like strips of carpet; and the tent, snapping its ropes as though they were spider-webs, turned inside out and collapsed. A blast struck Carter-Snowdon like a club and stretched him flat—knocked him unconscious.

When he groped back to his senses, he heard the guttural, excited voice of Charlo, the sentinel 'breed, trying to bring Yoroslaf to his wits again.

Several minutes must have passed since the explosion, and it must have plunged the camp into utter blackness, for the 'breed had kindled a new fire of dry twigs, and it was already burning brightly. Carter-Snowdon grasped the bole of a sapling and got to his feet and stumbled over to the spot where his detective lay doubled up against a tree. It was the tree to which the old Indian had been roped before that missile came whirling out of the bushes; but now those ropes, slashed to short lengths, were lying on the ground, and the old Indian had disappeared.

Then Carter-Snowdon heard Charlo explaining to the other 'breeds who had come running in: "That air-devil he musta follow' us. Musta belly up close. Out in bush I hear one leel' scratch-scratch; I say: 'That mebbe rabbit or pine-hog or stink-tail the skunk.' But ho! No! Was air-devil. He throw earthquake stick on fire, blow camp to hell'n gone, grab old son — and go like that!" Charlo snapped his fingers.



When Dorn knocked on the door, she flung it open, a blanket wrapped

The 'breeds, excepting Yoroslaf, all laughed; a camp so utterly wrecked as this one was a stupendous joke—since *they* had not been knocked out by the explosion. Then Charlo took charge: "Indian can't walk. Air-devil have tote him. Can't go fast, can't be far. We catch'm both. *Hyak*, come 'long!"

AT the mouth of an avalanche-shed a good quarter-mile from the Dead Waters, Dorn had to stop; he had made that distance carrying an awkward, limp burden in his arms.

"You bad hurt, huh?" Dorn asked in a whisper.

Luke flexed his numbed arms and legs, and felt of a burn on his naked thigh. He was bleeding from the clubbing he had taken when the 'breeds captured him; but he grunted: "No."

Then he demanded of Dorn:

"You kill 'em all down there, huh?"

"Why—no," Dorn whispered. He knew what was coming. Old

come and trace the guilt, and there would be disastrous consequences for Joyce.

Luke was in no mood to reason.

"You *hyas* fool, damn' fool! You try fight grizzly with pine bough! You 'bout like all other white men—look one way, row another. Indian paddle where look. When Indian has enemy, Indian kill'm. You—bimeby you lose young *squaw-siche*. S'pose

we go back to their camp, kill 'em all?"

Because it fell in with what he had in mind, Dorn pretended to agree. He said: "Good! But you stay here; legs wabbly; no account in fight. I'll go down there again."

He stepped into the mouth of the avalanche-shed where the flare of his match was shielded, and prepared two dynamite cartridges with extra-long fuses. Then leaving the old Indian, he crept back along the grade, cut down through the trees and struck the lake edge two hundred yards above Carter-Snowdon's camp. Wading out to shoulder-deep water, he turned and paralleled the shore-line, half-wading, half-swimming; and while the 'breeds were combing the tamarack drogue for him, Dorn was hiding not fifty feet from camp, in the moon-shadows of those two planes which once had dogged him and which were a deadly threat against Joyce in her refuge two hundred miles north.

Lifting himself into the cockpit of the monoplane, he planted one dynamite cartridge against the rudder bar, lit the fuse, and slipped hastily overboard. From the pontoon of the biplane he dropped a second cartridge into the cockpit of the heavy machine, and then went back as he had come. From a headland up-shore, he turned to watch. When the first explosion came, it tore the monoplane in two; the second lifted the biplane off the water; a sheet of fire from the burst gas tanks flared out across the water and lit up the demolished, sinking planes.

Dorn hurried on to the avalanche-shed and found old Luke; and the two of them circled up through the mountain pines on their way back home. . . .

Contrary to what Dorn thought, this capture of Luke Illewah-wacet had been more or less an accident; it was no part of the main plan which Soft-shoe had built up to locate Joyce McNain.

It is true that Soft-shoe at first had counted on getting Dorn or the Indian into his power and forcing him to tell where she

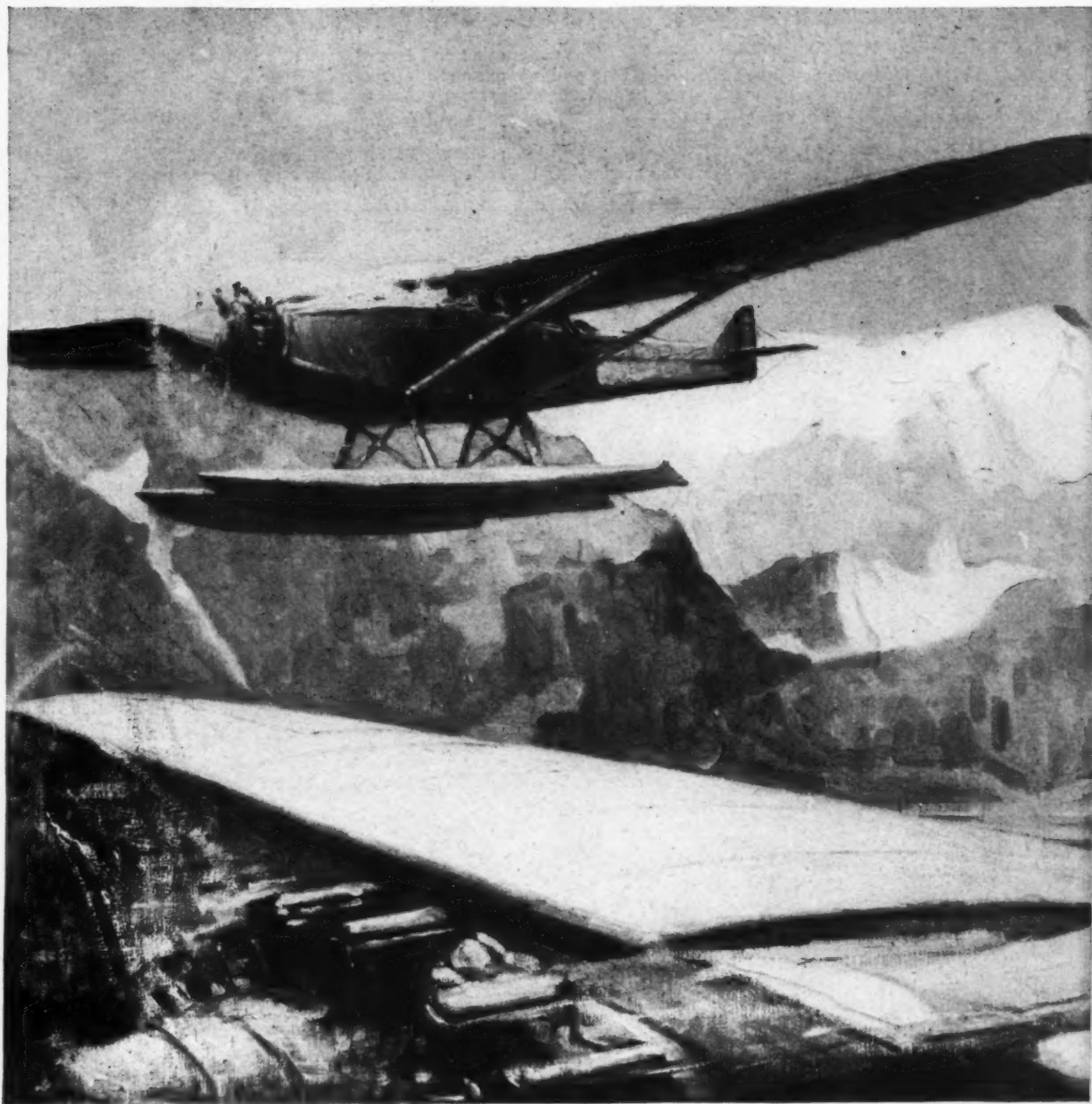


around her. "Jim, what's happened—you coming at night—so suddenly?"

Luke's primitive code demanded retaliation in blood upon enemies who had thrust hot iron against his flesh. Dorn tried to head him off: "I had no chance. Had to grab you, tote you away, before 'breeds come—"

"Huh! You had knife; they lay tumbled there on ground—three, four jabs you kill 'em all."

Dorn knew it was impossible to explain his evasion of the obvious to old Luke. So he argued: Carter-Snowdon's disappearance would raise a hue and outcry; the Yellow-Stripes would



The enemy plane checked its headlong rush, swerved sharply and began circling. Dorn won-

was; but he had given over the idea and turned to a more promising scheme. The 'breeds had merely been scouting around on Dorn's island that night—prowling about like slinker wolves to snap up whatever might happen their way; Soft-shoe had pinned no hopes to them, and after Dorn wrecked the camp and wrested the old Indian out of their hands, Soft-shoe turned back to his main plan and began pushing it.

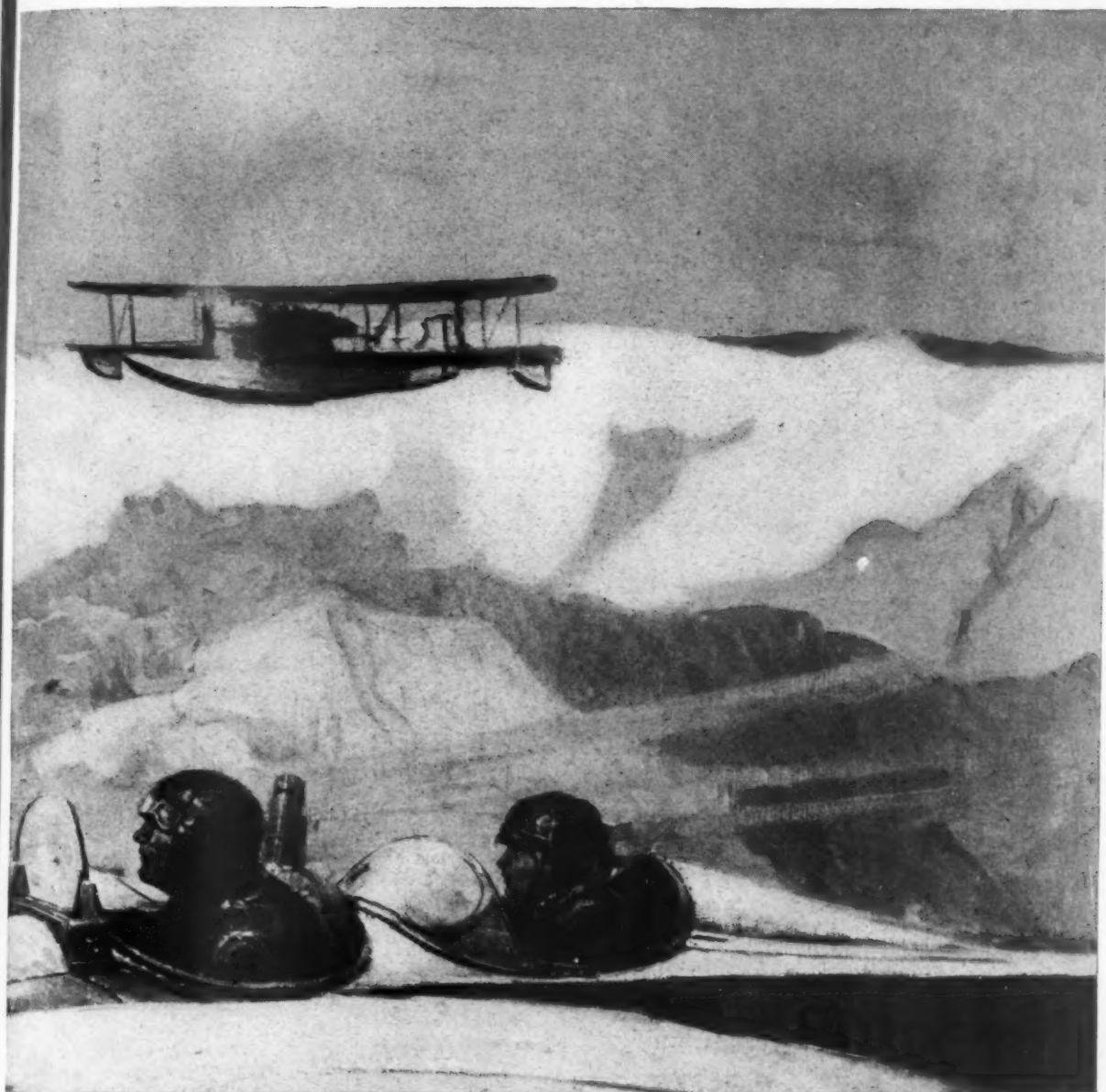
By inquiry among the *métis* at the Station he had found out that Roger McNain and his daughter used to "pitch off" from Titan Pass for their summers in the wilderness; that old Luke had been their guide; that their general direction had been north from the railroad. He shrewdly guessed that wherever they had spent those vacations, there Joyce was hiding now; but a staggering lot of country lay north of the Canadian National, and Soft-shoe was temporarily at a halt—till Yoroslaf supplied him with a bit of unexpected and priceless information.

Three winters ago Joe Yoroslaf had got into trouble up at Fort Liard. The Yellow-Stripe sergeant at Liard had been watching him suspiciously; the young and pretty Sikanni squaw with whom Yoroslaf was living was not his wife, and the sergeant believed that the 'breed knew *why* her husband had failed to come back from running a deadfall line one blizzard week. A baby was born. Yoroslaf thrust it through the ice of a river, because it was not his own, and because it cried too much. He

had amassed considerable experience at covering up crimes; but this time, in some unaccountable way, "the moosebird started talking;" and with the sergeant three pipes behind him, Yoroslaf broke for the huge wilderness south of the Lost River Dutchman's post, and escaped. A woolly-whipper caught him in the mountains. For a whole midwinter moon the snow kept climbing up, up, to the first limbs of the spruces; the lord sun was cached; the storm howled down from the land of the *Yukon-ih-o-tannah* like ten million *loup-garou*. During the blizzard Yoroslaf stumbled upon a cabin on an island, and after the storm abated, he wandered on south and finally came out to the Canadian National; and hearing that Titan Pass was free of Yellow-Stripes, he went there and grew face-hair.

Now, when Soft-shoe heard about that cabin—particularly about its comfortable furniture, its double walls and two rooms—he knew that there was the place Joyce was in refuge. Yoroslaf had only a hazy idea how far north from Titan Pass the cabin was; the storm had bewildered him; he had come south by a circuitous route, and his mind in general now was bleary from rotgut *houtchini*. But he did remember that the lake lay along that old Carrier trade-path, and he did know that by following the trail he could not help finding the lake. He told Soft-shoe:

"You take me, Charlo, Narcisse up north in an air machine, set us off; we hunt each way on trail, find *cabane hiyu* quick."



dered at this maneuver; then he understood. "They saw Joyce! They saw she's with me!"

When Dorn had dynamited the planes that night, Soft-shoe's scheme was delayed for several days, till Carter-Snowdon brought in a new four-place biplane, together with another small swift monoplane to match Dorn's *Silver Hawk*. This pursuit craft, carrying a machine-gun and a gunner, was to act as convoy to the heavy ship and to shoot Dorn out of the air if he tried to interfere with them.

Then one morning when Dorn was busy mapping a nameless river far-away west of Joyce's lake, the two machines went north and set off the three *métis*; and after arranging a signal-system with the 'breeds when they should find Joyce, they came back to Eaux Mortes to wait and to watch for a chance to "get" Dorn.

Left in that wilderness, Yoroslaf climbed a neighboring giant and from its eyrie pinnacle swept and studied the country with long-range glasses. North at the limit of vision he made out a fiery-colored mesa and a horseshoe range ridden by a star-shaped glacier; and they stirred vague memories in his brain; and he guessed, correctly, that the lake he sought nestled somewhere in that region. It was not his intention to split the reward money with Charlo and Narcisse; he coveted it all for his own sweet own. So he directed the two 'breeds to work south along the Carrier Trail; but he himself, with light tump-pack and rifle, hurried north—toward the Lake of the Dawn.

DORN'S own machine-gun came—an air-cooled Lewis. He managed to install it in a cockpit already crowded, and took it with him on all his trips. Then old Luke, who went scouting every day with his nose up-wind, brought him word of Carter-Snowdon's biplane and of that swift pursuit craft which carried not only double machine-guns but a gunner to operate them.

That news hit Dorn hard. He thought: "Joyce shouldn't be dependent upon me alone. If they get me they'll get Luke too, so that he could never tell tales. Then nobody would know where she is. She could never come out; she'd die there—or some 'breed would happen along—"

He wrote a letter to Kansas Eby relating how Joyce McNain had come to him that night of the *méti* dance, how he had taken her north, how Carter-Snowdon had established his identity, had fought him, and now had brought against him an armed plane. He ended: "If and when you get this letter, son, I'll no longer be doing business; I'm instructing Dad Bergelot to deliver it to you *only* in case of some 'accident' to myself, for this is my fight, not yours. If you get this, don't betray your connection with me by coming over here and trying to find out what happened. *Stay away from here.* Go north immediately to Joyce and meet her. I know you will look out for her to the limit of a man's ability."

Along with this letter Dorn enclosed a map showing Kansas how to get to the lake; and one night (Continued on page 142)



Cash in Quick!

By Sam Hellman

Illustrated by Tony Sarg

WHEN Scar Sullivan shuffles into the club-house three days after the mill, he's still featuring the scrambled sniffer and the hand-painted glimmer that "Cast Iron" Kelleher had hung on him in the Garden prior to picking him up and laying him down for the one-to-ten inclusive. The boy's shopping for sympathy; but coming to me for it's like hunting for cottages in a cottage pudding. Scar discovers that *pronto*. "I see," says he, bitter. "You figure this meal-ticket's punched out, eh?"

"And how very!" I returns. "You couldn't get a bean stew on what's left of it."

"You mean," scowls Sullivan, "you couldn't. In five years," he goes on, "I take the count once, and—"

"Count, hell!" I cuts in. "That wasn't a count. That was a curfew. You're through, feller."

"Get me another go with Kelleher," barks the pug, "and I'll show you if I'm through. I'll lay that punk like a pavement."

"Don't make me laugh in Lent," says I. "You and the rest of the Sullivans in this parish together couldn't lick Cast-Iron with Irish confetti in your gloves. . . . The other night he hit you with everything but his late father's lumbago. All you'd get out of another row with Kelleher would be an autopsy."

"Oh, very well," shrugs Scar. "I guess I can find me another manager."

"Help yourself hearty," I comes back, "but first listen to me with your good ear. I've been your friend, haven't I? I've always split the gate-receipts—"

"Yeh," growls Sullivan. "You taking the receipts and giving me the gate."

"You're thirty," I continues. "Since you got back from the war,—and that's ten years ago,—you've been dating up your jaw with other birds' fists. You were a good horse, Scar, but the gaff's

The popularity of our premier humorist follows the precedent of Mark Twain's—which was never greater than when writing up Europe.

got you. The wagon from the reduction works awaits without. In the last six months," I points out, "you've taken three beatings from pork-and-beaners. The spirit's there but the old stam's gone. . . . If I were you, I'd hang up

the mitts and stake myself to a filling station or a pool-room or something. You've got dough—"

"No, I haven't," interrupts Sullivan. "If houses were selling for a dime a dozen, I couldn't pay the first installment on a door-knob. I'm flat."

"Flat!" I exclaims. "With all the piastres you've pulled down! What's the matter—slow horses or fast women?"

"What's the difference?" mutters Scar. "The roll's gone, and now you're airing me."

I begins to feel sorry for the boy. From the time I'd plucked him out of the army, Sullivan had delivered pretty nicely for me—not important jack, but fair for a biffer that was never anything but a high-grade second-rater.

"I've got a proposition for you," says I. "In a couple of weeks I'm taking Joe Gilbert over to France to strengthen the ties of international friendship by knocking some of their pugs bowlegged. How'd you like to tote along and help me handle the kid? Maybe," I adds, "I can rustle up a ruckus or two for you."

"Not me," returns Scar. "I've done all the fighting in Europe I'm going to do." And his fingers stray to a livid streak across his forehead, a little reminder of the shell-game played in the trenches during the late annoyance.

"Come on," I urges. "The trip'll do you good, and you'll have a lot of funny fun. You can tell Lafayette that here you are again, visit the battlefields where you helped make something safe for somebody, and show me the place where you pulled the gag that won you the Crox de Gerry and a kiss from a guy with whiskers. . . . By the way, what did you get that medal for?"

"I got it," grunts Sullivan, "for picking cooties off myself with boxing-gloves."

"Come clean," says I. "We might be able to take the yarn and smoke up a good mill for you. The war-hero bologny goes big in La Belle."

"Lay off that war-hero blah," snarls Scar. "A hell of a hero I was! I'll tell you how I got the tinware, if you must know. I won it for stealing an overcoat."

"But, my gosh," says I, "they can't decorate you for that! How come?"

"I was freezing in the trenches," explains Sullivan. "Between the lines a frog was flattened out. He had on a thick benny. It looked good to me, so I went out and fetched it."

"How about the bozo inhabiting the overcoat?" I asks.

"I didn't want to take the time to pry him loose from it," comes back Scar, "so I drug him in too. He'd been potted in the legs."

"Nearly getting your bean blown off in the process," I remarks, glancing up at his forehead.

"Naw," growls Sullivan, "they didn't even come near hitting either one of us. The Heinies left this calling-card on my dome months before. The day after I went for the coat," goes on Scar, "turned out to be a rainy Thursday, and the French general having nothing to do, dropped in on our outfit and threw a handful of medals at us. One of 'em caught on my jacket."

"I believe you, God forbid!" says I. "Lately I've been looking into the Santa Claus and stork stories, and I'll investigate yours when we get to France."

"If there's a me tucked away in that we," yelps Scar, "you're just biting into a bad guess. Swell chance of me going back to the country that made a bum out of me."

"How did France make a bum out of you?" I asks.

"It smeared me up," replied Sullivan, "and threw me out of a fine job. If I hadn't been shipped over there, I'd have been a good-looking plumber instead of a has-been box-fighter with a pan like a stepped-on tomatous."

"Well," says I brightly, "there's no war in France now, according to the morning papers."

"You can't believe everything you read in the tabloids," grumbles Scar. "Anyhow, if they heard I was coming, they'd start one. Anything to make the world unsafe for Sullivan."

"Let's disarm and talk sense," I suggests. "I want you to come along for two reasons—both of 'em aces. In the first place, a rest and a change might give you a new—"

"Sing it to Sweeney," snorts Scar. "You're just trying to let me down easy with a charity trip. When better bologny is built you'll build it."

"In the second place," I goes on, "Gilbert needs you."

"How do you mean—needs me?"

"Well," says I, "you know Joe. He's no Little Boy Blue in New York. How's he going to act up in Patee with the liquor and the Lucies throwing up barricades in the streets every ten feet? You're his pal. He'll listen to you and—"

"Yeh," cuts in Scar, "but I'm not hiring out as a wet-nurse."

Just the same I can see Sully slipping. Gilbert's about the best friend he has, and the idea of letting the youngster alone in Paris with his weaknesses is working on the old-timer. I don't press the issue. For a while I lets Scar think the matter over without interruption.

"Come on," says I finally; "be a boy scout and do a good deed."

"All right," growls Sullivan. "Wrap me up and take me along."

In Paris I immediately hunts up Dan Tracy, an old side-kicker of mine, who runs a *club de boxe* over on the Left Bank. Before the war he and I had worked together, promoting everything from raindrop races on window-panes to salted sand-mines in the Sahara. A nervous attack with grand jury complications had driven Dan to France.

"What's the idea of moving your maulers to this market?" inquires Tracy. "Aren't they being born as fast over in the States as they used to be?"

"Faster," I assures him. "Suckers are arriving as twins these days, but the cream's turned sour for the moment as far as Gilbert is concerned."

"Too many set-ups?" asks Dan.

"In a way," I returns. "The fact is Joe's cleaned up all the cash-and-carry welters except the champ, and the kid's not ready for Donegan. How's the game in Gaul?"

"Fine," comes back Tracy. "There'll be no trouble framing a fist fiesta for Gilbert if you can forget dollars and think in francs."

"I can," says I. "Right now I'm more interested in keeping Joe busy over here, and building up a European rep for him, than I am in shaking down the shekels. And now how about Scar Sullivan?" I asks. "Any chance of getting him a job of work?"

"Hm," grunts Tracy. "You'll have to think in centimes for that ham! From what I read in the gazettes, they declare a national holiday on February thirtieth every time he wins a fight. He's even through being through."

"Scar's not the scrapper he used to be," I admits, "and maybe never was; but I promised to get him a mill, and I've got to deliver. I thought we might be able to whoop him up as a hero—he was in the war."

"He was!" cuts in Dan. "That's great. We've been looking around for years for some guy that had been in the war. They've got a standing reward in the French papers—"



In the two hours since I'd left Gilbert, he'd picked himself up a bun and a bustle.

"Can the comedy," I growls. "Sullivan was a regular hero—not one of these desk-daredevils. Risked his life to save a wounded Frenchie and got decorated and kissed and everything. Aint that good for some smoke in this here town?"

"Not a wisp," says Tracy. "Birds who've saved wounded Frenchies and got decorated and kissed and everything are thicker in this country than one-way pockets in Scotland. The whole nation's gone stoop-shouldered lugging medals. I've even got one."

"Oh, well," I shrugs, "then, of course, they're not worth a damn. Nevertheless," I goes on, "I'm counting on you to stage a row for Sullivan. I don't care how badly Scar's scrambled, either. As a matter of fact, I want to see him licked."

"Why?" asks Dan. "Can't you break yourself of the habit?"

"Because," I returns, "I've told the sap he's through, but he wont believe me. Maybe if he's slapped over by some third-rate Jeanjean he'll begin to get a suspicion that his future's all behind him."

"All right," says Tracy. "I'll see if I can get a baby who likes his mayhem."

On the way back to the hotel I pipes Gilbert on the other side of the rue with a Fifi by his side and a suggestion of *vin ordinaire* in his feet. In the two hours since I'd left him, he'd picked himself up a bun and a bustle.

"Swell watch-dog of my treasury you've turned out to be," I growls to Sullivan, when I meets up with him a little later. "Joe's already stepping."

"A fling wont hurt him," says Scar. "He'll pipe down once he gets into training. Get a go for him?"

"Yeh," I tells him. "Tracy's promised to line up a *mêlée* with a bimbo known in the select slaughterhouse set as the Assassin of Angoulême. Got any idea where Angoulême is?"

"I'm a stranger here myself," comes back Scar, "but I guess he's dead if this lad's his assassin."

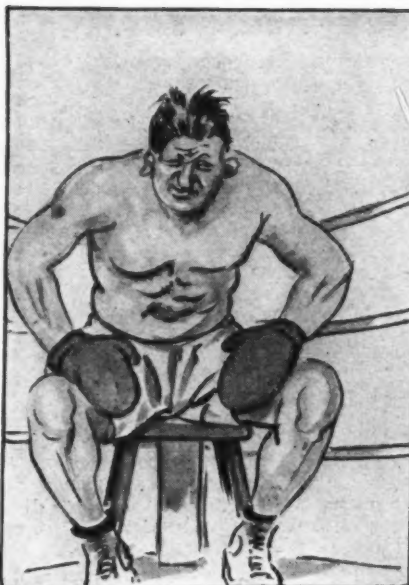
"No, no," says I. "Angoulême's a place—somewhat in France."

"A place, eh?" remarks Sullivan. "What does that make this bird—a massacre? Never mind the place, though; tell me about the show. When do you expect to stage it, and for how much?"

"In a couple of weeks," I replies, "and for a fifty-fifty cut of the net. Dan," I adds, "thinks he might be able to wedge you into the bill, but—"

"The chances are he wont be," interrupts Scar gloomily. "I never got any breaks in France, and I have a hunch with its hair in a braid that I never will. Anyway," he adds, more cheerfully, "I'm glad you got Joe fixed up so quick. How about this assassin of angleworms? Is he a round-heel?"

Bottsford's already in his corner; a bulky bravo built from the ground up like a silo.



The referee rushes between them, but Sullivan brushes him away.

I never saw such a come-back: Sullivan shows me everything—speed, judgment, deadly aim.

was the sister of the Unknown Soldier. What do you care?"

"I care a whole heaping hatful," says I. "I've got you penciled for a fuss with a tough egg in a pair of weeks, and you can't work out on *vino*. Effective this minute you're off the grape—and all the female relations of the Unknown Soldier. Get me?"

"What's the use of being in Paris," growls Gilbert, "if you can't have some fun?"

"You had *beaucoup* on the scow coming over," I reminds him. "Don't forget, feller, in this game all work and no play makes jack. How juicy," I goes on, "do you think your prospects'll be for a title tussle with Donegan next spring if some wooden-shoe over here takes you for a ride on the rosin?"

"Swell chance!" sneers Joe. "There isn't a bozo this side of the Big Drink that I couldn't handicap a hangover and take to the cleaners. One American—"

"I know," I cuts in. "One American can lick eight Britishers, eleven Frenchmen, fourteen and three-quarter Austrians and seventeen hundred and twenty-nine two-cent stamps. That right, Scar?"

"No," answers Sullivan, who's been listening quietly; "it should be one-cent stamps."

For a half hour Gilbert and I throw the hammer back and forth. Finally Scar gives me the office to duck and leave Joe to him, which I'm glad to do. Any time it comes to arguing with a souse, I'm willing to put my interests in the hands of others.

The next day Gilbert's tame enough and I arranges for a camp on the outskirts of Paris, far from the Café de la Paix and other points wet. That evening I calls on Tracy and finds everything set for a controversy between Joe and the Assassin of Angoulême, fifteen days hence in the Arena du Printemps.

"And that's not all," says Dan. "I've also arranged to have the request murder of Sullivan take place the same evening."

"Fine!" I exclaims. "Who's the party of the first part?"

"A limey," returns Tracy, "called Bo'sun Bottsford. He wandered in here a few minutes after you left yester-

"According to the dope Tracy slips me," says I, "he's anything but a push-over. Won his last five outs over the lullaby route, and a year or so ago fought the Belgian welter champ to a standstill. The frog can sock, it seems."

"Everything these French have," contributes Sullivan, "goes into their sock. But I wouldn't worry any. These killers have always been so much come-on for Joe."

"Yeh," says I, "but you can't train even for a sap on *apéritifs* and Annes. I'm going to give that boy friend of yours an earful tonight."

It's plenty late when Gilbert weaves in, feeling high and happy.

"Who's that lady I seen you with on the boulevard?" I inquires, opening with a light feint.

"That was no boulevard," comes back Joe, with a simpy grin. "That was Tuesday morning. Nice girl, though," he babbles on. "Forget her name, but she told me she

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day looking for a ration of raw meat, and I offered him a slice of roast Sullivan. Your friend Scar'll be a planked steak, well done, when the Bo'sun gets through grilling him."

"Don't be so damn sure," says I. "He'll have to be pretty good—"

"He is," cuts in Dan. "Bottsford's not so Del-sarte, but he's got a bed-time tale in each mitt and can take it like nobody can. He's about as hot as they come in Europe."

"In that case," I inquire, "how does he happen to be ham-and-egging around Paris?"

"Because," explains Tracy, "the Bo'sun's no gentleman. He's in bad with the boxing moguls of England and elsewhere on account of the stuff he pulls—butting, hitting and holding, kidney-walloping and such. Of course," goes on Dan, "if you don't want—"

"It's a match," I interrupts. "Sully can take care of himself in the rough. He might even show Bottsford a few parlor tricks that'll make the Marquis of Queensberry shudder delicately in his grave."

Scar shows a little pleasure when I breaks the news to him, but he soon regrets it.

"The chances are," he glums, "that Bottsford'll get bumped off by a taxi or something the day before the scrap."

"I've thought of that," says I, cheerfully.

"If that event I'll arrange a go for you with the taxi. . . . What's eating you, anyhow? The way you carry on, you'd imagine France had dropped everything just to make trouble for you."

"It did once," grunts Sullivan. "What do I get for bashing this Britisher?"

"Twenty-five hundred francs," I returns.

"How much," inquires Scar, "is that in Tulsa, Oklahoma, at this time?"

"The fight," I points out shrewdly, "is not taking place in Oklahoma."

"It's about a hundred iron men," explains Gilbert.

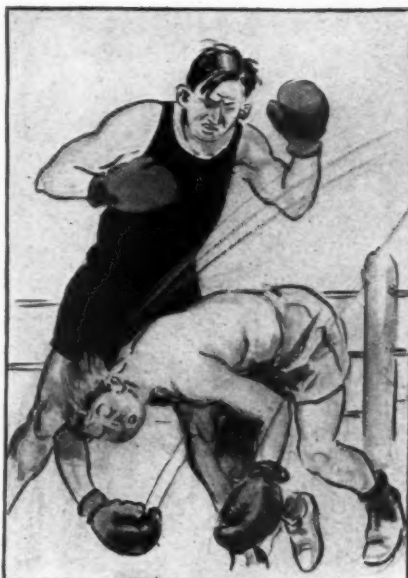
"What!" yelps Sullivan. "Me box for that kind of tin-cup money! I'll—"

"Listen, feller," I cuts in. "As a biffer you mean just as much in France as I do in Upper Siam chess circles. In Paris you're the Unknown Nobody. If you want to get more than a song for your work, you've got to show 'em you can sing."

"Oh, well," says Scar, "let it go. Last time I fought in these parts I only got thirty a month."

Sullivan goes about his training in an earnest way, but Joe has me uneasy from the start. He's restless and logy, working out only when I'm watching him, and then with all the enthusiasm of a lifer on a rock-pile. Arguments do no good. The youngster has the idea that the sun never sets on European set-ups and there's no getting him to swap it for a couple of other ideas. Scar does talk him into perking up a bit, but not enough to massage the wrinkles out of my forehead.

About all I can do is see to it that the kid sticks close to camp and far from the vintage, but I even flop on that job. A week before the fight Gilbert suddenly vanishes. Sullivan and I scour all the brasseries in the neighborhood, but there's nothing stirring.



"Good night, shirt," says I. "I know where the fat-head is. He's getting plastered in Paris. . . . I'm going to call the mill off."

"Don't," advises Scar. "Leave it to me. I'll fetch him back. No—you stay here, in case he shows up."

He shows up, all right, two hours later, a senseless package dragged in by Sullivan from a taxi.

"I had to clip him one on the jaw," says Scar sorrowfully, laying Joe gently on a couch. "He'll be all right in a little while."

"Who messed you up?" I inquires. Sully's pan's bruised, and his clothes half-ripped off him.

"Some of the boys and girls with Joe," explains Scar, "didn't think it was clubby of me to bust up their party, so we debated the—"

"Who hit me?" mumbles Gilbert, coming out of his dope. "I did," returns Sullivan.

"Oh, that's different," says Joe, closing his eyes again. "I thought it was somebody I didn't like."

What follows is almost too quick for the eye. Bing, bang! The Britisher crashes.

Tracy has steamed up a lot of interest in his bill at the Arena du Printemps, and the night of the feast of fisticuffs finds the dump packed with patrons of the game.

However, I don't feel quite so cheerio. Even sweet thoughts of a buxom box-office can't make me forget the chance I'm taking with Gilbert.

The boy's wound up his training in pretty fair style, but I dread to think what'll happen if the Assassin of Angoulême is strong enough to go the route. Joe's wind, I figures, is good for about six rounds. Ten are scheduled.

"Get that frog and get him quick," says I to Gilbert in the dressing-room. "If you don't, you're likely to hear the birdies singing 'tweet, tweet' in French."

"Don't worry," comes back Joe. "He'll be lucky to last through the handshake."

"You'll maybe be glad to know," I remarks to Sullivan, who's sitting silent and morose off in a corner, "that your friend Bottsford has arrived safe and sound."

Scar just grunts. "What kind of a looking yegg is he?" asks Gilbert.

"He looks," I returns, "like a cross between yesterday's murder and tomorrow's manslaughter. Any jury'd convict him on his photograph."

"Well," observes Joe, "they don't pay off on fierce faces. Leave it to Sully. He'll box the Bo'sun's compass for him. Eh, boy?"

"I'm glad you got enough confidence to split two ways," says I. "Come on, Scar," I adds, as a lad outside gives the office, "they're ready for you."

When we gets into the arena, Bottsford's already squatted in his corner, a bulky bravo built from the ground up like a silo and shouldered like a cannon-ball juggler. He stacks to me as
(Continued on page 155)



The Spider leaps forward with a cry. "What the hell?" I yelps.



Illustrated
by
E. F. Ward

Not to Every Man

By
Mary Hastings Bradley

FOR hours they had been following the trail. In the exasperating manner of elephant trails, it had wound aimlessly up and down the mountain-sides, through grasslands and down into rivers, and out again, through swamps and clay wallows, into denser and denser jungle. It was the track of a very large elephant, a lone bull undoubtedly, from the spoor.

For hours the men had stuck to it, plowing through the brush, plunging through streams to their armpits, clambering up and down the clay-banks of river-beds, wading the swamps. There were five men on the trail, the two white men and their native gun-boys, and the native tracker in his goat-skin.

Hotter and hotter the sun beat down. The heat pressed on them like a heavy weight; their shoulders sagged, their legs ached with unutterable weariness. The freshness of the morning, the zest of early pursuit, was like something that had never been. The sweat was running in great streams down the tracker's naked back, in the deep groove between his outstanding muscles. The gun-boys stolidly shifted the heavy guns from one shoulder to another as they followed in the white men's tracks.

For hours Breck had been regretting that they had ever undertaken this hunt. He loathed this enforced companionship with Murray. Of all men in the world they were the last to enjoy a day's hunt together—that is, since Margery Lang had come between them. Now the very sight of Murray was a reminder of all that he most dreaded, all he most feared to lose.

The damned self-confident young fool! Breck hated his lithe, well set-up body, the cocksure carriage of his head, the thin bronzed face, the bright deviltry of his dark eyes, the scar on his high cheek-bone, the lank dark hair that showed beneath his helmet. Others might find Murray gay and amusing; but if he had not come blundering in, with his likable young ways, his own swiftly impressionable nature, Breck might now be secure in his paradise.

Certainly she had liked him before Murray came! He was



Reality has a tang and taste of its own. This story of Africa would have been impossible to any writer, however skilled, who had not led a safari and lived in the jungle. Mrs. Bradley, besides being a novelist, is one of the few women who know this Africa.

twelve years her senior, but he had never given that a thought until Murray's youth had made the comparison; nor, he could swear, had she. He was the fitter man for her, stronger, abler, with a stake of his own in the country, not a mere Government attaché, like Murray.

He had a decent living in his ranch that he had worked hard for throughout his years of exile in this thankless country. Murray had nothing but the clothes he stood up in, the whitewashed mud-and-grass house that the Government gave him, the pay of his Government position—and his infuriating youth.

But she was turning to Murray. Whether or not she knew it, herself, he did. Her whole nature was turning to the younger man, unconsciously welcoming, blithely expectant. . . .

She was the sister of a fellow-ranchman, a coffee-planter, a fellow with an independent fortune come to Uganda for his health long ago, and so fallen in love with Africa that he would live nowhere else. The wife was of a rank above his, daughter of a

baronet, but one of many daughters; and Margery was the youngest of the lot. She had come to live with her sister since the mother's death.

She was a lovely creature, in a springlike April way, white-skinned, dark-haired, with a dryad grace to her, and a whimsical sweet charm. Nothing arresting, nothing startling, perhaps, to the first glance; but she gained upon the senses like a dream.

There was something in the tender line of her cheek, in the curve of her dark brows, in the delicate softness of her mouth, that even to think on now, in the heat and tumult of this elephant business, set his heart hammering with a force greater than the sun's. There was a place in her white throat where he longed to set his lips, as man who is perishing of thirst longs for water.

And the gay delight of her voice! The young, audacious mirth of her. . . . What times they had had together till Murray came, when she was at the house of her sister and brother-in-law, and he had ridden over evenings on his motor-bike. And then Murray had come out to Portal, and he too had ridden over on his motor-bike; and somehow they had all become involved in this plan of going on safari, to show Margery a bit of wild Africa and have an elephant shoot for the men.

Margery Lang, the two Allens and Murray and himself. An enraging business, seeing her and Murray together, more and more. They had had five days of it.

This morning, when the native had come into camp with news of this elephant-spoor near at hand, he had welcomed the thought of action. The three men had cut for the shot and Breck had won, so this elephant was to be his. It had been some years now since he had shot an elephant; he was absurdly keen about it. Murray had had several run-ins with them at his former post, and Allen had suffered so much from raiding elephants on his plantation that they were all in the day's work to him.

Murray had won second shot, and so had accompanied Breck in case any other elephants joined the trail—and to have an extra man along in case of danger, he laughingly explained. Breck was

in a state to resent even that pleasantry, but he had been glad enough to have him on the hunt and not with Margery in camp; now, however, the very sight of Murray was irksome.

And he knew his presence, too, was irksome to Murray. Certainly they were on each other's nerves.

The feeling between them forbade relaxation even in this business of hunting. When the spoor led down to the river again and Breck muttered, "Good God!" involuntarily under his breath, Murray had cocked those dark eyes at him, and instead of companionable curses together, each straightened his shoulders and had been casual and unwearied about it. Their attitude toward each other forbade confession of weariness or defeat.

When Murray said, "Feeling crooked a bit?" Breck answered with unnecessary stiffness, "Not at all. How about you?" and Murray gave back cheerily: "Oh, right as rain, old chap!"

Neither would lower his guard with the other, confess weariness and sit down and stretch his legs for the space of a cigarette. In grimmer and grimmer exasperation and exhaustion they had followed this infuriating trail.

They were gaining. The elephant had taken no alarm; the air was windless. He was feeding leisurely as he went; sometimes they found little moist balls of leaves he had chewed up and spat out. Sometimes they saw where he had stood and rubbed his tusks against the trees. In one place the sap was still running. They could not be ten minutes behind him. The very spoor of his foot was warm to the hand.

They followed now with greater care in the silent footsteps of the naked tracker, try-



He could hardly realize that he had done it when Murray went hurtling over the edge. . . . Yet he would not have taken it back.

ing to be as noiseless as he—a difficult matter when heavy boots and stiff khaki clothes are forced through jungle growth. But the elephant does not take alarm easily from noise. Snapping twigs and slashing branches are no natural omens of danger to him. Scent is the vital matter.

Here was a trampled-down place where he had stood for some time. He might be anywhere now. The men took their guns into their own hands, setting them at ready, while the gun-boys got out fresh cartridges for swift reloading.

Breck went first, as he was to have first shot, and his blue eyes were quickened with eagerness; his face reflected a single purpose. He walked warily, slowly advancing on the track, searching the dense greenery with an experienced eye. The elephant might have circled and be much nearer to them than the trail would indicate.

Mingled with his hunter's eagerness was the natural man's wish to bring down the elephant as a deed of prowess in the eyes of the woman he desired.

Margery had a youthful capacity for unfeigned admiration, she was easily impressed, responsive to courage. He had a yearning to do something that would bring her attention back to him. This beast promised to be a big one.

He would have welcomed a charge, a test of his skill. He was a hardy man who did not shirk a challenge.

Suddenly his tracker held up a hand, and the others froze in their places. The native pointed, then slipped noiselessly from the tree-hole to another, effacing himself from the scene. For a moment Breck hung uncertain, staring at the shrouding green; then he saw a bulging forehead vaguely outlined through a blur of bushes, and a long trunk lifted, like the rising periscope of a submarine, testing the air.

His heart jumped. It was long since he had seen such ivory. Another eye, less experienced, might have missed the sight of those tusks, stained and dark as they were, against the dimness of the jungle, but Breck saw them with incredulous joy. They were long as lances, and amazingly heavy—well over a hundred pounds each, a thing rare in those hunting days. This was something like a trophy! They might even rival the pair Margery had so admired in Nairobi Government House.

God, what luck! He had his gun at his shoulder, watching



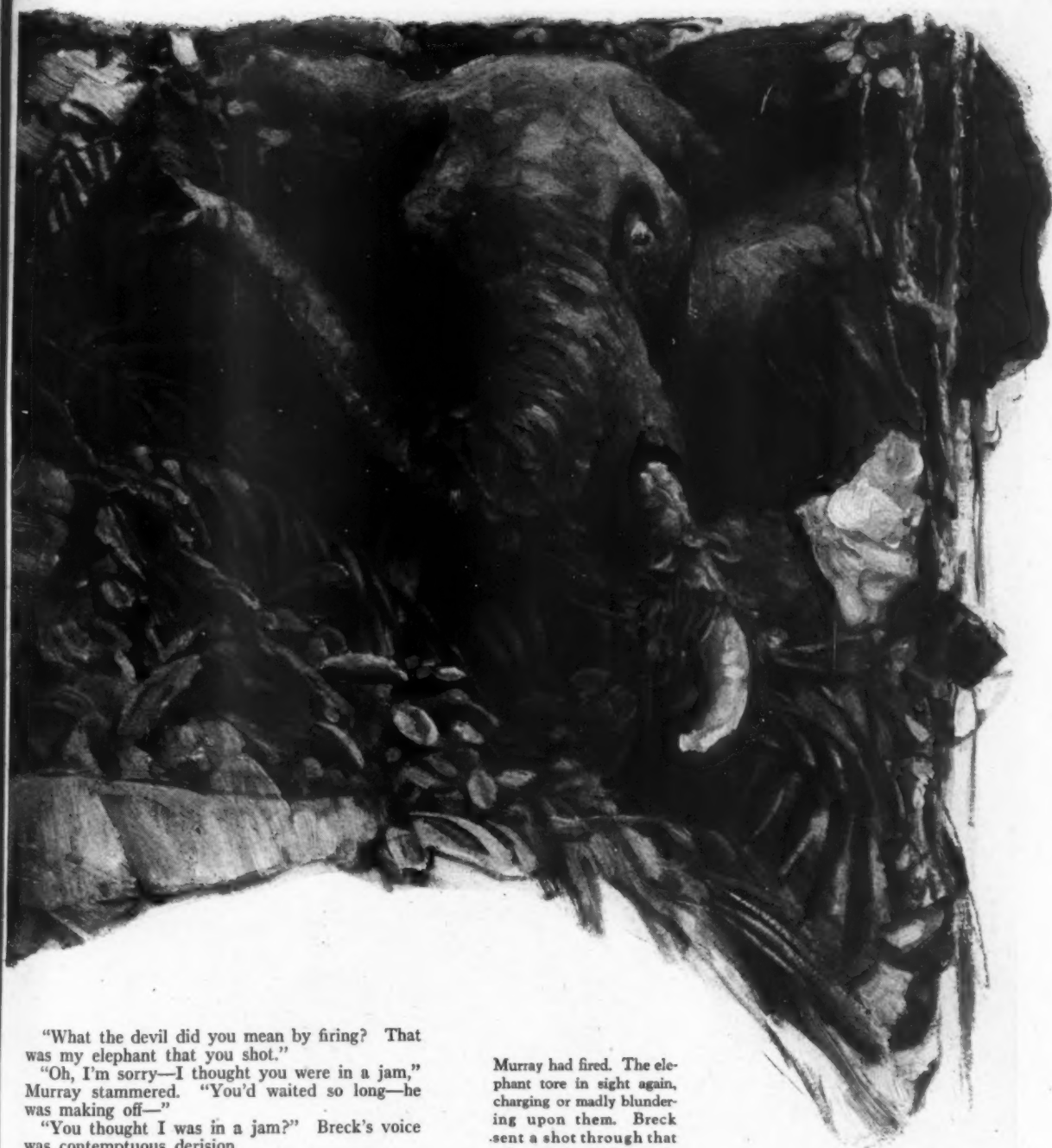
tensely, through the interminable seeming seconds, for the chance he wanted, through the ear-opening into the brain, and then as the head moved and the great ears jutted forward, catching at some alarm, and as his finger tightened on the trigger—a shot boomed out. The trunk lashed forward—the beast veered and crashed away.

Murray had fired. . . . The next instant the elephant tore in sight again, head on, either charging or madly blundering upon them in its fury and fear. And then Breck sent a shot straight through that soft spot above the trunk, the one frontal shot that must be placed sure and low enough to miss the bony structure of the protecting skull. The elephant sank, not forty feet from them, its forefeet doubled over, the great head drooping, supported by the giant tusks whose ends were deep driven in the earth.

"My God, that was a near thing!" said Murray, startled out of all pretense to calm.

"Pembe mzuri—fine ivory!" his gun-boy was chanting. "Pembe mzuri!"

Breck turned on the younger man, mad with rage.



"What the devil did you mean by firing? That was my elephant that you shot."

"Oh, I'm sorry—I thought you were in a jam," Murray stammered. "You'd waited so long—he was making off—"

"You thought I was in a jam?" Breck's voice was contemptuous derision.

"Thought your trigger had stuck or something—that if I didn't fire we'd lose him."

"Of all the damned unsportsmanlike things to do!" Then Breck checked himself. He was in a cold fury. But he was a man who knew the folly of hasty words and who hated self-betrayal.

"I'm sorry," Murray was saying. "I'm deucedly sorry. . . . I honestly thought—"

Breck scarcely heard him. He did not believe for a moment that the younger man was sincere. He thought Murray had seized the chance to get the elephant away from him.

His disappointment was so keen that he was incapable of judging the thing with any fairness, of making an allowance for confusion and mistaken judgment.

He said stiffly: "You've a fine pair of tusks."

"But it's your elephant," the younger man was protesting. "Your shot downed him."

"It's first blood that counts." And to himself Breck added: "As you damned well know."

"But look here!" Murray was eager, urgent even. He was enraged at himself for having jumped to conclusions, for having

Murray had fired. The elephant tore in sight again, charging or madly blundering upon them. Breck sent a shot through that soft spot above the trunk.

taken advantage of a situation that might have estranged even friends.

"Look here—"

He walked toward the elephant, approached the great head cautiously, but death was before him. He looked about for signs of his bullet's entrance and found it.

"There's my shot, not in his brain at all. A glancing head wound. I only stung him," he insisted. "He'd get nothing but a headache from that. . . . See for yourself. . . . I never got him. He's yours."

"Don't be absurd." Breck's tone was short. It was difficult for any man not to redden at it, but Murray knew something of what Breck was feeling.

"First blood is all that counts," Breck added. "You know that as well as I. He's yours. Don't talk like a child about it."

There was no use protesting. Breck wouldn't take the elephant as a gift—and first blood was the convention of the country. A beast belonged, in hunter's code, to the man who first put a bullet



"By God, you've given me a walk!" said Murray. His gaze sought and found the stare of

into it. A lion was once secured by a lady as her trophy because her shot had entered its tail.

Murray recognized the folly of argument, but he thought that in virtue of his own sincerity and distress, and the clear ineffectiveness of his own shot, it would have been generous of Breck to take the elephant and let himself clean his hands of the situation. He was uncomfortable and ashamed. Yet they had agreed beforehand that if the elephant were in danger of being lost by the first man, the second was to fire rather than lose him, and he had genuinely judged that Breck was somehow incapacitated—perhaps with a jammed cartridge, perhaps without a clear view. The beast was so dangerously near that he had not credited any man with the coolness of that wait. He had misjudged. He was sorry and uncomfortable, hurt by Breck's air of cold, offensive suspicion. The man acted as if he didn't believe him, as if he thought he had done it on purpose!

But he told himself he must take like a gentleman whatever Breck might do; he could only atone by swallowing his pride.

It wouldn't have mattered so much if it hadn't been such a corking trophy.

It was difficult, even in the midst of his discomfort and self-blame, not to feel a thrill at sight of those ivories.

"If they come like this, I hope we get a better pair for you," he said. "I'll do my damndest, Breck, to help you get a better pair."

Breck was silent. He knew well enough, and thought contemptuously that Murray knew, too, that tusks like those did not come a man's way once in a decade. His talk of help was cheap and unavailing! A lot of help he'd been! He was sore and chagrined; his weariness weighed him down.

But he held himself in hand; he gave no more sign of his resentment. His pride forbade, and his sense of decency among men. Before the native, too. They never lost what was going on among the whites. His boys would talk this over at the camp-fire that night. He hated to appear lessened before anyone.

So he said crisply: "Forget it. The elephant is yours. You'll

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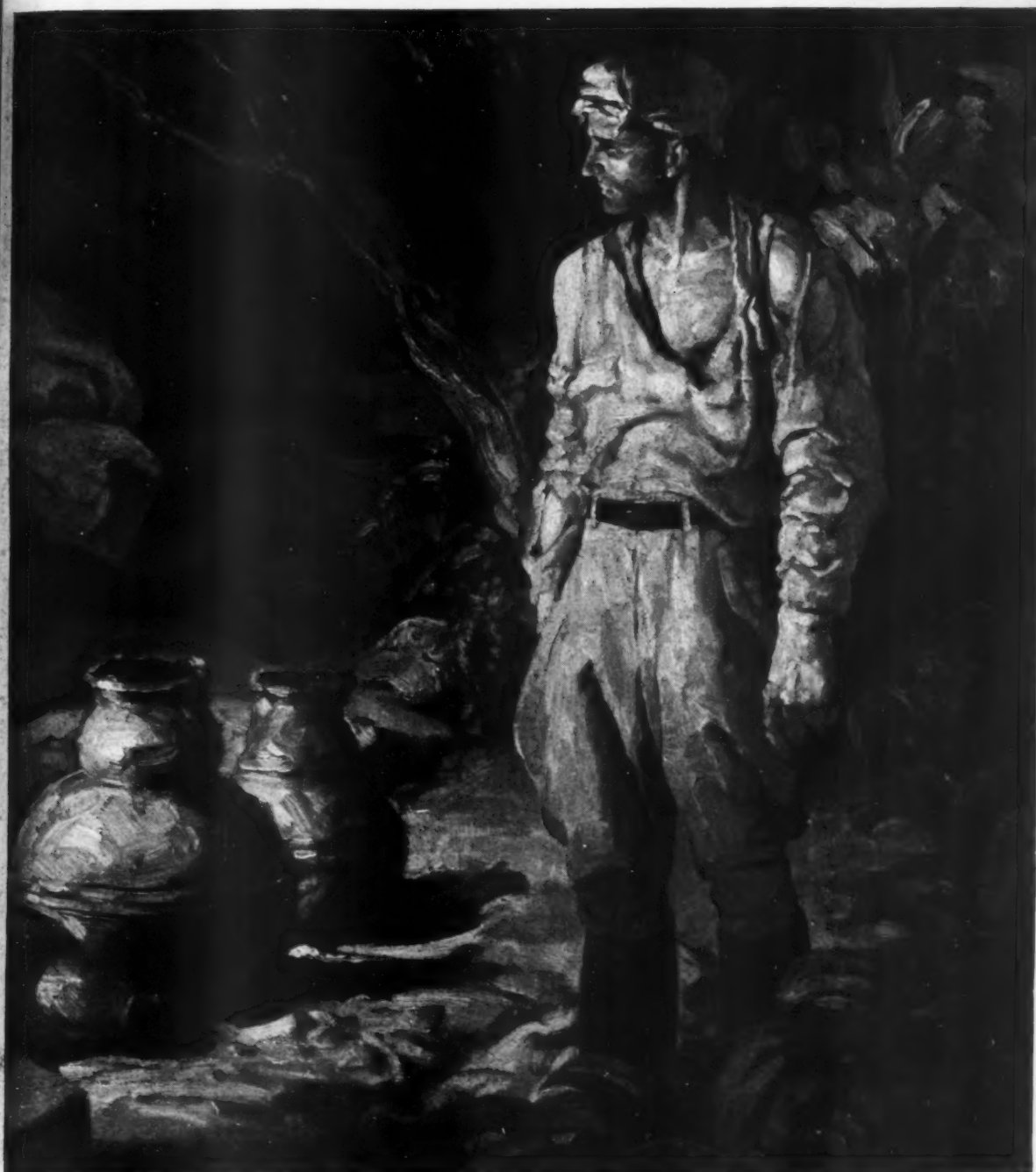
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the man who stood rigid before him. "Your friends—didn't make a go of it, Breck," he said.

be proud of those tusks. Do you want this tracker chap to start getting them out now?"

Murray considered: "What do you say?" He was youthfully anxious to conciliate by an appeal to Breck's judgment.

"Depends," said Breck. "I'd say wait while we look about for other elephants. It seems a good place."

"Right-o," Murray agreed; and he added, unconsciously infuriating the other: "And I'd like to keep him like this so the others could come out and see him tomorrow. Just bringing in the tusks wouldn't give the least idea of him—what?"

"Right-o," said Breck in turn. He added, salting his own wound: "I'll take your pictures now by your kill." And he gave curt orders to clear away the growth to let in more light for the scene. . . .

That over, "What about a bit of food?" suggested Murray. It seemed more than Breck could bear but he now had to sit down and take lunch in this man's company. There was a river close by, in a deep-worn channel, and on the high, jutting bank,

at a sharp bend, they found places in the shade, and unwrapped the bundle of tins of beans and biscuit and cheese and sardines. They ate ravenously, washing it down with great drinks from the water-bottles the gun-boys had carried, then lighted cigarettes.

This semblance of good-fellowship grew more and more hateful each instant to the older man. Never in his life had he known such seething fury and bitterness. This thing was a symbol to him of all that was happening to his life. This other man was rendering him frustrate and bereft.

With him out of the way—oh, if he had never come, what would not life have held for himself! Murray was young, with life before him—any other girl might have done for him later as well as Margery; but for himself, Breck knew, there could be no other woman. He loved with a full tide of longing and devotion. Indeed, he was utterly possessed. It was she or none other.

Without her—he literally could not look upon the face of life without her. He had dreamed such dreams: Margery near him,

his wife, the mistress of his house—Margery with the dark sunshine in her eyes, the dear laughter in her voice—it mattered not how little she loved him, so she only loved him a little. He loved her like a dog, he told himself; she owned him body and soul.

He could scarcely force himself to stay near Murray; he rose and strolled to the edge of the river.

The bank hung sharp here over the water. Turgid and brown the swift-running river lay below them, streaked with the lighted dun of sandbanks. As he stood watching there, a dark thing, like a log, slid from one sandbar into the water. Another followed so quietly that it scarcely made a ripple in the running water.

"I'm glad we don't have to ford that!"

The young man had followed him, uneasily anxious to be companionable and appease this terse and silent man whose feeling he scarcely surmised. The fool, Breck thought, turning sharply. Was he never to have the comfort of his own bitter thoughts? Did Murray have no conception of what was going on within?

Oh, of course not. The poor idiot thought the elephant business was the worst of the matter. Probably he didn't even consider Breck with Margery at all—he was so sure of himself. . . . Tonight he'd be telling her about the hunt. She'd be looking up in that eager, childlike way of hers.

"By George, the place is alive with them," Murray's attention was wholly on the water now. "Mugger bend—what? Look at the devils, will you?"

He was bending over, staring at the water below. Breck gave a sharp, quick look about—a gesture made before the thought itself had hardly touched him or the conscious decision been taken.

The boys were out of sight, down over a hill, the tracker with them. He had seen them there the instant before, as he walked to the river's edge. If he were a man now, with the force to act, to save his life's happiness, to rid himself of this boy while there was time—

For there *was* time! Margery's heart had scarcely been touched yet. She might be hurt for a while, but she was young; and he, Breck, would be at hand. She had liked him well enough before. Those rides together—the touch of her in dancing—that lingering once in the starlight, that half caress. . . . He knew himself for a man capable of winning and holding her, once the stronger attraction were gone.

A thrust—a push—

He could hardly realize that he had done it when Murray went hurtling over the edge. . . . The hoarse cry that broke out, in a voice that he hardly knew as his own, was as much in horror at what had happened in his own soul as at what was taking place before his eyes.

Yet he would not have taken it back.

THAT splash! Murray was under—now he was at the surface, staring up, shaking the water from his face, striking out. . . . And now he was under again—struggling—not to reappear. . . . That water churned in a white wake. Was there a streak of crimson in the froth of foam?

Breck felt as if he himself were strangling for air. The world about him was a gray blur in which only that streak of sinister water was visible. He did not know how many minutes had passed—the boys were beside him, summoned by that hoarse cry of his; and he must have said something to them, something intelligible, natural-seeming in its terror. One of them, Murray's gun-boy, went scrambling down the bank at a slope to the left, in an effort to reach the river; the tracker was jabbering, pointing downstream.

"They go with the current," he was saying, and Breck ran along the edge with the natives and clambered down after Murray's gun-boy, to stand in a slippery foothold of clay, and stare in helplessness, over the swift-running water—thankful in his fury-seared soul, for that helplessness!

Never again could he have the courage to do it, he felt; but he was glad it was done!

A great sweat broke out on him; he found that he was lying face downward upon the grass, panting as if he had run a great distance, loath to stir or move.

He felt in a nightmare. It was unreal, impossible. A thing could not happen like that, so swiftly, so irrevocably. A man could not die like that, without leaving any trace.

But he had seen men die before in Africa. He knew the ways of Africa were swift and sure.

After a time he arose and made his way silently toward camp. The boys and the tracker trailed behind him, their voices now awestruck, now rising excitedly. He was glad the way was long.

His feet lagged as he approached the camp. He found himself utterly unable to come in mouthing the news that he must tell. He went through it like a man in a dream.

It was sunset. Allen was out there in the clearing between the tents, having some sort of *shauri* with the headman—fortunately, the women were out of sight.

HE went straight to Allen and in the fewest possible words gave him the story. Murray had leaned too far, pitched over the edge—pulled under. Nothing they could do. . . . In a moment Allen's wife and Margery had come running out—he had looked away from Margery's face, staring steadily at the shadows at the edge of the clearing. Already the fireflies were darting there.

He broke away from the first babble of confusion and went into his tent, lying face downward, on his cot.

The boys were amplifying the story, going over it again and again to the shocked and incredulous questioning. Then Allen came into the tent.

A quiet, likable man, Allen. Not a man to suspect anything. Too upright, too unimaginative, taking the world for granted as cut in his pattern.

"Bad business, this," he said, sitting down in the chair by Breck's cot and fumbling for his pipe. "Can't take it in, you know. Doesn't seem real."

"It's real enough," said Breck. His voice sounded hard and angry.

Allen looked sympathetically at his averted face. He thought he knew what the other was feeling.

"Not a thing in the world you could do, old chap," he said. "The boys say you almost went in after him. Not a thing in the world."

He added: "I can't realize it, of course. . . . Poor chap—one of the best, young Murray. I know Ponsonby had great hopes for him. Thought he'd go far. . . . And you know Ponsonby. . . . God, it's a sickening death to die. Let's hope it was over quickly."

"Yes," said Breck. He sat up. Useless to lie there like a woman.

Allen was startled at the haggardness of the other's face.

"It seems so unreal," said Allen jerkily. "Here he was—and then, just this nothingness! Nothing to do. . . . I suppose," he went on, "that he had people in England? We'd better send word. Send a runner back to the District Commissioner here, I suppose. How little we thought when we started—Ponsonby'd know about his people. Perhaps Margery does, or Ethel. Women always know those things."

"I dare say."

"Ethel's getting out some brandy," Allen went on. "I think you'd better have a bit. . . . If he has a mother, we'd better write a letter back. No use sending a cable—bad news travels fast enough—what? Ethel had better write it for me—she'd know what to say better than a man. I say, *drowned* would be best, wouldn't it? Can't have a mother thinking of that death. . . . You know—it's—too much." He rose and walked out of the tent.

BRECK envied him the peace of his sincere sorrow. It seemed to him that it took the last ounce of his strength and will-power to force himself out to join that subdued and shaken little group about the table set out under the stars.

"We have to eat, you know," said Allen firmly. "No use you girls crying out in your tents. You can't do the boy any good now."

In spite of himself Breck looked at Margery. Such a white and stricken little face—a pitifully set mask. His glance flinched away. He was relieved when the girl rose suddenly with an incoherent word and slipped away to her tent.

"Let the kid alone," said Allen as his wife half rose. "I was a beast to drag her out, but I thought—"

Ethel's eyes were blurred. "It's the awful suddenness of it," she said helplessly. "Just to know he's never coming back—"

She checked herself. Allen too seemed restrained in his expressions, as if something about Breck's silence compelled consideration for his feelings—the feelings of a man who had been obliged to see his friend die.

All the proper and natural emotions.

They showed a gentleness and tact with him as if he were somehow more concerned, nearer to the dead man, more wounded in his feelings. Surely they knew he had not been at one with Murray; surely they knew how his own hopes were centered on their sister—they must have surmised something of his jealous anxieties.

(Continued on page 152)

"I wisht a house falls on you. I wisht a tiger bites every girl in the world."



Learn that Guy!

A Story of a Bowery School by

Maude Zella Herrick

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

AS Angelo De Mio, the desk monitor, passed pencils against the arrival of the class, his feet stumbled and flip-flapped along the aisles, seeming to collide with everything. But Angelo, proudly happy in his mentorship, was oblivious of this.

Hannibal Scharczyk, monitor of the paper and the rear cupboard, overtook him. Hannibal's hand suddenly cupped over his mouth while his shoulders hunched in derisive laughter.

"Hee, hee, hee! Angelo got on his father's shoes, Miss Meyer! Hee, hee, hee!"

Angelo's pride in his task went like a flash. A wave of red swept over his round face even to the roots of the dark hair curling so engagingly above his pleasant brown eyes—now averted.

"I—aint neither gots—gots on my—father's shoes!" he stammered hotly, as he went on in a startled way with the pencils.

Miss Meyer, writing home-work on the board—for the class would be over in a few minutes—turned sharply. The three line-monitors, who had stopped in to deposit their books before going on stair duty, halted in curiosity. Lily Verelli, most popular girl of 5A3, who came early to water the window geraniums, also paused.

As Miss Meyer's glance traveled over Angelo's white blouse and stout gray knickers, to his feet, she found herself confronted with a terrific expanse of shoe-leather and sidewise looks of consternation from his dusky eyes.

She hesitated only an instant. "Why, certainly they're not his father's!" she declared.

Relief spread over Angelo's tense face.

"Anyhow," she continued, "when *your* shoes, Hannibal, are being mended, you go and *stay out* on us and spoil our hundred-percent attendance! Maybe your big brothers—or your father—haven't an extra pair of shoes to let some one wear."

With this stanch championing, Angelo's strained expression relaxed to normal. It was Hannibal's turn to look startled.

"With such large families and rent so high," went on Miss Meyer, "a boy is lucky if his father or big brothers *have* second pairs to loan!"

Hannibal's derision was thus completely foiled—pricked, denatured.

The monitors moved on. A moment later Angelo, in some constraint, approached Miss Meyer. Though still a trifle flushed, his eyes had recovered their brightness, as he confided shyly: "Taint my father's shoes. They Philip Ruzzi's father's. My father's dead. I got a stepfather up the country on a farms. He's a good stepfather. He leaves me invite Philip Ruzzi up next summer—"

"Oh, yes! I remember now." She completed a row of figures. "You're staying down here at the Ruzzis' on account of quarantine up at your home."

"Taint quarantine—it's *scarlet fever* my sister gots! Not bad she aint gots, though. We use live down here by Ruzzis', before we got married to a stepfather."

"Well," said Miss Meyer, "I'm going to give you *several* merit marks for having the good sense to wear some one else's shoes instead of staying out and spoiling our good record!"

The good marks being duly put in the book, the news traveled.

Next morning no less than three boys came accoutered in fathers' or big brothers' footwear, hoping thus to win some sadly needed merit marks. Floor space in the front of the room was at a premium.

But alas, Miss Meyer was not there—had sent word that she was sick and would be absent a few days. A substitute reigned in her place—Miss Noll, a quiet little person, rather pretty. But

Tomaso slid it to his friend Gilberto across the aisle, with whispered instructions.

though they were acquainted with Miss Noll, having had her on other occasions in the absence of Miss Meyer, not a single good mark could the paternal shoe-wearers wring from her!

It was a soft April day of velvety breezes. They frolicked down the dingy, cluttered, evil-smelling streets and bore a message that somewhere in the world was sunshine slanting over meadows, buttercups growing on hillsides—and noisy brooks—and sweet-scented thickets with leaves new and shining.

Here and there on the stairs baseball bats clattered; marbles leaked from pockets; skipping-ropes swung from girls' hands.

As school took up, two veteran teachers, out in the hall, watched for stragglers. Bound for Miss Noll's class a boy with hard glittering eyes narrowed to slits, passed them—late as usual. A poisonous hate looked out of his olive face. The only incongruous note was his long curling eyelashes shading those baleful black eyes.

"The way he's headed, that Dromio D'Ardizoni's going right toward the electric chair," said Miss Bohl sociably, "and it's just plain cussedness, at that."

"Hardest-boiled specimen I ever ran into!" returned Miss Klunman in agreement; "and I've been teaching down here on this Bowery fifteen years."

As Dromio entered his classroom, a new monitor of the attendance sheets, an eighth-year boy, stepped in behind him. The other boys and the sprinkling of girls who belonged to the class, all in white blouses, were in their seats.

The monitor took a look about, recognizing Dromio and one or two others. "Well, this class aint no angel chorus, is it?" he remarked conversationally to little Miss Noll, as he laid down a blank and vanished.

Dromio, in fact, had had trouble with every monitor in the school, with all the teachers, with the principal, the assistant-principal, the janitor, the sweeper, the truant officer, the school nurse, the school doctor, the visiting teacher and the other pupils. The assistant had warned him that his next scrape would get him transferred to the truant school where he belonged, with a stern man-teacher and other boys like himself—if there were any.

Now, two days previously, Dromio had been absent from school for a forenoon, saying he had gone to the dispensary.

"Bring your dispensary card to show me, then, *without fail!*" Miss Meyer had indignantly ordered.

So now he laid a dispensary card on the desk near the little sub's hand. She looked at it.

"This is dated seven years ago!" she commented in surprise.

Her surprise was as nothing compared to Dromio's. He hadn't inspected the card—hadn't supposed they put *years* on them! He could see the truant school looming up now, a certainty.



"I'll have to send this down to the assistant with a note," went on Miss Noll.

Dromio swanked to his seat with as swashbuckling an air as he could muster. The class watched him. They hadn't so far imitated his actions, but they were getting ideas for future use on how to act in case you hated a superior.

Miss Noll was unable to write the note just then, for Galileo Armellini, a polite, patient, hard-working little chap, began a muffled crying, head on desk.

"What's the trouble, Galileo?"

"In my stummick it's fighting!" Sob. "This morning my mudder tell me, before she wents to work, take some soda." Sob. "I aint find no soda—so I want to come on da school, so"—sob—"I tooks baking-powder—so I feel worster—it pinches! I like to go home!"

"That's all right, Galileo! I'll send a note to the assistant at once. She'll let you go, I know—a boy that comes to school even when he's sick!"

While Miss Noll hurriedly wrote the note, Dromio whispered sullenly to the boy in front of him: "You, Pietro, help me get that dispensary card back!—before that cock-eyed teacher sends it down to Miss Goldfarb, or I get puts in truant school for sure. I wisht I lets her holler for her old card and never brang it!"

"No!" whispered Pietro. "What you t'ink! I no do! I got in such lots troubles now. She gives me yesterday a D for my marks. My fodder he—"

"Yeah!" Dromio's lip curled scornfully. "D is lowest mark they



go! You can't gets no worster'n D! You don't help me, I get my gang after you!"

That was different. Pietro knew the gang Dromio hung out with—a band of hoodlums. Therefore, after a few more whispers, the following property changed hands—one sling-shot, one drawing compass that had once belonged to the Board of Education, a pocket comb lacking four teeth—and Pietro took orders.

"First I go back extra to pencil-sharpener," planned Dromio. "I make out a boy trips me. I punch him. Teacher comes away from desk to see. Then you go up to desk to put paper in wastebasket." Miss Noll was looking toward Dromio. He paused, got out his arithmetic, and held it up to cut off her view of his mouth.

"Make out you picking paper off the floor, to clean round the basket," the whisper went on. "You can gets down on the floor where's paper that fells out. Then you lift one hand easy and open the drawer a crack. She's put the card right there near outside—" He was obliged to pause again. When Miss Noll's eye passed on, he resumed. "Take it in your pocket. When she aint got no card for a prover, I'll say it was Tuesday I went at the dispensary—that she maybe looked wrong on a blot. Subs don't know nuttin'. They dumb. She'll think she's make mistake and they leave me have nudder chance."

Dromio's program was put through as planned. Five minutes later, when he struck a boy in the back of the room, Miss Noll went back to investigate. Whereupon Pietro took up his part.

Now, when Angelo had entered the class a week earlier, Miss

Meyer—noting his mettlesome look and hardy compact build—had promptly made him a monitor, as has been observed, thus enrolling a boy of uncertain potentialities on the side of law and order, before the other side had time to sign him up. And when he confided to Miss Meyer in a burst of gratitude that he had once been monitor of the desk for two hours, she answered: "Very well; it's monitor of the desk you'll be in this class—and for as long as you are a good watchful monitor!" A happy choice it turned out to be. Never a more proud and faithful watchdog guarded a desk!

Therefore when Pietro's hand slipped up from the wastebasket to the desk drawer, Angelo, sitting near by, did not miss the suspicious movement. Pietro's hand had barely connected with the green dispensary card when Angelo with one pantherlike step—no adult shoes hampered him today—was upon him, clutched his hand and extracted therefrom the green card.

Pietro gave a startled squeak. Dromio heard. Making excuse to the little sub, "A guy up front gots my knife!" he slid away from her questioning, and was up at the desk before she knew he was gone.

He crowded his slim body close up to the wrathful desk-monitor, rammed a clenched fist against Angelo's ribs and with eyes full of a murderous fire lashed out in an undertone: "Gimme that green card or I'll—" The rest was lost behind his shut teeth.

The flaw in the plan was Dromio's underestimation of Angelo—Angelo, who'd willingly fight his weight in wildcats, any time, any place, and welcome the opportunity! (Continued on page 110)

The GREAT

"JANET, I want you! We must be married—right away—just as soon as you can get to me."

Get to him! Why not as soon as he could get to her?

The colossal arrogance of the man, as artless in his eagerness as a boy of seven with a toy ship, took Janet Thayer's breath away. Instinctively, she drew the flowered coverlet of her bed closer around her shoulders; dawn hardly had come; the sun was just rising above the mists of Long Island Sound.

As distinctly as though Sturgis Fessenden were leaning over her—and Janet had had the illusion that he was—came his cool, assured voice over three thousand miles of copper wire: "We must be married—right away—just as soon as you can get to me."

Not only were his words a command, but his tone was a warning that he would not take no for an answer. Indeed, he did not wait for an answer or seem to require one. His voice drove at her with a rush of explanations which at first she was too dazed to follow: a sudden change in his plans; vital developments in the Orient requiring his presence there; sailing from San Francisco on the next ship; the important part which, as his wife, she would be called upon to play in big affairs; the necessity of hurry—hurry!

Marriage, as he saw it—a breathless rush! No privacy; no days—no hours, even—to browse over the idea, to adjust herself, to extract distilled drops of romance, if any, from a situation which, later, would retain little enough that was other than practical.

"We must be married—we must—"

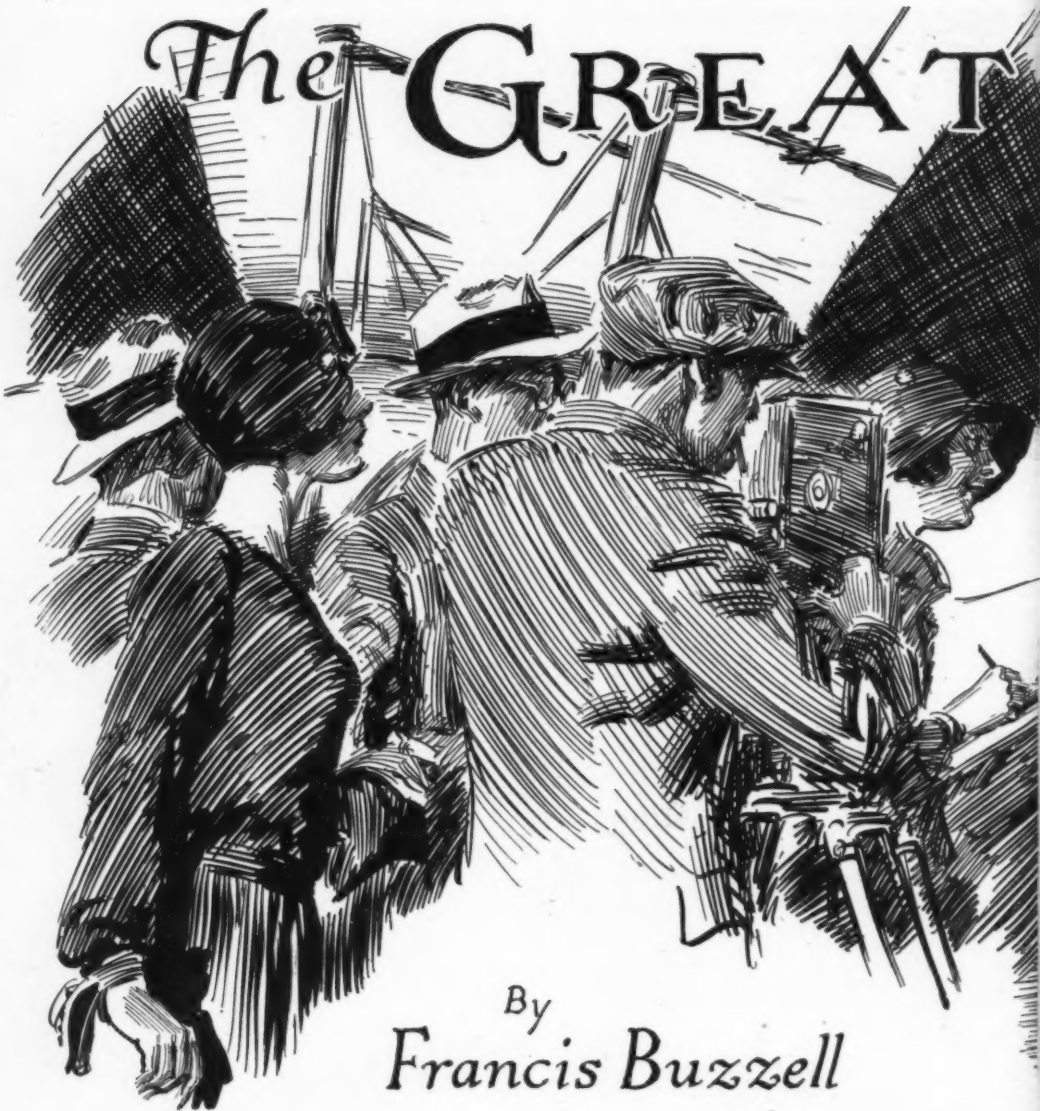
From all his rush of words, these only came clearly, drumming in her ears. Out of the window she could see stretches of garden, then water, rising and falling drowsily. She felt a wild impulse to flee from the room, into the garden, the water—anywhere away from that telephone and the necessity of making a decision.

Knowing that her answer must be yes—unless she caught courage to repudiate the debt which fate and circumstance required her to fulfill—she was not ready to give it. Time—she must have time, she pleaded with him; and he replied:

"Within two hours, Janie, perhaps sooner, I'll call you back. By that time I'll have the plan made to get you here at once."

His voice was gone; she dropped back into bed with eyes shut—and wild pigeons whirring in the images before her.

Wild pigeons—wings—what were they? They were fragments of a dream from which she had been awakened by the ringing of the phone on the call across the continent. She regained, for a moment, the refuge of the dream which had had nothing at all to do with Sturgis Fessenden. Richard was with her in the



By
Francis Buzzell

dream—Richard Farrell and she and wild pigeons. Whirring wings of pigeons were about Richard and her, wings which frightened her. They were symbols, of course; you did things like that in dreams; your mind made up symbols for you of what pleased or frightened you. Richard pleased her; it frightened her that he flew and was forever taking chances in the air. She liked him for it, because it was a part of him. She loved him. Loved him?

What was she thinking of? Love? As though it were at her own disposal!

"Janet, I want you—we must be married—as soon as you can get to me."

No one's—certainly no girl's—life ever can be completely at her own disposal; but Janet Thayer had less right of self-disposal than usual. Little had there ever been in it of that fine, bright carelessness of youth which should have been her birthright. Her life, from the time she was twelve years old and her mother had run away with Stephen Starkweather, never to be heard from again, had been a succession of obligations to others. Especially to Sturgis Fessenden—generous, big-hearted Sturgis Fessenden and his wife Marguerite, who had meant only to give color to a life motherless and lonely.

The first time Sturgis Fessenden's attention had been particularly attracted to Janet was during one of those tail-end-of-the-winter blizzards which sometimes come down from the north as though determined on a final reckoning. For two days and nights the storm had beaten down from the Atlantic, turning the old post road into an icy, wind-swept channel and piling up great drifts wherever it met obstruction.

On the third morning, while struggling through the drifts in

GESTURE

Illustrated by
James
Montgomery
Flagg



Richard felt Janet shrinking before the clamor of camera-men, of reporters demanding: "Where will you marry him? How long have you loved him?"

growing between the two when a second calamity came. Edward Thayer, Janet's father, shipped and sold wheat which already he had pledged for a loan of two hundred thousand dollars. Scandal hung over him, disgrace—prison, perhaps. Sturgis Fessenden paid it off for him and hushed it up; but Janet knew why her father "traded" no more and largely avoided other men—or was avoided by them.

Sturgis stood by him; Sturgis Fessenden, who always did things with broad gestures and who liked to dramatize his every act, refrained from dramatizing this friendship—wherefore Janet loved him the more.

Loved him? As a child loves a man protecting her. She was seventeen then, but still a child. No idea of love of him could enter her head. He had a wife.

But now he had not. Last year Marguerite had died. How overwhelming had been his grief, how his need to display it had found outlet in an ostentatious funeral and the spectacular scattering of her ashes over Long Island Sound—from an airplane flying into the clouds at sunset!

It came into Janet's mind now as she lay with his voice at last shut away. "Hurry—hurry." Hurry to him. He was free; that spectacular flight into the sunset was more than a year ago; honorably he could summon her; he had the right to ask what he would of her. Right?

She knew that for her, not for her father, he had done what he had; and, beyond the gift of money, for her he had kept it secret.

Janet arose and slipping quietly downstairs, she found that her father had not yet left for the city. The morning's mail still lay on a table in the hallway; she noticed a letter, postmarked San Francisco, and addressed to her father in Sturgis

front of his house, Sturgis had heard a shrill little voice shouting his name down the wind. A quaint little figure in a grown-up cloak of crimson had appeared to him out of the snow and he had had to rub his eyes before he could make himself believe that this really was Janet Thayer.

He had tucked her under his arm and taken her into the house, delivering her over to his wife with a half-serious, half-humorous admonition that the height of a blizzard was no time for a little girl to be out in the world masquerading as a lady of fashion, and in an evening wrap too.

The little Janet, whom he had thus come to know, was a droll creature with eager eyes, tumbled hair, a mere wisp of a body, and black-stockinged legs which rose out of shoe-tops that fitted none too snugly.

They watched her grow into a quaint, gravely mischievous little person whose eyes reminded them of tree-studded clover fields in late summer, so filled were they with falling shadows; a little Janet who bravely tried to forget the loss of her mother, but over whom loneliness had cast a wistfulness never to be quite dispelled.

With the Fessendens, Janet, never quick to give her affections, was finding a second home; Marguerite Fessenden, childless, claimed the girl whenever she could; close companionship was

Fessenden's familiar handwriting. Never had she opened anyone else's mail; but this moment found a compulsion which she could not suppress. She tore the envelope, discovered a check for two thousand dollars—and she took it in to her father, confronting him.

Yes; he had received others recently, and regularly. Yes, since his "trouble" he—and she—had been often dependent upon Sturgis Fessenden.

Janet returned, without breakfast, to her room wherein still seemed to drum the words: "Janet, I want you." As she thought of him, her conception of Sturgis Fessenden when she was twelve and he was thirty kept getting in her way. He had seemed as old to her then as did her father.

At the age of twelve, she had sat on his knee, wound her soft arms around his neck, kissed him with lips cool as morning dew. At seventeen—when he was thirty-five—she had responded gayly whenever he caught her up by the hands and swung her in great circles, in a romp which always left her a little breathless—and thrilled. At twenty-one, she was a little more demure, a little more self-conscious toward this big man who had become a doer of miracles, whose word made everything straighten out and behave itself.

By now, he was rugged and lean; already the years of exposure to wind and sun—the heritage of a civil engineer—had permanently darkened the fairness of his skin. He was well-knit and straight, attractive to any woman. Such, at least, he appeared to Janet, after Marguerite Fessenden's death. In private, at that time, he wrung her heart with the boyish simplicity of his grief; publicly, he outraged her with that trait which withheld nothing from the world. Fundamentally he was a showman; every move he made, however personal, was a public exhibition.

Yet, on one particular afternoon when—shaken by his obvious loneliness—she had crawled into his arms and reached up to stroke with soft, gentle fingers the muscular contour of his neck, she had been shaken by a change that had come about in their relationship. It was not merely that something in him had responded fiercely to her touch; she, in herself, had felt a thrill which, although frightening, had stirred her as no other touch had ever done. But since then, she had met Richard Farrell, who was young, reckless, headstrong as Sturgis Fessenden—almost. No one else could be quite as headstrong as he.

Janet had felt herself, recently, claimed by Richard, though she had tried to refuse response to him; but with each refusal, he only asserted his claim again. It was claim of common youth, shared impulses, tastes, desires and hopes. In the arrogance of his youth, Richard protested that only a claim of obligation to Fessenden kept her from himself. Was it so? Did she know herself? Had her obligation—and gratitude to Sturgis—so clouded her that she confused her own heart? Wild pigeons in her dream!

The telephone rang. Again San Francisco was calling. The moments it took to complete the connection gave her grateful opportunity to pull her thoughts together.

"Have you made up your mind, Janie?"

"Yes."

"Good, Janie—I knew you would!"

"You don't ask," she said (oh, he was so certain!), "what my decision is."

"But Janie, I've made all the arrangements. I've even—"

She sensed a sudden note of fright in the otherwise sustained assurance of his voice; then he had regained that cool assurance which was so exasperating and yet so arresting. "You are to fly to me. You will leave tonight from Hadley Field. Jack Harford, one of the best pilots in the country, will bring you to me in less than thirty hours. You will have a full day here to buy the things you need, and on Thursday morning we sail for Japan."

He said it as assuredly as though arranging an hour's canter on the bridge paths of Central Park. Again he had taken her breath away.

"Just think of it, Janie: you'll be the first woman to fly across the continent in thirty hours to her wedding. You'll be known—"



She ran after him to the brink of the cañon, where he stopped
"I've taken this from the ignition. I'll throw

In spite of the crassness of him, it thrilled her.

"You'll be like Lindbergh! And Lindbergh was not married at the end." There he had spoiled it. . . . Wild pigeons fluttered before her.

"You're taking a long time to answer, Janie."

"A long time?" she cried. "You've no right to rush me into such a decision," she pleaded. "If you must, I can have only one answer. Is that what you want?"

Even though she was close to tears, the way he dodged the issue made her smile; it was so typical of him.

"With the whole continent between us, Janie, it would be inconclusive for you to say no. I can't possibly fly across the entire country to you and get back to San Francisco in time to sail. All I'm asking now is that you come to San Francisco so that I can talk to you. That much, at least, you owe me." Then followed a flow of instructions which, in spite of her, claimed her admiration; already he had arranged it all, foreseen everything, provided everything down to the parachute for her safety. "It doesn't mean more," he told her, "than the requirement that every steamship carry lifeboats. Nothing will happen; the flight will be thrilling—but safe. I have the very best pilot for you. You're not afraid?"



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLACE

with hand raised as she cried out: "Richard, what are you doing?"
is there, and all hell couldn't move us from here!"

Afraid to fly? She did not immediately answer. It was not because she was afraid; it was because, until this instant, she had not thought of physical fear of the flight. Now that she did, she felt suddenly a sickening dread of it, entirely unlike the slight, excited fears which had accompanied her requests, recently, to Dick Farrell that he take her up with him.

She had never flown and, naturally, had been frightened a bit even when she had begged to be a passenger. But Dick had not taken her; he had denied her, as part of a protective attitude toward her which hitherto had annoyed her. But at this moment, she appreciated it, contrasting it to Sturgis Fessenden's. What did he care, if she must fly day and night through any danger, if in the end she reached him—or if, never reaching him, her death dramatized him sensationally again before a hundred million people?

She answered, defiantly, "I'll come to you!" And then she could not take it back. Would she, if she could? Payment, he had demanded of her—payment of all his care and kindness to her when she had been a child; payment of her father's debt to him, when he had kept her father out of jail; payment of the checks which had been arriving recently and regularly for her father.

It was, she realized, the idea of the chance of death or disaster, before she could reach him, which in that burst of defiance had decided her. "I'll risk death to repay you," she meant to say; but he had not taken it so. To him it meant that she was coming to marry him.

The remainder of the day was to Janet only a haze of unrelated acts which formed interludes between her attempts to do one paramount, impossible thing—to write Richard. She must write him, say something, explain— But she did not. The evening came; she was at the field in readiness for the flight. The plane, a great silver-gray two-seater, was run out of its hangar.

Her father stood beside her, ill at ease but silent. Only once, in all the hours he had trotted at her heels,—trying to protest and be important,—had he expressed himself at all emphatically. This had happened when photographers from the papers and the news-films had first found them.

"She is going against my will!" he had announced. "I have no control over her."

That declaration, uttered three hours earlier, already had become a headline. Janet—and he—read it upon the pages brandished by the men who now surrounded them; other headlines blared her "Record Flight for Love!" and "Bride Hops Tonight!"

Bride—bride of Sturgis Fessenden! They would have nothing else. No use to repeat to them that she was flying across the continent because, from long friendship, she owed Sturgis Fessenden that consideration when he could not come to her. They merely smiled and exploded more flashlights. How far had their papers gone, she wondered. Had one reached Richard—or perhaps even at this moment was coming to his hand?

Over the field lay a glare—broad white beams of light. Her big silver-gray plane was run down to the corner of the field, so that the take-off would be in the wind. More figures crowded about her—a phantasmagoria of faces, figures, shadows in the merciless, horizontal light. The mechanics, who had been busy with the plane, making sure that every part was fit for the long flight, turned toward her, pressed into the circle about her and inspected her curiously. To everyone she was a romantic figure—and this was Sturgis Fessenden's doing from three thousand miles away.

There seemed to be only one imperturbable person in the whole scene—the pilot who was to take her over cities and forests, plains and mountains and deserts. Harford—Jack Harford—was his name. If she might have forgotten it, after Sturgis' mention of it, the papers would have kept her reminded.

He approached her now for the first time, bare-headed but in flying-suit and goggles. How like one another pilots appeared! His easy yet powerful shoulders, the well-shaped head, the way he carried himself was like Dick Farrell—so very like him, indeed, that Janet suddenly went weak for a brief moment.

Some one introduced him; he was shaking hands with her. "Harford," the some one was saying; but to her he was Dick Farrell! She clung to his hand, staring at him and speaking blankly. She did not know what she said; some automatically spoken commonplace at meeting. She was dizzy and faint. To her, this goggled pilot seemed to be Dick.

She turned away from him, for she must not faint. Porters were putting her traveling-bags aboard the airplane. The pilot was waiting beside it. Flashlights exploded and flared. She was being lifted into the passenger's place in the plane. Many hands were waving her an excited, tremendously human, "Good luck!" Then came the sudden roar of the engine, and figures—grotesque, unreal—darting away on every side. The plane taxied; the explosions became a blur.

Almost miraculously, they were already away from the glare of the airport, flying in white moonlight. In the actual experience, Janet forgot all fear of flying. (Continued on page 116)

The Queen Wolf

By Arthur Hawthorne Carhart
and Stanley P. Young

Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull



Murder was being committed in the cow-pasture. The gray killers raced and howled in frenzy.

AT the edge of a grassy open space, hidden from general view by oak brush thickets, a lanky gray wolf lay stretched in the mid-spring sunshine. About her raced four fuzzy whelps in mad play. Recently they had been coaxed out of the den by the mother. At first, timid and leg-wobbly, they had shivered in wonderment at the immensity of the little glade when compared to the confines of the dark, smelly den. They were still shaky on their baby legs, but had amassed worlds of confidence—so long as Unawep, their gray mother, was on guard.

A game was in progress. One was forced into playing a part which resembled a steer running from a wolf pack. With erratic rush, a little dog wolf galloped in pursuit, attempting a semblance of hamstringing the victim. He that had played steer to the others of the pack lacked a relish for the game. He turned on his little mates. In an instant there were quick, sharp baby snarls. The "steer" wolf bared his fangs and lunged. His nearest antagonist slithered away, yelping in surprise. But the little dog wolf who had been playing leader budged not an inch. He yapped, leaped, snarled, refused to retreat. For a moment there was tense quiet. Then the little leader moved forward in tiny instinctive imitation of the strut of the challenging king wolf. The other lost courage and, tail between legs, scuttled back toward the mother.

Deep in her throat Unawep growled, half in warning, half in approval. There was no disapproval in her eyes when she looked on the little dog-wolf leader. He already dominated the pack. They all were cowed by him. He bullied them unmercifully. Proud of having whelped such a wolf, Unawep had given him

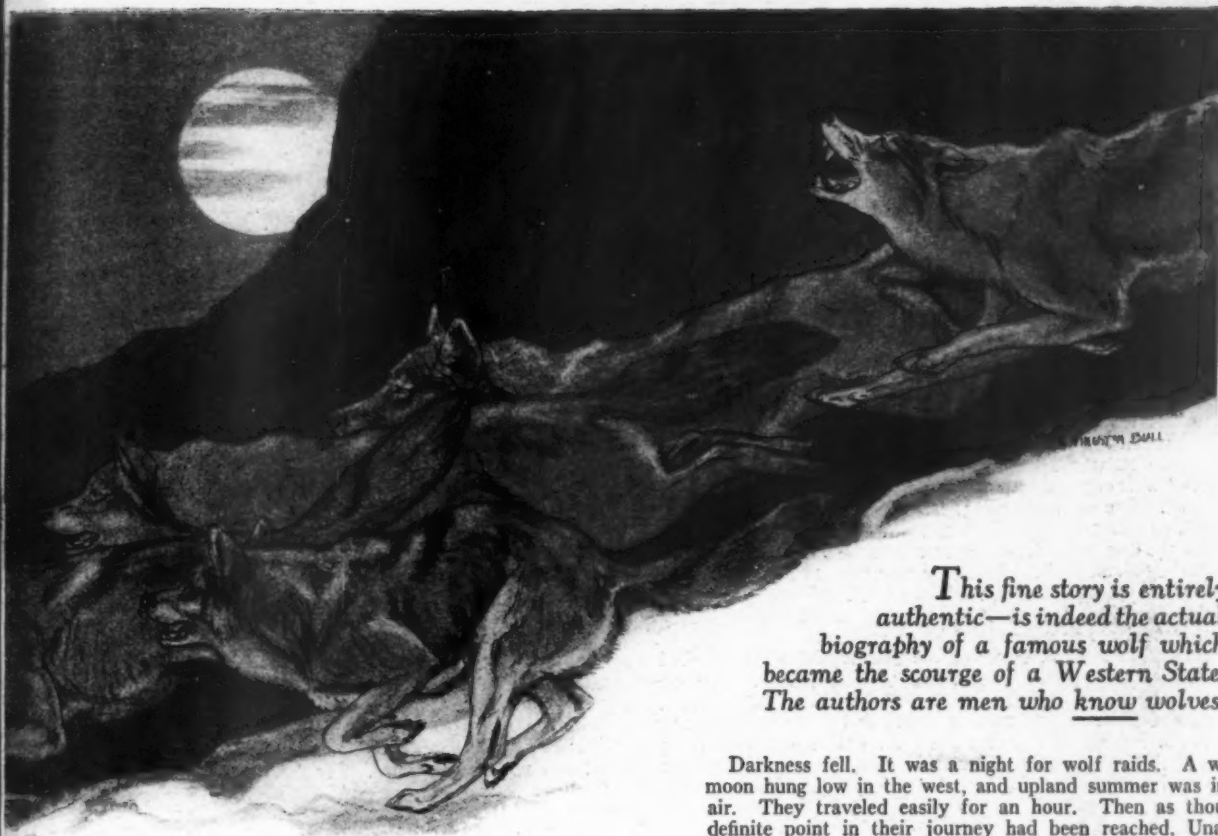
preference in all of the food she had given her babies, had watched him with more tender care. Her eyes followed him in their play. For here was a future pack leader.

Several times the whelps had fought furiously in the den. Such a general battle royal had always ended with the little dog wolf driving his comrades into a corner and then daring them to come out to a further attack. He never seemed the worse for the family quarrels, but during one wild free-for-all fight had bitten off the tail of one of his sisters in a quick, clean snap. Bobtail wolves are not uncommon, and usually when they are so marked have had their tails snapped off by a fighting litter-mate during whelphood.

From babyhood the wolf king develops. In each litter, one usually is born to command.

Unawep, the wolf mother, now knew that her mate would never come to help her train these whelps. Weeks back, she had left him on the trail far to the south. The old leader had started off on a foraging expedition with their eight yearlings. Unawep, knowing that a new family would soon be nuzzling her breasts, had then loped away to the Uncompahgre Plateau highlands. At the head of a little upland draw she had located an old badger hole. By much puffing and throwing of dirt with her front paws, kicking it away with her powerful rear legs, she had fashioned a den.

Four whelps had been born. Before this time, the father wolf should have sought out the den. Unawep had listened often for his sniff at the mouth of the hole. When she foraged alone she had sought sign of him. Some of her yearling wolves came by,



This fine story is entirely authentic—is indeed the actual biography of a famous wolf which became the scourge of a Western State. The authors are men who know wolves.

followed her for a few hours on the hunting trail, but then ran along about their own affairs. The big dog wolf was not with them. Nor had she found his scent at any of the wolf scent-posts.

Unawep could not know that the bullet of a rifle in the hands of one of the men of the Club Ranch, leagues southward, had clipped through the thread of the wolf father's life.

Unawep would manage. She had a great country in which to rear her brood. The Uncompahgre Plateau is a bit of the old West, unsullied by the smoky breath of man's mechanical machinery giants, unmarked by vandal tourist horde. The plateau is just old-fashioned, typically Western cow- and sheep-range.

Like an island this plateau stands out in the sage flats westward from the mainlands and headlands of the Colorado Rockies. To the eastward is the broad mountain valley of the foam-mottled Gunnison and its mysterious, twisty Black Cañon. Near Delta it joins the Uncompahgre River, which is born high in the jagged, gold-ribbed hills that encompass the little mountain town of Ouray. Fertile farms, old Indian hunting-grounds, border these streams. Beyond are old, old mountains.

Westward from this great island of the Uncompahgre Plateau are sun-pelted plains billowing away to where they finally drop into the Grand Cañon to the southwest, rise in the blue-hazed sides of the La Salle Mountains to the west, or climb in sweeping cadence to the majesty that crowns the Wasatch range.

On the sides of the Uncompahgre weather has gouged and pried at the rocks, splitting out tiny cañons, deep clefts, craggy gullies. Below are slopes finally fanning out into broken plains. Above the battlements of the plateau's walls there is a kingdom of out-doors—real West. Here are parks, bordered by aspens, boggy places from which seep cool springs, spruce thickets, little cliffs where cling stunted alpine or long-leaf fir, beds of blazing wild flowers that rival the splendor of the vivid Colorado sunsets. . . .

Spring had romped along to the door of summer before Unawep decided that the time had come to abandon the den altogether. By the first of June the whelps had been on several day or night excursions, hunting small rodents and gorging to grogginess on an early range cow killed by their mother. The time had come to lead them away from their babyhood home altogether.

The whelps knew when the break came. They were eager for the big trail. Scampering, tumbling, nipping at each other, chewing ears, stumbling in puppy awkwardness, they raced after their gray wolf mother.

Darkness fell. It was a night for wolf raids. A watery moon hung low in the west, and upland summer was in the air. They traveled easily for an hour. Then as though a definite point in their journey had been reached, Unawep trotted out to a spur ridge, clambered up on a rock, tested the wind, whined a little. Some sense of leadership gripped her and for the first time she lifted her head and bellowed forth that pack call, the wolf howl summoning to the hunt. It is the howl of the leader, the call of the king wolf, very rarely voiced by the females of the wolf family. She was calling her eight whelps of the last year. They had strayed far when the leadership of their father was lost. Now they must be called back. Contrary to wolf law, Unawep, a she-wolf, would lead them!

The young whelps, startled at first, came yapping around her, excited by this old hunting call.

The whelps quieted, again Unawep howled, listened, sniffed, then howled again, while the cliffs echoed. A few moments passed. The whelps whimpered, foraged, then came scampering back.

As though taking form from the shadows, there came into the little park below nine ghostly gray forms, gliding with airy tread through the dusky night. On they came, up the slope to the ridge, then trotted to within thirty feet of where Unawep and her whelps huddled.

With stately tread Unawep stepped forward, sniffed. Low in her throat there was a stifled growl. Quick to recognize the scent of individual wolves, she knew that in that pack there were all of her last year's cubs. But there was another wolf, a dog wolf, an alien.

With mincing tread out came that foreign wolf. He was rangy, a well-formed young male, brawny, strong, a leader, a possible mate.

Something within Unawep leaped in instant rebellion. Deep-seated mother love for her yearlings, for the lost mate, welled up within her. Quick, fiery hate flamed at this dog wolf who had usurped her rightful mother place as leader. For had the old mate lived, he would have been leading these eight husky yearlings, training them, teaching them the wolf lore that he and Unawep had gathered in years of life on the plains, in the mountains and on the Uncompahgre Plateau.

This usurper strode forward like a cavalier, a dandy on parade, in his wolf pride sensing no antagonism from the lanky she-wolf that stood so rigid a few inches above him on the ridge. Then the low growl in the throat of the mother wolf warned him. He stopped.

Quick as a flash, Unawep dived. There would be no other than herself to lead her pack.

The dog wolf stumbled, dived away, turned, snapped, threw himself on the fighting demon. It was unbelievable that a she-

wolf should attack him this way! The meeting of her white teeth was like the snap of a pistol.

Up they came on their hindlegs. She reached for his neck. He nipped her paws. With a quick shake she threw him. She pounced upon him as he fell.

Up again, in quick attack, their bodies thumped together. Pack leadership was in question—there was but one way to settle that.

He sank his teeth into her flank. She snapped at his back, cut the skin, ripped until blood was on her fangs. They reared, paws thrashing against heaving chests, snarling, wrestling for a hold. Again the smash of the collision sent the dog wolf rolling down the little slope. There was a super fury in the mother wolf's attack. She would lead her own!

He got up. Unawep stood poised for another leap. For a moment the dog wolf crouched, looking at her. Then some queer chivalry that rules among the wolf packs whipped through the dog wolf. She was a female, a fighting demon female, but the mother of pups nevertheless. He whined, offering peace, comradeship, perhaps matehood. The answer was a low-toned growl; there would be no quarter, no friendliness.

The dog wolf edged a little farther down hill. The baby whelps whimpered. One of the yearlings nosed out of the pack that had been milling about at safe distance from the contestants, started to follow the dog wolf. Unawep turned on him in a flash, snarled. The yearling slunk back. She had a new grip on her pack.

A moment passed. The foreign dog wolf, still stirred by that wolf chivalry which recognizes the homage to the female, finally turned, trotted a few steps, then loped away.

Unawep, queen wolf, terror of the Uncompahgre Plateau, had attained distinctive, peculiar heights in the wolf nations. Through this battle she had become the rarest of all wolf killers of the West. She, a female wolf, had fought to secure and now would fight to hold, the leadership of a pack. No other wolf would train those youngsters. United again under their dam, these young wolves would receive expert training in the slashing, bloody butchery that is typical of gray wolf killing.

FOR the fifth consecutive season, Charley Longman's grade shorthorn with the roan spot on her shoulders had borne a white calf. Four white calves had preceded this one that bawled hungrily for its mother on the Cold Spring ranger station meadow. These four had not survived their first season. Wolves had slaughtered them.

Charley Longman and Forest Ranger Brown were standing near the corrals talking.

"There bawls that white calf again," observed Longman. "Darn it, if the wolves would only take that shorthorn calf and leave the rest alone, I'd not kick. They just make eatin' that roan cow's calf a regular order of business and then go lunching around on some of the other cattle something awful. That white calf is doomed; it'll be wolf meat before autumn. Got no chance in the world."

Brown grinned sympathetically.

"Maybe the calf's got a chance this summer, Charley," said the ranger. "You know it's along the middle of June, and we were told we'd have a Federal hunter in here by now. When I was down to the Super's office last week he said they were about to send in a fellow named Sagewa. He's just cleaned up on a bad bunch of wolves over in the Burns' Hole country. Maybe that calf has a fightin' chance this season."

"No chance, none at all," replied Longman. "That white calf is a goner. But this hunter may stop other raiding."

Thus news of Sagewa preceded him. So when he stopped at Longman's cow camp a couple of days later, he was greeted with hearty hospitality.

"Heard you-all was goin' to come in and clean up on the wolves hereabouts," drawled a lanky cow-hand, as he helped the hunter ease off the pack from the sweaty pack-horse. "Damned tough bunch of lobos around here fo' sure. Got a job cut out for you-all."

Sagewa grinned in his weather-bleached beard. All wolves were tough customers or all were easy. They were all wolves, each renegade with a different personality, but all running true to general wolf form.

"I'd give a nickel if you'd get that old she-wolf that is runnin' with the pack down in Unawep Cañon—the Unawep Wolf, we call her. I think she is the one who gets that white calf. I'm just obstinate enough to want to raise that calf this year." Charley Longman squinted his eyes as he watched Sagewa.

"The Unawep Wolf got her toes crossed over like this," asked Sagewa, crossing his middle over his index finger, "left front foot?" Longman nodded. "Pick her track out of a thousand."

"I know that old sister," declared Sagewa. "Know her awful darned well." He lapsed silent. "Eight years ago," he continued slowly, "eight tough years, too, I was in here as a bounty hunter, on my own. I trapped my darndest for that old girl. I caught her. Just clipped hold of her toes. Broke one of them when she pulled loose. It grew well, but crossed, like it is now. I caught her again later, but a stick wedged in the trap allowed her to pull out. I guess I've got a grudge to settle there. Besides, I've got a sort of hankerin' to give that white calf his chance."

"Well, I've lost this shorthorn's calf annually. Expect to again." "Doggone me if I don't offer to put up a new hat that that white calf lives this year," declared Sagewa, laughing. "Any takers?"

"Sure," said Longman, smiling a little. "I'm on."

From that moment the calf became a symbol of the fight between Sagewa and Unawep, the queen wolf of the Uncompahgre.

With pack-horse, saddle-horse, his regular trail equipment of tarpaulin bed and camp-cooking outfit, Sagewa established his base camp near the Cold Springs ranger station. From here he rode northward to Unawep Cañon, and southward toward Nucha and the Club Ranch.

IN the higher country south he found fresh tracks. Occasionally they were of a lone dog wolf. At other points the trail showed a pack had traveled that way. Often lone tracks would be following the pack, flanking it, seemingly tagging along as though the dog wolf were trying to make friends with this herd of wolves, but was denied any kinship. Always in the lead of the pack was that telltale cross-toed track of the female, Unawep.

"Real war starts tomorrow," said Sagewa as he met Bert Wenner on the trail near Cold Springs.

"What you plan to do?" asked Wenner.

"Poison," replied Sagewa. "Most of them wolves are young 'uns. Oldest are not two-year-olds. I've seen that in the trail sign."

"Believe you're off," protested Wenner. "No youngsters could do the killin' this pack has."

"They've got a real leader, that old she-wolf, Unawep," replied the hunter. "First time I know of a female leadin' a pack. Trainin' them whelps, too. I've seen it in the trails and about the kills. Wouldn't believe it at first, it's so contrary to wolf law for a female to lead. Now I plan to poison as many young ones as I can before they all get wise to poison. Then I'll have less to deal with."

"Well, more power to you!" cheered Wenner, as he touched his horse with the spurs. "Something needs to be done pronto."

The next morning Sagewa rode to Longman's camp. At the hunter's request Longman contributed an old, worn-out pack-horse that had been nosing around the camp, for bait. Sagewa then asked for the use of the spring wagon, the team, and one of the cow hands.

Early next morning Sagewa and a cowboy drove away from the camp, leading the old spent horse. They rode for perhaps a mile over unused woods road.

"Here's first station," said Sagewa, stopping the horses.

A bullet ended the fading career of the poor old pack-horse. He was a martyr, like many of his kind, that other range animals might be rid of the menace of predatory animal fangs.

After cutting the body up, Sagewa directed that all but the paunch be loaded into the wagon. He then cut a number of squares of the tender flank fat, an inch and a half square and a quarter inch thick. These he threw around as dummy bits, carrying no poison. With bailing wire he tied some meat back of the wagon, mounted, and drove on.

This formed the bait for the next set. This was wired to a bit of brush so it could not be carried away. Around it were thrown other dummy baits. This time, in pulling away from the station, the ribs were allowed to drag along the ground.

"Don't savvy, quite," said the cowboy, looking down at the chunks of horse meat. "And the little squares of fat—no poison in them?"

"Well, this dragging meat leaves a line when we pull it, and a wolf crossing it will often follow it. Leads 'em right to the poison station. The baits are just to whet their appetites. Makes 'em think this is the cowmen's free lunch for wolves."

ELEVEN stations were made. Then they returned to the cow camp. That evening Sagewa prepared poison baits.

The keen nose of the wolf can detect the faintest of foreign or man scent. Fat is quick to pick up such a scent. So Sagewa, following the best practice, scrubbed his hands thoroughly, then greased them to further insulate against leaving scent.



It was unbelievable that a she-wolf should attack this way. Up they came on their hindlegs. She reached for his neck.

Dexterously he cut squares of fat an inch and a half to two inches on a side and about a quarter of an inch thick. With deft skill he sliced into the side of the squares, leaving each with a hinge line so it would open like a book. After all were cut, Sagewa took out the can of poison and quickly apportioned out a dose for each square of fat, placing the deadly chemical in the fold and then sealing the edges. The wolf or coyote that might gulp the deadly sweet morsel would have the poison well inside of him before the strychnine could be tasted.

The next morning Sagewa visited the poison sets where the dummy baits had been spread. At the first one there had been no change. The baits were gone, but there were no wolf tracks. Magpies swarmed in the near-by brush.

At another there were wolf tracks. The baits were gone. Sagewa worked quickly, methodically. Under the edge of a dried cow chip he slipped a bait; another he placed under the edge of some grass in a little depression; another below some leaves and twigs.

A dozen baits Sagewa hid thus, handling them with gloves from which scent had been removed. The poison pellets were supplemented by new dummy baits. A wolf approaching the line would first encounter a harmless dummy bait or two. Then the next bait between him and the chunk of horse would be several squares carrying death. If he ate the first two harmless baits and was reassured by their not causing him trouble, the wolf would be almost certain to eat a fat square loaded with processed strychnine. The whole surroundings were left as though no one had visited the place, except for the baits, cunningly hidden.

CATTLE had been on the Uncompahgre Plateau for several weeks. Unawep, laboring with her youngsters, had led the kill, demonstrating by example the technique of hamstringing steers, throwing heavy, lumbering cows.

After the kill the cubs would scatter to sleep off the drugging effects of the fresh meat feast. For a day the pack would be deployed in open glades, on sunny ridges, in cool, shadowy thickets. Then when evening came, and when there was just the suggestion of hunger, Unawep would clamber to some high point and, lifting her head, would sound the hunting call. Out from the dusk the wolves would come like silent gray wraiths of destruction. Within the hour some steer, heifer or calf would be struggling in the grip of death while the wolf pack, gibbering and snarling, ripped and tore.

Confronted with acting in the capacity of both parents, Unawep had risen to the occasion. At one time she would chastise some cub. Again she would whine encouragingly at another which had made progress in his schooling. Even the youngest that had been whelped in the badger hole but a few weeks before were growing lusty, acquiring true wolf habits, becoming a part of that grisly army warring on the stock grazing on Uncompahgre Plateau.

Several dog wolves had tried to join the pack. Wolflike, they had sought out the largest, huskiest male to battle for leadership. But each time the visitor received a surprise when a powerful rangy she-wolf drove at him with all the ferocity, all the battle tactics of a dominant dog-wolf leader. Awed, beaten before the fight started by that universal diffidence to the female, they slunk away, became pack followers, waiting (Continued on page 121)



It is after such experiences that, in revolt, she threatens self-destruction—she shuts Ted out of the house.

GOING home the other night I met Ted Ritter—just walking. After midnight! His wife had put him out of the house and told him that if he came back again that night, she'd kill herself. He didn't think she'd kill herself, but he didn't want to take a chance on it.

I could have told him: "Go on home; she's not the kind that kills herself." But I didn't. She might; millions of people have killed themselves—and for no more apparent or more logical reason.

He was so full of his domestic affairs that he had to talk about them. He didn't want to; he is loyal to his wife.

"It's hard to understand," he said.

"What started the quarrel?" I inquired.

He was surprised. "There wasn't any quarrel. She was that way when I came home tonight. She has these fits. She's not—a cheerful person."

"But something must have started it," I objected.

He was not interested. "Oh, yes," he said. "I suppose she'd been out somewhere and seen something, or somebody had been to see her."

We stood outside Ritter's apartment and looked at it. I had expected that it would be dark. It wasn't; it was brightly lighted—and that gave us an idea. I went up the steps and rang the bell while Ted walked down the street and round the corner. I had a long, not very easy wait. Finally the door was opened by Mrs. Ritter. There was nothing wrong with her that I could see. The doorbell had told her that it wasn't Ted; he would have used his key. Her blonde hair was very carefully arranged, and she was fully dressed except that she wore a boudoir gown and bedroom slippers. I could have imagined that, while I waited, she had fixed her hair.

"Ted in?" I asked. "I know it's very late; I wouldn't have stopped, but I was going by and saw the lights. I knew you must be up."

She smiled—quite pleasantly. She was once, I know, an immensely pretty woman, a great beauty. She is still, when she

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body,—for having stepped into the affair and brought his wife back to herself. He wanted to say something more; but he boggled over it. He is a mild man, sweet-tempered—always carefully polite—no one would ever call him forceful. He wanted to defend his wife; because I had happened in this way on something which, by convention, is considered private.

"She doesn't mean anything by these things," he managed finally. "She has these out-breaks of—of rage against her life, which turn on me. It's just the way she is. She's very unhappy."

Then he went up the steps, and they went in and closed the door; and I went on home, unhappy over them—and wondering.

There had been nothing extraordinary in all this—for them. For me it was, because that one time I had happened to take part in it. Something like that has happened in their lives a hundred—probably a thousand times; it's always happening. That is, in fact, the way they live together. They are the most unhappy people that I know—make one another so. Any divorce court in the country would give them a decree—"on grounds of



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He is likely to come home at night and find her in the negligee she wore at breakfast—reading novels.



up for other people very carefully when she goes out or if she is expecting anyone, making the best appearance that she can with her inexpensive things. The unhappiness that she feels in doing this she takes out, when she comes home, on Ted; he can tell at once when she's been out. Mostly she spends her time merely getting through the day; she can use a whole morning over some item of housework which anyone in a hurry would do in fifteen minutes. They have, of course, no servant; and they have no children. They have almost no friends. Adele, it is quite evident, does not want them—though she can be delightful to anyone when she pleases.

Their loneliness troubles Ted. He is the kind of man who would like to save carefully out of his salary, pay for a suburban lot in hoarded installments, build a little house, potter about his own tiny vegetable garden—computing how much they saved in grocery bills—keep everything scrupulously neat, have people gather at his house on Saturday evenings, live in affectionate companionship with his wife, have children. He would feel then that he had a happy life. Adele has no interest in that kind of living, and so Ted suffers. But he makes it plain that he feels that his suffering is less than hers.

The key to their unhappiness is, of course, that Adele is "naturally" a morose, melancholy, self-tormenting woman. It is clear to those who know them that she is "of an envious disposition." She cannot look

incompatibility," whatever that may mean. But they don't want it. They feel a sort of fatalism—it is better for them to be, as they are, unhappy together, than to be separated.

People say, "She is the one that does it," and that is the explanation accepted by their neighbors, their acquaintances and friends—of whom they have not many. Until quite recently that was regarded as sufficient explanation. "Her fault!" Is that sufficient explanation? What makes her do it?

Ted is a gentle, affectionate-natured man—in love with her immensely—always has been, always will be. Nothing which she could do would ever change that fact. She knows that; she appears, in fact, to rely on it when—deliberately, it seems—she tortures him. She relies on it too, when she chooses to "make up." She can be, one guesses, entirely charming to him then—loving, contrite, confesses her fault. But she "can't help" doing the same thing again.

Ted is not a markedly successful man in business. Not even the imagination of a woman who deeply loved him could call him that. He is a draftsman in an architect's office; was that when she married him, has been that ever since. He will never be an architect. He will always earn two hundred dollars a month; he will never earn three hundred. He has no "drive" toward bettering himself.

Theirs is a small apartment near, but not in, a good residence district. The place is not well kept up; small rent is supposed to make up for numerous discomforts. The Ritters' is the least well-conducted apartment in the building. Adele Ritter takes no interest in her house-keeping. I am told that if you go there in the afternoon, you find the breakfast dishes still in the sink, unwashed; Adele idling in the dressing-gown she wore at breakfast. She seldom dresses up for Ted—maybe never; he is likely to come home at night and find her in the negligee she wore at breakfast—reading novels. She dresses

at the things which more materially prosperous women have without suffering agony. Being with people who have more than she has is so painful to her that she keeps away from them. She cannot be satisfied with anything she has, so long as some other woman whom she sees has something better. The boulevard is visible, a half-block down the street, from her apartment window; the sight of women passing in the better makes of automobiles makes her miserable. Her brother, who is decidedly prosperous, lives within easy driving distance of them; sometimes his wife, who is a kindly person, finds time in her busy life to come to see her. Adele's manner may be flattering to her, may be deliberately irritating. She may "rave" over her sister-in-law's furs and the car standing before the house, or may pretend not to see them. Both undoubtedly are causing her keen agony, because she has nothing like them. When her sister- (Continued on page 157)



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If You Loved Anyone

By Robert Winchester

In Maryland, colony of the cavaliers, lives the author of this love story. The cavalier, to be sure, is having a bit of a time maintaining his attitude toward the girl of today; and that makes this love story different.

Illustrated by

R. F. James

"MR. HAROLD'S look-in' for you, Miss Mary Lou," said Sam, the old colored factotum of the Carter summer place, as he came out on the pier where Mary Lou was trying the effect of some red cushions in her canoe. "Yassum, he done looked all over de house an' everywhere. Does you want to see him, honey?"

"Boy," said Mary Lou, sternly, "do I look that crazy? You hold him, Sam, until I get out of sight, or I'll lock Daddy's smoking cabinet up on you. Me for the upper lake, right away."

"Honey, you better go get some clothes on you," protested Sam, who had been born in the family, as his grandfather before him. "Dat bathin'-suit aint no kind of a rig to go out in."

"You hold that bird back for ten minutes, and you gets you two of Daddy's best cigars," said Mary Lou, gayly; and she stepped into the canoe.

"Taint right," grumbled Sam. "If ol' Miss Lucy was livin', you-all wouldn't be stramin' round in nothin', and wid a haircut like a boy's. You—all—"

"Hold him back for me," repeated Mary Lou, and grinned at him.

"Iffen Miss Lucy was here you'd git de ol' hickory stick," answered Sam, raising his voice as the canoe gained headway.

"Tell Cousin Harold about it," called back Mary Lou, over her shoulder, pointing the bow of the canoe directly across the lake.

Once or twice she looked back in the next half-hour. "Sam must be holding him," she said aloud. A little later she looked back once more and said, "Damn!" and dug her paddle in viciously. "I might have known it." There was a fat young man, in a flaming red jersey, frantically paddling a one-man canoe about five hundred yards behind her.

Just ahead, the land ran out in a little point, heavily timbered. She swung the canoe out, then doubled sharply around the point and hugged the shore looking for a place to hide. A moment later her eyes gleamed in triumph; there was an opening and the gleam of water beyond. The branches of two windfalls had been lifted in a way to make a narrow opening.

Mary Lou didn't stop to examine it, but shot the canoe through. Once clear of the branches, she backed water and came around alongside. She could see now that it was made by human hands



Twenty feet away, the 'breed's head came up—went under again. "Oh," gasped Mary Lou, "he can't swim! He's drowning! I—" She stood up. "I'll get him!"

and was arranged so that the branches could be dropped, effectively hiding the opening.

"Pretty good," she reflected, releasing the branch that held it. "That will hold Harold for a little while." She turned the canoe up the creek—only it wasn't a creek at all. It ran back in the timber barely two hundred feet and wasn't more than fifty feet wide. It was more like a little bayou, only this was in the north country.

A big pine had fallen and was lying half submerged, within twenty feet of the opening. On it sat a young man, dressed in khaki with high-laced boots, fishing. Mary Lou saw him and decided, in the quick appraising glance, that, with his clean-shaven bronzed young face and brown eyes, he was a right nice-looking young man.

He raised his head as the canoe nosed the log, and looked at her. Mary Louise Carter was well worth looking at, with her slender boyish figure in the brown bathing-suit. Her skin was browned almost to the same color. Her hair was golden, her eyes a dark gray-blue and her straight little nose was slightly inclined to tilt upward. Her shoulders were held as straight as a cadet captain's, and her strong young arms were delicately rounded.

"I don't think it's here," the young man said gravely.



"Very well," sighed the young man, "I'll have to give them another, I guess. I wanted to spit on the worm for luck. Good-by and good luck in your search for peace and quiet. As we say in that dear Mexico, *adios, amigo!*"

"Well, of all things," Mary Lou flared, "that's the first time anyone—any man, I mean, ever told me to—I mean—"

"Write me a letter about it. Either one of two things is going to be done. You're going to drift rapidly and silently away from here, or I'm going to stop fishing. Because fishing and talk don't mix up in this man's country."

"Well," said Mary Lou, grimly, "you can stop fishing, young feller, me lad. That's that. Secondly, you can withdraw that good-by stuff, because I'm not going; and that's that. Now, to get back to where we started, what has the Queen of Bavaria got to do with this place?"

"Lady," said the young man plaintively, as he pulled his line up, "please don't use those harsh tones. You remind me too much of a major I used to know when I was a leatherneck. He always asked questions. Hard ones like yours."

He reached in his pocket for his pipe and tobacco, and slowly began filling his pipe. He seemed to have forgotten all about Mary Lou. But it was only for a moment if he had. She calmly reached out her paddle

and nudged him on the elbow. His pipe flew up in the air, and only by a frantic grab did he save it from the water.

"Woman," he said sternly, "if that pipe had gone in the water, there would have been a new blonde face in the angel chorus a minute after. That pipe's my most cherished possession." He put it back in his pocket, the one farthest away from her. "That pipe," he went on accusingly, "no matter where I sleep, comes upstairs in the morning and wakes me up. I had it in France, and I had it in Haiti, and I licked nine gobs for it one after the other. Here I am taking a rest for a few minutes, and along comes a yellow wabblar and I darn near lose it."

"You could have dived for it," pointed out Mary Lou. "Hold it out again. I like to see you reach for it. Go on, I dare you."

"I refuse to be dared," the young man said promptly. "For nine reasons—the first one being that I know blame' well you'd do it. Do you intend to go away from my private fishing-grounds calmly and as a lady should?"

"I don't believe you did!"—edging the canoe forward so as to get nearer to him, showing plainly that she was not in the least impressed with his threats.

"Don't believe I did what?" he asked, removing his rod from danger.

"Licked nine gobs. My brother's in the Navy, and he always

"What isn't here?" demanded Mary Lou.

"What you're looking for."

"I'm not looking for anything," said Mary Lou rudely, "except a little peace and quiet, and it doesn't seem as if I were going to find it here, either."

"You have my royal permission to proceed further on your quest," said the young man, examining his hook. "Darn those fish—that's the tenth worm I've put on! It was here up to a moment ago."

"What was? And who do you think you are? Do you own this creek?"

"Peace and quiet!"—reaching for a can of worms. "I don't know—it's always been a question in my mind. Sometimes I think I own it, and then I feel quite sure the Queen of Bavaria does."

"The Queen of Bavaria," echoed Mary Lou, edging the canoe along so she could hold her floating off. "What has she got to do with it? Aren't you afraid the squirrels will get you?"

"Well,"—baiting his hook,—"that's another question I've been more or less puzzled over. Some say one thing, and some say another. Personally I haven't decided. Will you turn your head a minute?"

"What for? I won't."



said that one gob could lick four marines with one hand tied behind him."

"I don't believe I can figure it out," said the young man, extracting a cigarette from his khaki shirt pocket, keeping a wary eye on her. "If I reach for a match, no fair hitting when I'm not looking."

"Oh, go ahead and smoke. I didn't mean to knock your pipe out of your hand and you know it."

"I'll take your word for it," said the young man politely. "My name is Evans, James L. Evans, to let you have it all at once. As you want go away, it might be better if you told me your name. I can't be calling you 'Lady.'"

"Do you mean that—" started Mary Lou hotly.

"Cease firing," Evans interrupted. "I'm quite sure you're a perfect lady."

"I'll take that remark up with you later." Then suddenly she smiled at him, a lovely, coaxing little smile. "Please—if you really want me to go, I'll go; but if I do, Harold will find me; and if he does, I'll drown him, that's all; and you'll be the cause of it. Now tell me what you couldn't figure out. My name is Mary Louise Carter."

"They don't call you Mary Lou very much, do they?"

"Most people do—why?"

"Let's number them," said Evans hopefully. "In that way we can get through much quicker."

"Number what?"

"My gosh, there's another. Do you want me to answer the last one first or the first one last?"

Mary Lou stretched out in the canoe and put a cushion under her sleek young head. "Hold on to the canoe," she commanded, "and tell me first what you couldn't figure out about the gobs and marines."

"I don't believe I can. You said one gob, according to your brother, could lick four marines with one hand tied behind him. Well, that makes eight if he had both hands free, doesn't it? Check me up if I am wrong. I licked nine gobs to get my pipe, and one gob can lick eight marines. I don't know—do you multiply eight by nine or—would you take eight from nine? If you do, what becomes of the one marine left? Wait a minute—it's a gob left, isn't it?"

"Come on back to the asylum, Napoleon," said Mary Lou. "The Emperor of China wants to play soldiers with you, and the White Queen is serving tea."

"Well, let's drop that one. I never was very strong on arithmetic, anyway. Remember you came gallumping into my private lake, uninvited."

"Oh," said Mary Lou, delighted, "you've read it too. Isn't it—"

"Mary Lou," a voice called from out in the lake. "Ahoy, Mary Lou!" A pause and then again, much closer: "Mary Lou? Where are you, honey?"



"Put 'em up!" snapped Major Hatfield. "Reach for the sky, all of you! Government business..... No one will get hurt if they take it easy."

"Well, I did," Mary Lou admitted reluctantly. "But you needn't rub it in."

"Another thing," Evans went on severely. "You said *wallop*. Let me point out to you that young ladies don't go around using that kind of language."

"This one does," answered Mary Lou. "It's a good old English word and expresses exactly what you would have received. Besides, my daddy uses it, and he's— Is that your canoe up there?"

"Where? Oh, up on the bank. No, it's not mine; I haven't any. Probably belongs to one of Thompson's timber-cruisers. One of his camps is about eight miles from here. I walked over from there this morning. A couple of his timber-gangs got paid off last night, and they've sure been staging a rough party. Personally I don't care for that stuff, so I came over here looking for the same thing you were when you arrived. This is his timber all around here."

"Except what belongs to you and the Queen of Bavaria. Tell me about that."

"I think your little playmate is hunting for you," said Evans politely. "Shall I call him for you?"

"You do," whispered Mary Lou, fiercely, "you do, if you dare! I hope I dropped that screen so he doesn't see in."

"Mary Lou!" the shout came again, but farther away.

"He's by, thank heavens! I'm free of that nitwit for a little while, anyway."

"Something tells me that you and Harold aren't getting along together. Don't you love him any more?"

"None of your business," answered Mary Lou promptly. "How dare you—what are you doing?"

"I think I can make it with one good shove," Evans explained. "It may take an extra push. Why, I think I might possibly send you out through the screen into the lake if I could get myself set. Do you mind sitting more in the stern? If the bow is light, the canoe will go farther."

"Don't," pleaded Mary Lou. "Please, King, I surrender. Of course it's your business. I'll be good. If you only knew Harold, you'd realize the awful fate you'd send me to."

"Very well," said Evans with a sigh, "although I think I could have made it." And he pulled the canoe broadside the log again.

Once safe, Mary Lou's spirits revived. "And besides, I would have walloped you over the head with this paddle before you could have pushed it."

"Is that nice?" Evans asked. "I thought you hollered Uncle?"

"Listen, Harold is a long way off now, and I want to catch some fish. If I tell you—will you be a good girl and go play somewhere else?"

"That's twice you said that. . . . Let go the canoe. I think you're the rudest man I ever met. You can do your old fishing. You're not only a darn' leatherneck, but you're a—a— Oh, I don't know what you are."

"If you go, you'll never hear about the Queen and me; and on second thought it's early yet, and the fish don't bite as well." He smiled. "Aw, go on, stay a little while, Mary Lou," he coaxed.

Mary Lou looked at him, the wrath cooling in her lovely eyes. Suddenly she laughed and wrinkled her pretty nose at him.

"I do want to hear about it," she confessed. "You can smoke your pipe—go ahead; I won't touch it, honest."

"It started in Russia," began Evans after his pipe was lit.

"I thought you were going to tell me about you and the Queen of Bavaria," interrupted Mary Lou.

"I am. Please don't interrupt. It breaks my line of thought."

"What has Russia got to do with it?"

"If you will allow me to continue," said Evans sternly, "you will find out at the proper time, Miss Carter."

"Pardon me, Mr. Evans. May I ask you to proceed?"

"You may."

There was a long pause; finally Mary Lou said impatiently: "Well, go on—what are you waiting for?" (Continued on page 136)

"Dat las' dozen biscuits better'n de firs' lot," discoursed Mr. Frisco Johnson. "I done taught dat gal to cook right," admitted her mother.

Women Sure Worry a Boy

By
Arthur K. Akers

Illustrated by Everett E. Lowry

An Alabama author brings you the humor of the happiest race in the world.

THINGS were looking too much like a wedding to suit Skilletface Pegram—his wedding. And to the wrong woman.

Otelia dwelt in the Tittisville sector of Birmingham, and generally got her man. Her third having been recently and decently interred with full rites of two lodges, Otelia had been looking around—until she saw Skilletface. After that, Mr. Pegram did all the looking—for a place into which he might retire far and fast. For it was always hard for him to say no to a lady, especially to one so large, determined, and "all broke" out wid insu'ance money" as Otelia.

But several matters still whispered flight and caution to him. Notable among them was the thought of Mattie, whose charms yet drew him across the miles—across two hundred and fifty of them, which was the distance between Birmingham and the Memphis kitchen over which she presided. Skilletface felt that Mattie would never understand or shut up about it if Otelia married him while he was so firmly engaged to her.

Which intruded Mr. Pegram's other trouble. He was not financial. Love laughs at loans as well as locksmiths. Skilletface couldn't float one. It took twelve dollars and sixty cents to get to Memphis, and he was twelve dollars short of that sum. Worse, he was in business for himself. When a negro works for the white folks in Alabama, it is tacitly understood that he has a line of credit, so that in circumstances like Skilletface's something plausible but unbelievably can be cooked up and exchanged for coin of the realm.

But Mr. Pegram was his own master. He owned a taxi and catered to the transportation needs of his fellow-citizens to, from and about Tittisville. Tires and license-plates might be matters between Skilletface and his Maker; but gas and oil were cash, which but deepened the mystery of how Mr. Pegram managed to remain in business. A second mystery was how the motor functioned at all. And a third and irritating element was the special city license required for conducting a taxicab business. White folks wanted twenty-five dollars for that. And the most Skilletface had ever seen at one time was seven dollars—just before another darky outfigured him concerning the precise number of little black dots that were going to appear uppermost on a couple

of African golf-balls. Hence the unreasonableness—not to say impossibility—of twenty-five dollars.

So Skilletface remained at variance with the City of Birmingham regarding a license to do business. And a slight shivering overtook him in consequence each time he passed the big South-side jail-house on Avenue F. . . . Looked like the white folks had built it close to Tittisville on purpose!

Which was the situation when he received a call. Word was relayed to him by two pig-tailed little girls and a "shirt-boy" that a fare awaited him at Sixteenth and F, "an' gent'man say, 'Step on hit!'"

Skilletface called for volunteers. "Heah, you niggers! Come heah he'p me shove dis heah car ov' de hill so c'n roll to de fillin' station. Gent'man waitin' on me."

"How much?" demanded an alert service-station employee five minutes later as gravity finished doing its stuff, Skilletface at the wheel.

"Gimme gallon; gent'man might want go downtown."

"Le's see your money."

Mr. Pegram produced. "Be back fo' nother gallon 'bout dinner-time," he promised largely. "Needs dis heah change to rattle in my pocket."

"How about oil, then?" the filling station attendant sought the cash balance on hand.

"Done weaned hit."

From afar the impatient fare heard his Jehu coming. For when Skilletface was in motion, those near by heard little else.

"Whut you doin', waitin' fo' dat thing to grow up into aut'mobile?" demanded his outraged customer. "I c'd walk on my ears backwards to whar I wuz gwine while I waitin' on you!"

Skilletface started in on a long warm reply and then paused astounded. The only thing familiar about his fare was the territory between his eyebrows and Adam's apple: everything else was brand new and crying aloud for explanation. For in the new clothes was an old friend, Frisco Johnson.

Frisco ran on the railroad between Birmingham and Memphis, and ate regularly: but nothing about his job explained this pearl-gray derby, the red tie, the checked suit, and the patent-leather

shoes with cloth tops that finished off Frisco's green socks. Travel did a lot for a boy—but not *this* much!

Skilletface blinked and nursed his motor. "H-h-how you git dat way, Frisco?" he queried, pop-eyed before such splendor.

"Cain't 'scuss my business wid no cab-driver," Frisco high-hatted him. "Drive me over on Fo'th Av'nue—I craves action."

"You talks like a nigger wid a' extra nickel," muttered Mr. Pegram under the safety of a great noise in a weary land, as he shifted gears. "I stole de dollar you borrowed to git yo' start on—an' look at you now!"

"You needn't wait, driver," Mr. Johnson flung at Skilletface, along with fifty cents—and a ten-cent tip—when the heart of the Fourth Avenue business district had been reached.

"Cain't wait down heah, wid po-lice all time wantin' to see a boy's taxi license," grumbled Skilletface amid the clash of gears as he achieved motion again.

All the way back to Tittisville curiosity as to the swift prosperity of Frisco mingled with his worries over the current taxi-license situation: a boy was liable to go to the poorhouse if he got a license, and to the jail-house if he didn't.

Then, arriving at his own room once more, it was impressed upon him anew that he was being courted by an expert. Otelia had sent in a mess of greens, a pan of cornbread, and a quart of motor oil—this last for his taxi. Skilletface ate gratefully, and reflected upon his peril fearfully. When a woman cooked greens like *that*, it was time for a boy with business in Memphis to go attend to it. Go—not send. Wild thoughts, even of setting out immediately by highway, invaded his consciousness as his danger loomed higher before him. But, "Only place fillin' stations is thick 'nough fo' dat car is right heah in de big town, wid one on ev'y cawner," was the unanswerable fact that stayed him. "How many gallons to de mile?" is de way has to talk 'bout dat car," muttered its owner as he put the idea away.

Scarcely were greens and cornbread suitably bestowed when a fresh uprising of dust appeared upon the bosom of one of Tittisville's broad unpaved streets—heading straight away from the residence of an opulent inhabitant who had a telephone.

"Mist' Pegram!" screamed the "shirt-boy" at the base of the moving cloud. "Gent'man say git down to Mist' Pond's awfice wid de taxi! He wanna ride! Say, 'Step on hit!'"

"Fo' long dat nigger spent a dollar in one day ridin' in taxi," mumbled Skillet-

face beneath the shriek of steel on tortured steel. "Keeps me workin' fo' de fillin'-station white gent'man all de time."

Reaching Fourth Avenue once more, and enduring a chill at the passing, unlicensed, of each crossing policeman, Skilletface drew up at the curb. Mercifully, Frisco was waiting, ready to ride—a mellowed Frisco.

"Tittisville!" he instructed. And later, as a down-grade lessened the clamor of their passage: "Memphis niggers all stirred up."

"Huccome?"

"Country nigger come to town dar from Miss'sippi wid all he cotton money. Memphis nigger takes him out an' sell him oil land—right back down de hill from de big Stand'd Oil place: show dis country nigger de ve'y oil in de creek dar, an' tell him all he got do is buy de groun' an' dig. Dat buyin' nigger sho dig—firs' in he pocket fo' de hund'ed dollars he got dar, an' den 'longside de branch fo' de oil. He git on fine twel de white gent'man whut own

de land come by. . . . C'd you heah dat Miss'sippi nigger hollerin' dis fur after dat? He sho kick up a 'miration, dey tells me."

"Cain't heah nothin' when dis car runnin'. 'Sides, I got so much trouble cain't 'tend to hit all."

"Whut pesterin' you, 'sides de way you look?"

"Plenty. Aint got no taxi license, an' white folks wants twenty-five dollars fo' one dat jes' las' a yeah nohow. Den dey's nigger widda aimin' to marry me. Name's Otelia. She done bought three tombstones now, an' hit looks unlucky. An' I got gal in Memphis. Mattie aint like hit if I ma'ies somebody else while I's 'ngaged to her."

"Dat all?"

"Aint dat 'nough?"

"Might be fo' some niggers whut aint strawng in de nawth end dey haid. Hit wouldn't worry me none. Wuz I in yo' fix, all I says is: 'Good-by, Bumin'ham! Hello, Memphis!'"

"Aint nothin' wrong wid yo' ideas—only you stops too soon."

"Huccome too soon?"

"Dat 'Hello Memphis!' cost twelve dollars an' sixty cents: I got de sixty cents; how 'bout you puttin' up de twelve bones while you so rich?"

A cold bankerlike film overspread Frisco's nearest eye; a reminiscent look came in the other. "Lawd he'ps dem dat he'ps deyse'ves," he quoted. "Aint b'lieve none in gittin' in de Lawd's way—not twel you pays back dat ha'f dollar you borrhers off me jes' befo' de waw—"

"Which waw?"

"De big waw—in Cuba dat time."

Skilletface slumped under the impossibility of doing business with a man that could remember far back into his childhood like that. Moreover, Frisco had his wars mixed: it was the one where all the colored boys went to France and built railroads. Anyhow,

he wasn't any worse off than he had been. Neither was he any better. And the core of another oncoming cloud of dust as he drew

into his home street looked a lot like personal follow-up of the greens and cornbread by their donor.

Mr. Pegram's eyes were right. As Fate—and Otelia—would have it, he drew up before his rooming place just as Mrs. Otelia Smith, formerly Jordan, formerly Skinner, *née* Tumbow, reached the same point. And like Skilletface, she was not alone.

Mr. Pegram took one good look, and began fishing in his pocket for his collar. Frisco

shoved him sideways and backward, and lifted the pearl-gray derby in the fashion most approved on Fourth Avenue, Birmingham.

"My daughter, Miss 'Liz'beth Skinner," murmured Otelia in her best Fourth Avenue manner. And a careful listener might have heard Frisco fall—for the daughter.

"You young folks walk on; us older chill'en got some talk to make," pursued the widow archly to Frisco.

Skilletface put his collar back in his pocket and suffered severely from spiritual cramps. Somebody was making handwriting all over the wall for him. Otelia's technique was perfect. Despairingly he saw Frisco making off with the only attractive thing about the Widow Smith. Mattie and Memphis looked remote, matrimony mighty near. Boy couldn't do his worrying right about his taxi license with all this fixing to settle down on him.

Then for the first time a shirt-boy did Skilletface a good turn.



"Cain't 'scuss my business wid no cab-driver," Frisco high-hatted him.

One came now, tearing headlong from the nearest telephone, to announce a call for his taxi.

"Scuse me—thank Gawd!" apologized Skilletface as he cranked; and the roar of his motor safely drowned the last two words of his pæan.

His dust had scarcely settled when Frisco felt it time to return. In making love to a daughter, don't overlook the mother, was Frisco's policy. Meal after meal had proven the soundness of his program.

"Dat sho is fine man—Mist' Pegram," languished Otelia as Frisco again drew near.

"You said hit!" agreed Frisco heartily. "Tame dat boy down some, an' bust a bed-slat over he haid couple of times a week, an' you aint git a finer eater round de house dan Skilletface."

"I aint mind cookin' if hit's jes' 'preciated," murmured Otelia with a far-away look in her eye.

"One thing I likes do," continued Frisco, "is he'p folks be good frien's: cain't never tell when hit gwine bring 'em good luck dat

Frisco winced. "Dat wuz a arg'ment you put up dat time," he admitted. "Dat sho *would* be a' ant in my sugarbowl. So I gwine he'p you all I kin. But dat aint mean money. De brain mo' pow'ful dan de bank-roll. I fu'nishes de brain, an' hit's up to you to git de bank-roll aft' dat. I got git out on my run 'gain in de mawnin'. Be back day aft' tomorrer. If you gits ma'ied befo' I comes back to he'p you, hit's yo' own fault."

"Be my feets' fault," muttered Skilletface. "I gwine lay low. Anybody wants taxi in Tittisville twel you gits back, c'n walk. Aint makin' no money de gas'line gent'man aint git nohow. Memphis callin' an' my feets tryin' to answer! You 'tend to hit, nigger—I stumbles!"

A fresh thought struck Mr. Johnson amidships. "S'pose I wuz to see dat gal Mattie while I wuz p'rambulatin' round Beale Street dar?" he propounded.

Skilletface caught his drift and grew gray around the gills. He didn't have money enough to get to Memphis, but Mattie might have money enough to come to Tittisville on the warpath if any rumors of wandering attention on his part reached her. And Frisco never had had any bouquets pinned on him for keeping his mouth shut. The only Famous Saying of Famous Men that Mr. Pegram could recall as fitting Frisco was that one about every man having his price. Whatever it was, Skilletface didn't have but fifty cents now, since his last visit to the filling station.

But he pressed it on Frisco—successfully.

"Safe but busted!" he mourned as Frisco faded toward the railroad yards with the alleged loan of 1893 repaid.

And then, on second thought, he wasn't so safe—there was still Otelia. Women sure did worry a boy. And if it wasn't women, it was the license-inspector. Ol' po-lice all the time looking in a nigger's taxicab for his license. Couldn't 'tend to his business right for being pestered. Some niggers had all the luck and all the money—like Frisco: wearing swell derby hat and riding in taxicabs, and even had a job that required him to go back and forth to Memphis. Even that Mississippi nigger had some luck—he was in Memphis when he bought that oil land.

Mr. Pegram looked toward the northwestern horizon and sighed. Frisco had promised, for the cash consideration, to say nothing in Memphis that Mattie might

misconstrue. And he had also largely and loosely promised to see Skilletface through his dilemma by dint of superior brain-power. But the real trouble lay yet ahead, and at home.

By morning the financial and social situations had grown acute. "Sho wisht I had weaned dat gas tank 'stead of de crank-case," moaned Skilletface as he searched his pockets. "Ol' taxi sho do lap up de gas. An' me so busted I c'd kiss a Confed'rate dollar howdy! . . . Mattie cookin' vittles in Memphis an' me hongry in Bum-in'-ham—"

Gnawing hunger sent Mr. Pegram's mind backward to Otelia's greens; the greens shunted it to Otelia herself. . . . Maybe a boy could eat without committing himself. . . .

Skilletface was scarcely well on her block when Otelia's door opened. The aroma that followed drew him like steel cables. And if there wasn't coffee in the rear of the odor of ham frying over a wood fire, Skilletface's nose was deaf and dumb.

His feet followed his appetite. Otelia met him at the door. A well-baited trap couldn't have done a better job.

"Mawnin', Mist' Pegram!" she greeted him. "I wuz thinkin' 'bout you when I wuz fixin' to fry de ham. Come in an' take de strain off yo' ankles."



"'Clar to goodness! Dat license must been whut fell out dar a piece back."

way. I speaks a good word fo' Skilletface wid you, 'ca'se I knows dat boy—len's him money reg'lar. An' I says good word fo' you wid him 'ca'se I likes you, an' likes yo' taste in daughters."

"You come on over, Mist' Johnson! If dinner aint ready, hit soon gwine be."

"Thanky, ma'am, Mis' Smith; sho w'd like to. I leaves Memphis in sich a sweat las' night I aint had time good to catch up on my rations since."

In a South Fifteenth Street barbecue-stand and pressing-club combined, that evening, Skilletface and Frisco met as social equals. Frisco was still dressed up like a clothing-store window. Skilletface wondered anew at his prosperity, but had more urgent business astride his neck now.

"Boy, you seen my jam?" he interrogated Frisco huskily. "Whut chance I got? An' how sich a rock-face' woman git sich a good-lookin' chile as dat daughter, huh?"

"Nemmine de daughter: dat my bus'ness. Fur's her mommer c'ncerned, you might's well git yo'se'f measured fo' de halter."

"How 'bout he'pin' me out?" groaned Mr. Pegram. "Way you looks, an' 'Telia looks, an' *things* looks, you fixin' git me fo' a daddy-in-law if you don't."

"I been thinkin' 'bout you ever since dat ham hit de skillet," responded her caller ravenously and recklessly.

Back in the kitchen the oven door slammed. Skilletface, seated at a table beside it, was wading through a slab of ham like a buzz-saw through a pine log, letting the gravy splash where it might. Otelia brought hot biscuits and coffee, and widened the road to Mr. Pegram's heart. Skilletface grew wall-eyed at what he felt was imminent, but couldn't tear himself from the table. He had plenty to take his mind off his taxi license—and more coming.

He finished up the ham and started in on the griddle-cakes. Otelia watched for the psychological moment and wondered what sort of veil a bride wore on the fourth trip. Mr. Pegram wondered how to accept her food and decline her hand. He needed help, and it was far off. Frisco was in Memphis, and the big demand for him right now was in Birmingham. Skilletface was in Birmingham, and never needed to be in Memphis worse in his life. Mattie was fixing to lose a good husband without even knowing about it until too late to do anything about it. . . .

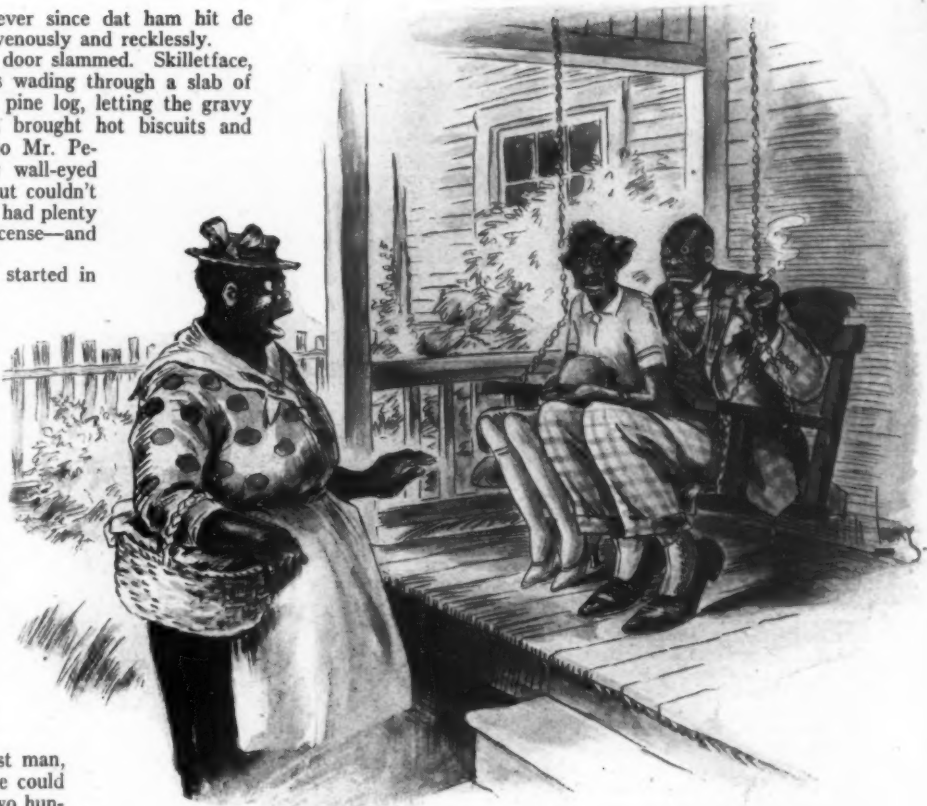
Fifteen minutes later Skilletface staggered out Otelia's front door, filled with ham and anguish. He had agreed to a church wedding, to Frisco as best man, and to two other things which he could not now recall. And Memphis two hundred and fifty miles away!

Bad luck was fixing to cloud up and rain all over a boy. Running wasn't liable to be fast enough. Airplanes and automobiles looked good to the wretched Mr. Pegram. Which reminded him of his own taxi. For the first time in its history, it was about to do him some good.

In no time he was rolling east in it on the Avenue F boulevard in a cloud of smoke and small parts. Old car was all the time shedding something. Behind him, and hidden from him by his smoke-screen came more trouble—two motorcycle officers. At Fifteenth Street they overtook him.

"What you got there, nigger?" they demanded as they headed him for a halt at the curb.

"Taxicab, Cap'n. On way to fun'ral. White lady say fetch her cook back snappy soon's I c'n git her 'way from de graveyard."



"Mist' Pegram in bigger trouble'n you think," snorted Otelia. "Dey done execute him."

"Where's your license?"

Skilletface looked confidently at the instrument board where such a document would normally be framed and on display. Then he successfully looked blank.

"Clar to goodness. Dat license must been whut fell out dar a piece back!" he returned in simulated astonishment. "So much drap off dis heah car when hit runnin', I aint never bother less'n dey gits to fallin' too thick."

"How 'bout taking him in?" one officer questioned the other.

"Would, but I gotta heavy date soon's I'm off. We'll pick him up tomorrow if he hasn't a new license by then—not that he's ever had an old one yet."

"Nigger, license that pile of scrap before night, or you'll be looking down Avenue F instead of riding down it, by tomorrow night."

"Yes suh, Cap'n; jes' on my way down to git de license when you gent'men stops me. Sho wuz."

"Dar now!" Mr. Pegram conversed with himself, as the officers put-putted away. "My goose done cook' an' started bu'nin'. All I got is bad luck an' breakfas'. Done tied a weddin' an' de jail-house on me a'ready, an' hit aint noon-time yit. Sho is time dat Frisco nigger git back heah an' git to rallyin' round me like he promise. He say he gwine stan' back of me: trouble wid dat nigger he standin' so fur back I cain't git hold of him when gits knot tied in my luck dis way."

Skilletface let his taxi lie where it fell. Pedestrianism was about the only assurance left him of any continuance of personal fresh air. Next police might not have a date. Better four dollars fine for over-parking than the jail-house for being under-licensed. (Continued on page 134)



"My daughter, Miss 'Liz'beth Skinner," murmured Otelia in her best manner. A careful listener might have heard Frisco fall—for the daughter.

Favorites

THOMAS HITCHCOCK, JR.

Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., is the brilliant "2" in the most spectacular and daring game in the world—polo. For hard hitting and relentless riding, he is unequalled.

The cool calculators of polo power and skill placed Mr. Hitchcock's handicap at ten goals; and at the time of the last International match, only one other player was ranked with him—his team-mate and captain, Devereux Milburn. Now another of the American "Big Four," Malcolm Stevenson, has a handicap of ten goals. Mr. Hitchcock, whose picture appears below, is the youngest and was barely of age when he helped win the International match of 1921, which brought the cup to this country, where the Meadowbrook four have held it ever since.



EUGENE GLADSTONE O'NEILL

Eugene Gladstone O'Neill, who gave us "Anna Christie," and "Emperor Jones," again has made an innovation—"Strange Interlude."

It is in nine acts and makes a time tax upon its audiences similar to "Parsifal"—it begins at five in the afternoon and continues, after a supper interval, through the evening. The characters speak as in ordinary drama; but each speech is followed by an "aside" in another tone which is a "full mental accompaniment," telling what each actually feels and thinks. It marks, as one critic noted, another milepost on the road to complete expressiveness. Mr. O'Neill's photograph appears below.

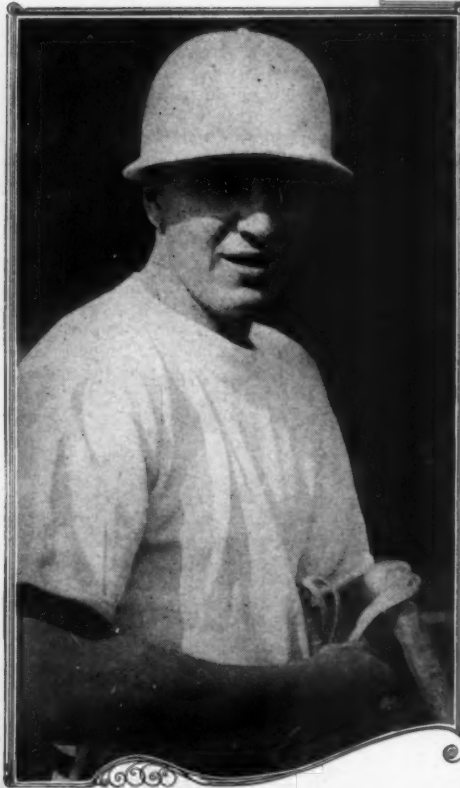


Photo by Edwin Levick, N. Y.

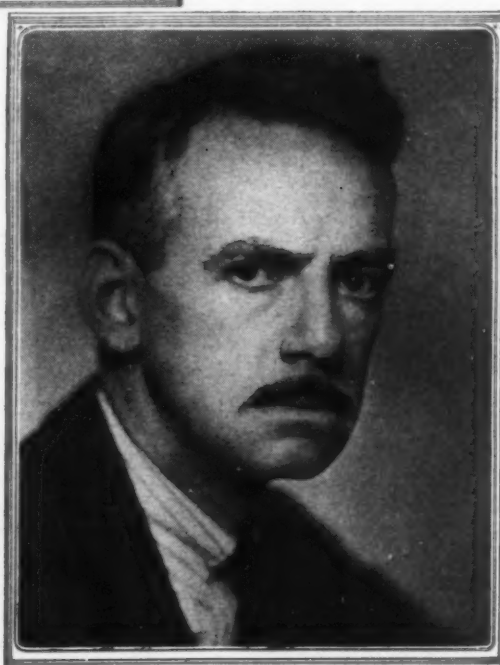
Photo by
Mortimer
Offner, N. Y.

ETHEL BARRYMORE

Ethel Barrymore—a recent portrait of whom appears above—has been playing a very modern and exceedingly much discussed part—"The Constant Wife."

The rôle is that of a wife of the sort that used to be called "the deceived wife," but who in the present case is most thoroughly informed by all her friends and relatives.

There was something to be said, apparently, for the good old days of deception; at least, they put less of a problem up to the wife. "Paris Bound," another big Broadway success, deals with a similar situation. In that play the wife's choice becomes clear, whereas Miss Barrymore leaves a delightful "the lady or the tiger" bit of doubt as to the ultimate decision of the character she interprets.



s of Fame

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Albert Payson Terhune has created wide variety of fictional people, but he has portrayed one character so superlatively that his *Lad* lives in the mind and affections of young and old everywhere in this land.

Lad, to be sure, is a dog—and was an actual dog. Mr. Terhune himself declares that he merely records and reports the real *Lad*. Well, Shakespeare probably said that he merely wrote down what he was sure *Hamlet* thought and did.

We are delighted that Mr. Terhune—whose picture is reproduced below—is writing of *Lad* again. The first of the new stories is scheduled to appear in this magazine next month.



MARGUERITE TAYLOR

Marguerite Taylor, daughter of Laurette Taylor, has made an auspicious start with a small part in "The Queen's Husband."

This is an utterly delightful satire on royalty in general and perhaps more particularly upon a certain royal family dominated by "the Queen."

Robert Sherwood wrote it; and he has more of a penchant for the amusing than for the historically accurate—as you may remember in "The Road to Rome," in which he took such engaging liberties with Hannibal and Fabius Maximus—not to mention the wife of Fabius. Miss Taylor appears in one of the most felicitous offerings of the season; and besides playing her own minor part, has been understudying Katherine Alexander, the leading woman.

Photo by
Mortimer
Offner, N. Y.

LAURETTE TAYLOR

Laurette Taylor, who made her first appearance on the stage as a child, this year has witnessed the successful debut of her daughter in a play "on Broadway."

(It is the mother whose picture is reproduced above; the daughter appears at the right.)

At the same time, Laurette Taylor has been continuing her own string of triumphs.

Peg o' My Heart is the part in which you probably may best visualize her. It was one of those rôles so popular that it was revived and played again by the star. *The Bird of Paradise* was another; and her interpretations of certain Shakespearean heroines likewise attracted much favorable comment. Above, she is shown in her part in "The Furies," which is Zoë Akins' new play.



Photo © Pirie MacDonald, N. Y.



Photo by
White Studio

Money of her Own

By
Margaret Culkin Banning

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

The Story So Far:

THEY had met by chance in the mid-sized Midwestern city where Philip Helm had come to take a job in a paper-factory, and where Carol had grown to a beautiful young womanhood under the guardianship of her childless widower uncle, David Ranger. They fell in love, and were married when two humiliations—a brusque tightening of the purse-strings by old David and a snub from the social leader, Mrs. Cloud—drove Carol to seek out Philip at his boarding-house.

A few months of measurable happiness as a near-poor man's wife; and then—David Ranger died, and to the surprise of everyone, left a considerable fortune to Carol with the proviso that her husband was to have none of it.

Philip fought hard against accepting life as a rich woman's husband; but Carol loved luxury too well to respect his independence. Finally when a promotion was given to another man with the frank statement that he needed the money more than Helm, Philip weakened and attempted to win success by borrowing money of Carol to buy into the firm. She refused—and the first real breach came.

The break was widened by Carol's imperious jealousy of her friend Lily Jordan and of Philip's fellow-employee Kathy Curn—either of whom, indeed, might have given her cause, had Philip permitted it.

And now wealthy friends of Carol's invited them on a trip to Europe. Philip explained that he had neither the money or the leisure. Carol was determined to go—insisted on financing the trip.

"I want this more than I've ever wanted anything else," she pleaded. "I've begged you—"

"Don't you see," he protested, "that it's because I do love you that I've got to keep my self-respect? I can't keep it if I go traipsing all over Europe on your money."

"Philip," she said then, "let's not be like this. I haven't asked for such a lot. Do just this one thing for me, if you love me—if you even want me."

Philip looked down at her face against his shoulder. Never in his life had he wanted anyone so much. He pulled himself away.

"I'm not your fancy boy," he said, and the slam of the door echoed his ugly phrase. (*The story continues in detail.*)

THERE are homeless deep in the night of every city, furtive, abandoned, prowling creatures, drifting along until the police-court, the rescue home, the crèche, the hospitals gather them up. They are sorrow and evil released into darkness, and it is not unnatural that they should be there. Night covers them and deftly

shields them as well as it can. But there are always a few abroad who are even more pitiful, those who have fled their homes, and to whom the night is not a refuge but a shame. They walk the streets, those men and women, knowing that they do not belong there, choosing between intolerable things. Philip joined them that night.

It was impossible, incredible, that he should stay in Carol's house after he had flung into words the thing he had been denying to himself, insisting so long was not true, after he had hurled such insult at her. It could not be forgotten nor lived with. He went to his room and put a few clothes in a suitcase, with an ill-timed desperate grin at the cheap drama of it. Yet the cheap drama ran true to life, he thought. It was all there was to living,





"Who are you, that no one can speak the truth to you?" said Kathy. "What was your money worth, compared to what he gave you—"

"You wanted him pretty badly, didn't you?" Carol's voice was like a whip.

perhaps. He remembered the things he would need, the papers he had left downstairs which must not be forgotten, and packed quickly and quietly, all the time conscious that across the hall was Carol's door. How she looked behind it, what she was doing or thinking, was no longer any of his business. He did not pause an instant until, bag in hand, he came to that other door down the corridor, behind which his child lay asleep. He knew how she would be lying, arms tossed back, placid in tiny dreams. Philip did not go in. He took another deep drink of pain and bitterness, and went steadily on.

It was nearly midnight, and the people in the street-car, drowsy and negligent, paid no attention to him. He could think of only

one place to go, and that was the railroad station. Yet as he began to consider, he saw that it would be impossible to get away from the city tonight. In the first place, he had no money except some loose change, and it was too late to cash a check. The second consideration was his office. He should at least give them word of his going. He could leave his bag at the railroad station, and wait until morning either there or on the streets.

He checked the bag, and after a few minutes chose the streets. Darkness and solitude might help him think this thing out. He must see the next step, whatever it was, before he took it. He must get it straight in his own mind. And all that night, up and down a dozen anonymous streets, he pursued truth; and always it evaded him, changing at his touch into bitterness or shame or regret or pity. At length he came to a park on the outskirts which overlooked the river, and sat there on a stiff iron bench and watched the ceaseless water and knew only one

thing clearly: that he must not go back to Carol. Not this morning, nor at all. There was no hope for them together. If this ugly thing had happened just when they reached out for happiness, it would happen again and again. It had threatened too long already.

It was a clear, sharp dawn, and the park was high over the city. A strange city it looked at first, cut off from him as his home was. But gradually, as he watched, shapes became definite in the distance, high office-buildings, towers, squares of houses. The smoke of factories was already beginning to dim the distance, and he knew that in a few hours another day's routine would begin. Responsibility settled on him again. Those men from Chicago were to be at the factory today. Welch couldn't handle them alone.

He was out of it all now. But was he? After all, no matter what happened at home, men went to work every day. Men became widowed, got divorced, and their business went on. They kept their jobs and their heads. Suddenly Philip remembered

that he was planning the sort of thing he had always done before, leaving a situation that galled him, shaking the dust of a place from his feet because memories had become too painful. Except in the war: he had to go on fighting there, even when he was nauseated and sick from the death of men he'd cared for. He had to go on in war, and plenty of men no doubt went on in work, even when their personal lives were cut into ribbons. No doubt many of them were behind the walls of the lodgings below.

There were a couple of hundred dollars to his credit in the bank.

If he took that money now, and left the city, he was a wanderer again, without a job, without a headquarters. If he stayed and went ahead with his work, he wouldn't be a bum at least. And some day there might be something for Joan, a name at least that she needn't be ashamed of—a little money from her father.

The haggard, white young man on the park bench suddenly rose, straightened his cramped body and started off down the hill toward the city. He claimed his suitcase at the station, and drank a cup of coffee at the lunch-counter. There was no excitement in him now, nor even anger. That had slowly drained out of him in the night. It was only an hour's work to make a break, but there were all sorts of adjustments afterward which had to be looked after. And the quicker you faced loneliness and got it by the neck, the less chance there was of its getting you, he thought.

Standing on the station steps, he wondered where to go first, and a memory of the time he had gone from that station before in search of a home came back to him. It had been a nice little room, with the apple-tree and the clothesline outside the window. Those people might leave him alone there, or he could avoid them. He turned toward Holly Street just as the clocks struck seven.

He had things out with Mrs. Coburn half an hour later. She excluded Kathy from the conference, but it was Kathy who had seen him arrive, suitcase in hand and his face haggard and stern.

"You're a nice young man," said Mrs. Coburn measuringly, "but no doubt it's only a whim coming back here. You have a home of your own."

"You're mistaken. I haven't. I've told you the facts. I've left it."

"Maybe you think so now—but tomorrow you'll be made up again."

He shook his head patiently. "No—not tomorrow, Mrs. Coburn. Not at all. It isn't a thing that can be helped or changed. I'm just where I was when I started."

"Suppose Mrs. Helm makes a fuss—" said Mrs. Coburn frankly.

"She won't," said Philip, with finality. "Look here, Mrs. Coburn, if you don't want me around, I'm not staying. I just came to you, because—well, God knows why—"

"I guess it was the nearest to home for you, poor boy," she said with sudden sympathy.

"Maybe that was it."

Mrs. Coburn reflected, one rough hand rubbing the other.

"I'd be the last person to come between husband and wife," she



"Philip," said Carol, "let's go home!" He stared at her. "Home, darling?" he asked

said, "even in a small way. It's against nature. It's against the law of God."

"But there are times when people can't live together. You know that."

"Oh, bless you," said Mrs. Coburn, "you needn't tell me that. It came to that with me. Rich or poor, I guess it's much the same thing. Only with me, there was no other way. It wasn't safe for Kathy."

She forgot him for a minute, going back into some painful drama of her own, then recalled herself and was again the lodging-house keeper.

"Well, what is it you want, then? A room again?"

"The little room, if it's vacant," Philip agreed, wearily.

"The roomers will talk about you."

"I suppose. So will everybody else. I'd sooner be here than in some other place."

"Well, then, I'll let you have the room. It's empty. You couldn't have the front one now. That's taken."

"No—I wouldn't want it," he said, paler than ever.

She creaked up the stairs before him, opened the door and window and sighed.

That was as near as they had ever come to confidence. Kathy looked at her mother.

"No—it won't disturb me. I'm glad he came back."

"You remember he's married and always will be while his wife lives."

"I know. I know he's crazy about her, too. Crazy about her! But he can't live with her. And I don't blame him."

"Well, that's their business."

So it may have been, but many people made it their own.

There was a little respite before the news filtered out. That first day was for Philip one of those mentally brilliant days which sometimes succeed exhaustion. He met the advertisers from Chicago, kept his mind on the thing in hand, put over more than his firm had hoped. Late in the afternoon he found a memorandum to call Mr. Lasalle, and that suave gentleman asked for a half hour of Philip's time, quite at his convenience.

This was started now, and there wasn't any going back. Philip kept reminding himself as he went into the lawyer's office at five-thirty. He was so intense, so fearful that Carol might be waiting to confront him, that the friendly ease of the lawyer came like a shock. Carol was not there.

"Well," said Philip, "I suppose you know what I'm here for."

"Possibly," said Lasalle. "I have had a talk, a long talk, with Mrs. Helm. I am, very frankly, distressed."

"There's no use beating about the bush at all," said Philip. "I'll take all the blame in the world and do anything in the world to make it easy for her."

"How about going back?" queried the lawyer so softly that it sounded like the very note of temptation.

"No. Not that. That's out of the question."

"At present, perhaps."

"It's got to be a clean break, Lasalle."

"I see. No reconciliation can be considered?"

"I don't think you un-

derstand," said Philip curtly. "It isn't that I don't love my wife. Or that I'm angry. This isn't a matter of a quarrel over a triviality. But the situation in which we are placed is intolerable. We've tried living with it, and we can't. That's what it gets down to."

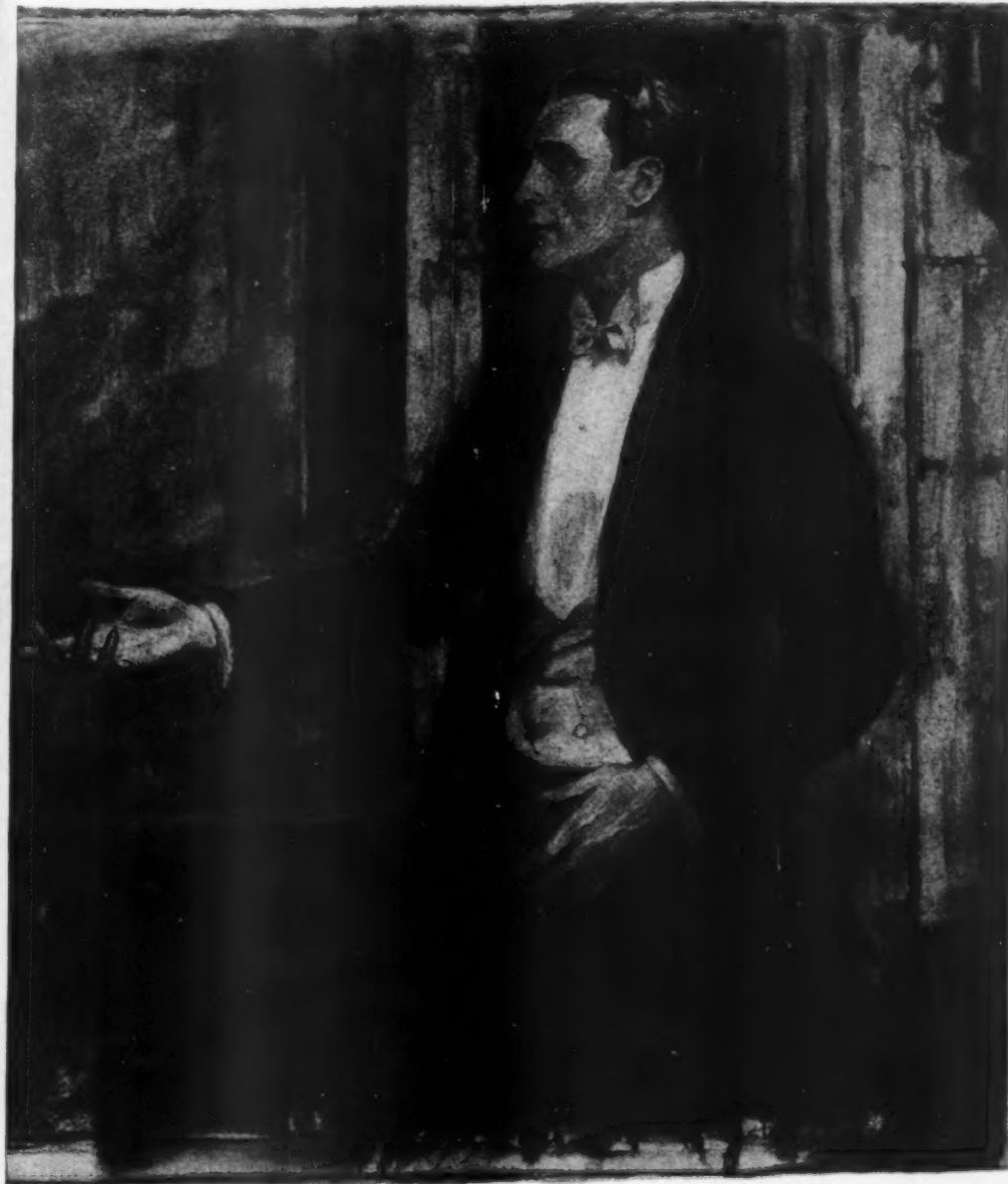
"You refer, I suppose, to the disposition of Carol's fortune."

"There's no use going into detail," answered Philip. "It's as plain as the nose on your face."

"Quite," said the lawyer. "I felt so when Mr. Ranger made the will."

"Felt what?"

"That the situation would be—well—difficult. Carol was of



incredulously. "With you?" "With you," said Carol; "I don't care where we go!"

"It's not for me to offer you advice," she said, "but there's nothing closer than a man's wife."

"Please—"

"We'll say no more about it."

To Kathy Mrs. Coburn was brief.

"I took him in. He'd been up all night. You could tell by the looks of him. There'll be the great rumpus now when the people in the house hear about this."

"Well, they'll be on his side. You can bet on that."

"Sides?" queried Mrs. Coburn. "There's no such thing between man and wife." She looked keenly at her daughter. "It's not going to disturb you to have Philip Helm here?"

course bound to marry a man who would be willing to live on such bounty as she might afford, or one who would not. In either case the results were almost inevitably unfortunate. Wills are curious documents. They are almost always the most stubborn and opinionated expression of a man's nature."

"Don't misunderstand me. I don't want Carol's money!"

"I was under no illusions as to that."

"All I know is that we can't go on. Any arrangement Carol wants to make is all right with me."

"Well, Philip, I've talked with her," said the older man kindly. "I'll be entirely frank with you. She is hurt, pained—suffering, one might say. Possibly a trifle antagonistic. Like you, she feels that an intolerable situation, one not entirely of her making, has arisen. She is not confident of mending it. She wishes to change the scene for a while and shake off painful associations. This morning she suggested that she expected to go to Europe shortly. Of course the Paris divorce-court—"

"Is fashionable," Philip finished, "and she's going to get her trip in, I see. It's all right with me. I'm out of the picture. Any foreign port where she can pick up a divorce suits me. Only—I've got to see Joan once in a while."

The lawyer looked at his ravaged face.

"My dear boy," he said, "don't misjudge your wife. She would be the last person to stand in the way of any arrangement that you might make to see your child. She wants to keep the child with her now, of course."

"I suppose so."

"It seems fitting."

SO they were going to Europe, putting an ocean between him and his wife and child. Last night at this time he had been going home to them, going home with Carol—just about now. No turning back now, his mind reminded him, as if afraid of what some impulse or emotion might advise. The past was over—sunk.

"I asked you to come to see me tonight," Mr. Lasalle was saying, "because Carol insisted on it. Personally I always feel that after a lapse of time,—in cooler blood, shall we say,—it is easier to adjust these things. But Carol wanted me to see you at once. It is not exaggeration to say she feels that your point of view has been rigid, difficult for her, possibly more than a little stubborn."

"She made that quite clear."

"Of course," the lawyer went on, "I would like to believe that this is only a period of adjustment in which pride perhaps has played too large a part and that with the passage of time, with the smoothing of circumstances—"

Philip grinned, not with amusement.

"You can't smooth some circumstances without a lot of money."

"But you're doing well, aren't you, Philip?"

"Oh, I get a raise in the natural course of things, now and then, such as it is."

"Slow, is it?"

"It's got to be slow. Unless—did Carol tell you I tried to borrow money from her?"

"No," said the lawyer, who would have lied in any case, but was gratified at the technicality of truth, "no, she did not."

"Well, I did. But I didn't get by with it. Didn't make the touch."

"The terms of her legacy—the condition—"

"Sure. She can buy whisky for me, all right, or tickets to Europe—I can sponge, but not borrow! Great old boy, Ranger was. Great planner."

The lawyer watched his defiance with carefully restrained sympathy.

"Is it relevant to tell me why you wanted to borrow of your wife? Anything that clears the situation for me is helpful. Though I don't want to be offensive."

"No reason why you shouldn't know. I wanted to buy a little stock in my own firm."

"I see."

"And you can't buy that with air?"

"There is no—property adjustment? Your personal belongings?" questioned the lawyer.

"I brought my tooth-paste with me. That's all I own. There are just two things. I want to see Joan—not now—but once in a while later on—and I'm going to stay on the job here unless I'm fired. But Carol won't be troubled with me."

"Will you leave me your address? There may be things of which I would like to keep you informed."

"You can always reach me at Crampton's."

"To be sure," agreed Lasalle, "at Crampton's."

That was not what he had wanted to find out. He was curious

as to what sort of refuge this boy had sought. But Philip was not telling that.

"Well—good night," he said. "I guess that's all there is to be said."

The lawyer rose, and came around the table, holding out a friendly hand.

"Your wife is my client. I am personally deeply attached to her. I cannot at this time discuss either the merits of her position or yours. But I wish you success, Philip. I wish you a great deal of good."

"Thank you, sir."

Philip almost wished people wouldn't be decent like the old lawyer. It would be so much easier to fight than to accept sympathy. Some one to knock down was what he wanted. He jammed on his hat as he left the office and found his way to the street. There was still that problem of where to go next and every clock reminded him of a habit torn loose, of a memory that it was better to leave alone. . . .

"Hello," said some one.

"Hello, Benson. How are you?"

If he were as he looked, Knute Benson was both well and prosperous. He had found a good tailor and learned about good shoes. But clothes had not subordinated him. He still looked different from the city-bred.

"You're late going home tonight."

"I'm not going home," answered Philip.

"Are you joining some one or having dinner alone?"

"Alone. Unless you join me."

"Thanks," said Benson, "I'd be glad to. Where do you go?"

"I don't care. The Marquette Grill?"

That was where they found themselves an hour later. It was a smoky place. Women did not like it, for it was nearly always heavy with the odor of chops and steaks and cigars. Philip was feeling his strength come back, not the light-headed nervous energy which had carried him through the day, but courage and resistance. "This is a better meal than we had that morning together," remarked Benson at length.

"That one tasted pretty good to me. I was hungrier than you were."

"I guess you were. I thought of that the other day and remembered one thing I had said to you."

"You were pretty sour on the world all right."

Benson bent his cigar to meet the lighted match which a waiter held outstretched.

"Yes. Sour. And wrong about a lot of things."

"I don't remember that."

"Do you remember," asked the other contemplatively, "how I said that all women wanted was money?"

"Yep. You knew it before I did."

"Well, I guessed wrong."

"Don't let anybody kid you," said Philip; "that's the world's greatest truth! And you can't blame women for putting money first either. It clears the way for them."

"I know a girl who doesn't put it first," answered Benson in that same quiet way, "and who won't."

PHILIP remembered. Kathy, of course. He had forgotten that complication. Carol had swept everything aside in his mind. It had been a world for him and her only.

"Well, you're lucky," he said.

"No."

"You can't have it coming and going, Benson. You've had an awfully pretty break."

"Yes—I suppose so."

They meditated on the breaks they had had and said no more about them. But somehow they managed to be companionable without much conversation or confidence.

"Crampton's is having a good year," said Benson at length, coming back from reverie and picking up the nearest subject.

"I guess so."

"They're making money."

"That doesn't boost my salary."

"You ought to have some stock," said Benson.

"I guess there isn't any for sale right now," said Philip, "from what I hear. Anyway I haven't any money to buy it."

Benson looked at him curiously and Philip guessed that he like all the rest knew about Carol's money, which was on no condition to become her husband's.

"But I'm going to get some of that stock one of these days," he said grimly.

"Other things might pay even better."

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WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL
SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET



SOUP *with the tomato's sunniest smile*

Just the golden goodness of the full-ripe tomato! Everything else is discarded by Campbell's. The pure tonic juices, the luscious tomato meat in a rich puree, with fresh country butter adding its food and its flavor, and with that delicate seasoning for which Campbell's chefs are so famous.

Here is a sparkling blend that revives even the drooping appetite and imparts a glow to the whole meal. Richer, still served as a Cream of Tomato Soup according to simple directions on label.

Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on label. 12 cents a can.



I'm so fleet upon my feet,
I win at every game.
Campbell's fare will get you there
And make you feel the same!

Campbell's SOUPS

LUNCHEON

DINNER

SUPPER



The new Ford has been built to endure

THE remarkable performance of the new Ford is the direct result of the quality that has been built into every part.

It has beauty of line and color because beauty of line and color has come to be considered a necessity in a motor car today.

Yet even more important than this outside beauty is the strength, efficiency and beauty of those parts which are on the inside—those vital mechanical parts which are the very heart of value and performance. It is well to look to this mechanical beauty when you buy an automobile.

An example of the quality that is

built into the new Ford is the use of steel forgings instead of malleable castings and steel stampings. They are used throughout the chassis, except, of course, for the engine castings.

More steel forgings, in fact, are used in the new Ford than in almost any other car regardless of price.

Added strength, quiet and reliability also come from the number of electric weldings used in the new Ford. By the use of these weldings, one-piece parts of great strength replace those formerly made up of several parts which were bolted, riveted or soldered together.

Some of the other features which show the strength and quality that have been built into the new Ford car are the steel bodies; the aluminum alloy pistons; the carbon chrome nickel alloy valves; the statically and dynamically balanced crankshaft which is built to withstand a twisting stress up to 60,000-inch pounds; the multiple dry-disc clutch and the standard selective gear shift transmission; the low center of gravity and minimum unsprung weight which combine with the Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers and the new transverse springs to make the new Ford such an easy-riding car; the Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield; the new steering gear which prevents road shocks from being transmitted



FORD MOTOR CO.
Detroit, Mich.

to the hands of the driver and is unusually strong because the column and the housing of the steering gear mechanism are welded into a single

all-steel unit; the mechanical four-wheel brakes; the seamless, all-steel torque tube; the new one-piece, welded, steel-spoke wheels; the three-quarter floating rear axle; and the all-steel rear axle housing.

There are definite reasons, therefore, why the new Ford is more than a new automobile—more than just a new model. It is the advanced expression of a wholly new idea in modern, economical transportation.

The Roadster sells for \$385; the Phaeton for \$395; the Coupe for \$495; the Tudor Sedan for \$495; and the Sport Coupe, with wide, substantial rumble seat, for \$550. (All prices are F. O. B. Detroit.)



The new Ford is a great car to drive in traffic because of its quick acceleration, easy steering, short turning radius, and the safety of its four-wheel brakes. Gears shift easily and silently because of the multiple dry-disc clutch and standard selective gear shift transmission.

Shown below is the instrument panel on the new Ford. It is made of steel, beautifully finished in satin nickel. Instruments are in convenient clover leaf cluster, illuminated by light in center.



"I'd like to own a little in my own concern."

"You're useful to the firm. They think well of you."

"I like my work," said Philip shortly.

The older man sank into reflection again, his cigar smoke misting around him.

"Would you like to buy some of my stock?" he asked at length.

"Are you selling it?"

"I might—some of it."

Philip thought of the hundred odd dollars in the bank.

"Too bad—I haven't any money. Good of you."

"Well, let me lend you the money."

It was a slow proposition, like a well-considered offer.

"What would you do that for?" asked Philip, astonished.

"There's no reason why I shouldn't."

"No. Nor why you should. Do you mean it?"

Benson nodded.

"I haven't any security. Nothing but a plain note, without any backing," Philip said slowly.

"That will do."

"Of course," said Philip, "it means everything to me. It sets me on my feet." He hesitated. "I suppose you understand I've no resources, either real or intangible. I have only a salary."

"That stock's earning money."

"I know. And I can earn more too. I had a proposition the other day to do some side-line work for Foster's Agency. It's just a feeler, but I'm going to try some stuff for them."

"Will you have time?"

"I can manage. From now on," answered Philip with unmistakable meaning, "all my time when I'm out of the office is my own. I shall have a great deal of free time."

Benson shifted his cigar. He had understood.

"Well, we'll fix that up, about the stock and the loan," was his only answer.

It was after he had left Benson that the glow of that chance turned to bitterness in Philip's mind. Why couldn't it have come yesterday? Or would it have helped? Probably not.

He walked on swiftly, and suddenly realized that he was going toward the Cliff Road street-car. He turned. He belonged now on Holly Street. That was home.

Chapter Fifteen

THE letter, amazingly, was from Harriet. Philip knew that the writing was familiar but the postmark and the foreign hotel crest meant nothing to him.

It was running narrative, full of the implications which Harriet could insert so cleverly that her intention could hardly be proved. "When I saw this adorable child with her nurse one day and heard the name I was curious; then I met your wife and found it was actually your child. Your wife is charming and has been asked everywhere by people who count. I can't imagine why you were so secretive about your marriage when you knew how delighted I would have been." Then more frankly, more definitely:

"Of course Paris is crowded with pretty Americans whose husbands never show up and so I thought nothing of it at first. She's enchanting, Philip, and obviously has plenty of money of her own. She says you are doing very well but I felt a certain strain in the situation somewhere. One gets to recognize these things. I certainly hope you aren't going to be foolish enough to let a girl like that go—it's none of my business but I've always been so devoted to you and she's so rare. She has taste, as most of these overheated American brats haven't. Since she's sailing for home, I thought I'd

get my word in. Send me a line once in a while."

That was Harriet. She was almost visual to Philip as he read. Beautiful, as she would be until the day of her death, no matter how endless the labor it involved; ruthless, using life and people for her personal satisfaction, her advantage, her aggrandizement. Now that she'd seen Carol and become aware of Carol's money, she couldn't bear not to keep a finger on that too. Philip had become an asset again after having been written off as a dead loss and an irritating one.

He tore the letter across and dropped it in the wastebasket. That was the place for it.

"The Board of Directors meets at thirty instead of three, Mr. Helm," said his stenographer, coming in.

PHILIP now had the office that used to belong to Welch, but it had been enlarged to include another window and refurnished. Twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of stock in his name had made the difference. It had made the unexpected place on the board of directors for him too, at the insistence of Knute Benson, so he had been told, for Benson had insisted that a man inside the organization should be asked to fill the place left vacant by T. K. Mills' death, and proposed Philip's name. In spite of the smallness of his holdings in the great corporation he was getting a wedge in, becoming recognized as one of the active men who would one day be in control. That he was technically Welch's subordinate did not seem to matter to anyone.

"I'll go right over," he answered now, and as the girl left the room, he leaned over and pulled the torn sheets out of the wastebasket. What was that Harriet had written about Carol? Beautiful—had taste—sailing for home—the lovely child. He looked at the picture of Joan on his desk. . . . He flung the mangled letter into the basket again and went over to the board meeting. Kathy Coburn, taking some papers in for Mr. McLaren, met him at the door.

"Good morning."

"Good morning."

That was all they said. But they smiled at each other and were friends. He had asked her about the suit he was wearing before he had it made, shown her the material. There were pleasant little bonds between them like the choice of the suit, like the glass of milk which he could always find in the shabby Coburn icebox and for which he insisted on paying an extra five dollars a month. What Kathy might know of those first months after his return to her mother's house, what she guessed of sleepless nights and days of surging bitterness when his face seemed to change with restlessness and uncertainty and impulse, she never told. Perhaps it was Kathy who kept habit steady during a few crises. It was she who had suggested the portable phonograph which Philip bought and kept in his room and that sometimes, with its uncanny gift of melody, relaxed him in spite of himself. It might also have been Kathy who was responsible for the fact that he found the rooming-house a refuge from prying eyes and questions. Nobody, not even the fat saleswoman, asked him anything about himself. Gradually the habit of his presence dulled the first gossip.

In the room where Philip lived there was a new bedspread, a gold-colored, crinkly one with a thread of artificial silk running through it, and an armchair with a cretonne slip cover. At Carol's house on Cliff Road the shutters were closed and a caretaker puttered lazily about the gardens. As for Carol herself, her plans and movements were as obscure as Philip's were obvious. Those who had seen her abroad were admiring or jealous of the coterie of gay and smart people with which she had allied herself. Some said she had grown tired of supporting Philip; some said that the marriage was bound to break

up under the circumstances; others, that she had found Philip having an affair with another woman; many, that Philip had been given a bad deal and placed in a cruel situation. . . .

Kathy went back to her desk and to work. She worked fast and competently, with such absorption that she did not even hear Benson come in until his shadow was across her desk. Then she looked up.

"They're all at the directors' meeting."

"Yes. I'm going in at once." She could feel him looking at her with that glance she knew so well, that questioned whether she had changed her mind, whether in time she would.

"I thought you were going to come and look over that house I'm building," he said. "I want to. I'm crazy about new houses."

"It's getting on fast. Let me take you this afternoon."

"I can't get off."

"Tomorrow's Saturday. Maybe then."

"All right. But I'm no judge of houses."

"Neither am I. I guessed at this one. Shall I stop at your house for you? Or here?"

"At the house," said Kathy.

"I'll be there about four. There isn't any electricity in the new house yet, so we'll have to catch the daylight."

He was smiling like a boy.

IT was bad luck for Kathy that Philip should also ask her out on Saturday afternoon. He rarely did it. Sometimes he took her to a movie, but that was about all, and often enough he included her mother on such parties. But this week-end he was restless. On Friday night he came in late and Saturday afternoon Kathy found him in the hall going over the last mail. There were no letters for him.

"How about a bat, Kathy? Let's go to a show and have dinner. And go to another show and eat some more. And take the skin off the town."

"I can't," said Kathy; "I have a date."

"That's my bad luck."

Kathy wanted to say it was hers. She felt it. But Philip went away and she heard him talking to some one on the telephone, making an engagement for the evening. Benson appeared before long, in his big, open maroon-colored car, tucking rugs around her. Such roomers as were home all watched from their windows, except Philip, and even Mrs. Coburn looked out and admired and sighed at her thoughts.

Knute Benson had built himself a house. Why, nobody really knew. He could have lived at a hotel or club with far less trouble and less expense. But instead he was having erected, high above the river, on that key site which had been held for an extravagant price, a house of his own.

Kathy had forgotten that since it was Saturday there would be no workmen there.

"It looks like a palace!" exclaimed Kathy.

She went up the boards that led to the great oak front door, already hung and fitted with locks.

"Nobody here?"

"It's Saturday afternoon," Benson said, and he fitted his key in the lock.

The house was strangely silent, more silent than a furnished house could be. Their footsteps echoed on the floors and the windows were bathed in sun. The great hall with its inlaid floor, the iron-railed stairs rising in a beautiful curve at the back of it, were all the more impressive for being free from human habitation. It was not lonely. It was as if the house were waiting.

FROM room to room they went, the red-tiled kitchen, the dining-room where the morning sun would pour through long windows. Then upstairs into another hall from which the bedrooms opened.

"You like it?"

"I think it's beautiful," said Kathy. "But so big! What will you do with it all?"
 "I don't know. Live in it perhaps. Perhaps not."

"But why build it unless you were sure?"
 "It's the first large amount of money I've ever spent on myself," he told her. "Perhaps it was wasteful. But I wanted to build the house I'd like to have my wife in—and my children, even if I never get them. It was a pleasure in its way."

He opened a door.

"This room I planned for my wife. I thought that she would have sunlight here whenever there was any—and I liked the fireplace."

"So do I."

"I thought that sometimes she might come to this room and look out over the hills, and feel perhaps, even if she did not have everything, that she had enough to be content."

HE paused, his grave, slow voice lapsing into thought; for a moment Kathy could almost see herself in that gracious room, the flames leaping in the fireplace, and her heart at peace.

"That's why I asked you to come out here, Kathy. I wanted you to feel it with me. I can't promise you everything, but I can give you all I have. I don't like to have you working in that office. I want you here in your blue dresses in the house I built for you."

They were amazingly alone. It was like beginning life itself in this unfinished house. The sun had sunk behind the hills and the rooms were quickly dusk. Kathy could feel Benson close to her, trembling, tense, fighting for restraint. He had her hand against his hot, eager lips, his head bent to hers. It would be like this all the time, she thought, and she didn't care at all. She wondered if she ever could.

"Will you marry me, Kathy?" he begged unsteadily.

"I don't know. I'm afraid not."

"Is it because of Philip Helm?"

"Why should it be?"

"I've seen you look at him, with the glance I wanted. But you'd forget about him if you didn't see him all the time. I'll take you away. We don't have to live here."

"Come," said Kathy, "it's getting dark. We must go."

"If I kept you here would you marry me?"

Kathy looked at him without a quiver.

"You wouldn't keep me here," she answered; "not a woman you've asked to be your wife."

But the droop of his shoulders hurt her.

"It isn't my wishing that's made it this way. I have it even harder than you," she reminded him.

"That's what I can't bear," he said. "I wouldn't care if you were happy. There's nothing I can do for you."

"If there ever is, I'll come to you."

They were standing in the doorway.

"It's a useless house now," he said, "useless."

"No, it's beautiful. Go ahead and build it. Live in it." She lifted her young arms and pulled his head down against her cool cheek. "This is your housewarming."

He felt that single swift, pitying kiss, and then she was halfway down the path ahead of him. . . .

She had him take her home. There was no use in prolonging a difficult hour. And she hoped unadmittedly that Philip might be back at the rooming-house. One half-hour's nonsense with him tempted her more than twenty hotel dinners with Benson. Knute Benson made her feel responsible, grateful, pitying—but Philip set her blood dancing.

He was not there. His room was dark. The evening was pleasant and most of the roomers had scattered in search of diversion.

Even Mrs. Coburn decided to walk down to the public market.

"You'll be here, Kathy?"

"I'll be here."

That was how Kathy met Carol Helm once again, much in the same way that she had met her for the first time. The doorbell rang at nine o'clock; and Kathy, picking up her purse in case it was the boy collecting for the newspaper, went downstairs to answer it. In the dim hall light she could not be sure at first who it was. It was too unexpected, too unbelievable.

"Good evening," said Carol. "I wonder if Mr. Helm is here?"

Her voice put Kathy instantly at a disadvantage. It was controlled, easy, and fine shades of social distinction tempered its cordiality.

"No. He's not."

"He's stopping with you?"

"Yes."

"Then I believe I'll wait for him."

"I have no idea when he will be in," said Kathy, blocking the door.

There was an instant's pause.

"I don't mind waiting," answered Carol, and weariness seemed to sound in her voice now, as if she had come a long way to arrive at this destination. "I want to see him tonight."

Kathy stood aside and Carol came in. She was, as Kathy saw instantly, lovelier than ever. It was not just clothes, though Kathy saw them jealously in all their perfection of wearing as well as taste and knew that never in the world could she herself gain that kind of distinction. It was Carol's face, pale, exquisite, with a curious apprehension in the eyes, that frightened Kathy. When Philip saw her looking like that—if he saw her—

"I wonder," asked Carol, "if I can go to his room and wait for him there."

KATHY did not even answer. She gave Carol one bitter glance and led the way, up the stairs and down the hall into that little back room, where the imitation silk spread was gleaming flagrantly on the bed, the phonograph stood on a table by the window, and the familiar military brushes lay on the bureau. As they opened the door the room was heavy with the scent of apple-blossoms. Kathy remembered how Philip had put his head into the kitchen the other day and told her mother that she ought to raise his rent on account of that tree. He had been so gay, so like a pleased boy.

"How sweet!" Carol exclaimed.

Suddenly Kathy shut the door, closing the two of them into the tiny room.

"Why did you come here?" she asked impetuously.

Carol's barrier went up but it was useless against Kathy now, who could have beaten down any barricade of reserve or good taste, who wanted to beat them down.

"I'm sorry, but it's a personal matter," Carol said.

"Yes. And so it was before when you came here that first night. I know what you're going to say, that I've no business talking to you like this. I know it. I'll grant you that and go right on saying what I've got to say, what somebody ought to tell you. What right have you to come back here now just as he's getting on his feet, just as he's forgetting what he's been through? It's cruel, it's unjust, it's unfair—who are you anyway, that nobody can speak the truth to you?"

"I don't know what you mean," answered Carol levelly. "I've come here to see my husband."

"Yes. You came here before to get your husband."

"You can't talk to me like this!"

"But I can," said Kathy, her own voice less excited now. "I can and I will. I've seen what you've done all along. He came here first to us, off the streets, looking

for a home. I don't care who he was or what he was—he was a homeless man when he came here. He got a job and a place and he was happy until you came that night and married him and began to eat the heart out of him. I blame myself. I should have stopped it that night, honor or not!"

"Stopped it—stopped my marriage! You insolent—"

"Now you're breaking through to my level. Yes, maybe I could have stopped it. You see, I knew about your uncle's will before you did. I knew all along. I typed the will. It was an office secret, of course. I couldn't talk and I didn't. I knew what Phil Helm was in for if he married you. But I didn't tell him. I didn't think you were as bad as you were. I thought your uncle might live for years and years and that you'd be a real wife, helping your husband, standing by him. You think I didn't see—that everyone in this house didn't see how he tried to make you happy, how he loved you. But we weren't good enough for you—the house wasn't good enough for you. It was good enough for him and he's worth a dozen of you!"

"Will you please leave this room?" said Carol. "I have no desire to go on with this."

"I have. And I'm finishing. You may have been married to him, but it's us—me and my mother—that he's come to in trouble. I've seen him at the office, going on so fast, everybody liking him, until that will shamed him, took the courage out of him. Your money! You spending it around town with your cars and your fancy clothes, worrying him, shaming him. What was your money worth if there had been an ocean of it, compared with what he gave you the night you came outcast to this door! He gave you his work and his life and his heart, and because it was a house you didn't like and people who hadn't been brought up as well as you had, you sat around and sulked when you should have been on your knees thanking the Lord you'd got such a man."

"You wanted him pretty badly, didn't you?"

Carol's voice was like a whip and Kathy's deadly pale face flamed at what she said. All the anger, all the life went out of her. She almost shrank against the door.

"What if I did? I never had any chance. I never can have any."

"You will if I'm out of the way."

"No," said Kathy slowly, "not unless you were dead. Not in my religion. And even then I'd have none. He doesn't remember that I'm here, from one day to the next. It's no use taunting me with that, is it?"

"I'm sorry," said Carol suddenly. "It wasn't decent."

"I haven't been decent either. I'll go now. What I've said was probably harsh and cruel. But I couldn't help it. I saw him come dragging up those steps that morning he came back, looking old, looking crushed and battered. And it's all to do over again."

She opened the door, but Carol stopped her this time.

"You think he's better off alone?"

Kathy hesitated. "I see him at work and I see him here," she answered. "I know his work is better. I know he wants to stand on his own feet. How can he if you drag him back to your house? Your money's been nothing but a curse to him."

"Is he happy?" questioned Carol.

"Happier than he was," said Kathy steadily; "and does it matter anyway? He's doing his work and earning a man's place in the world. That's what he wants more than happiness. People have to learn to get along without each other."

CAROL drew her fur around her as if she were cold, though it was only a warm wind that carried the apple-blossom scent into the room. "I'm going now," she said quietly.

"Maybe I'm wrong—" said Kathy, pitifully unsure of her victory.

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"No. I guess you're right. I came tonight because I needed him. You're quite right. I've never done anything to help him. Until now. I'll do this. I'll leave him alone."

"But—"

"And you would tell him I've been here?"

"Shouldn't I?"

"No—it would be as bad as my coming. Just forget it, forget it all." She paused for an instant by Kathy, as if for some warmer comment, but it failed her.

"Good night," she said; and Europe and Eastridge and all the fineness of breeding and association was in that leave-taking. There was no trace of hysteria. It was Kathy who went to her room and locked her door so that she might cry for hours—Kathy whose face was swollen in the morning.

Chapter Sixteen

IT was accident that Philip saw them. One of the accidents that was sure to happen sooner or later. The car caught his attention first. It had not been seen on the streets all the time Carol was away, and the sudden sight of it gave him a shock. They did not see Philip, of course. In the twilight he was just one of a hundred jumbled pedestrians. But Philip saw his wife, and the ache, the intolerable longing for her which he had thought was so deeply overlaid, was upon him like a wolf. Only the side of her face was visible through the back window of the car, that delicate profile which he had lifted so often to kiss, which could be so amusing, so tender. Then he saw who was beside her. He saw her turn and laugh, saw Dick Botsford lean a little closer and then another moving car blocked his view.

He was astonished at his own passion even while it was surging through him. It had been hard often enough, almost all the time, to be reminded by some drift in talk, by some casual happening, that other men had homes and women they loved with them. Sometimes it was melody that did it, some yearning, almost mawkish ballad in a theater. But that was not like this feeling of possession, of rage, that caught him now. So Botsford was with Carol, consoling her in the obvious way. She might have picked better than that with what she'd had to pick from. Botsford sardonically mocking him, Botsford touching—Philip's wife! His thoughts stormed along through ugly places, through violence, through pain and came out spent and cool and bitter. Two could play at that game.

That night he did not even look at the mail spread on the battered console in the Coburn hall, as he had been doing lately with half-concealed eagerness. He had known that Carol had come back from Europe—so much the newspapers had told him—and though there was no reason to suppose that she even knew where he was or that she would wish to get into communication with him, still the mail, even a call to the telephone, had for days waked that curious expectancy which was hardly hope.

ERNEST POOLE

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THE decent routine of life into which he had been falling became meaningless, fatuous, pedantic. What was it all about anyway, he kept asking himself during those next two restless nights. What was he working for? The arguments which had been so plausible and swung him into line eight months ago suddenly drooped helplessly. On the third day he called Lily.

It was not her fault that he had not done so before. She had called him at Crampton's until he hung up the telephone on her insistence, and her letters had been torn across unread, until even she had seen the futility of pursuing him further. But she had managed to leave things open between them. Her last words to him had been to say that when he wanted to see her again, he had only to let her know. It had been humbling for Lily, but she had not cared.

And now he called her, half thinking that it would probably be no more than a gesture. She might not even be in the city. The chances were that she would not be home anyway. But she was, and her voice was warm and excited.

"You haven't forgotten me then?"

"I should say not. Been busy."

"When are you coming to see me?"

"Have dinner with me?" asked Philip.

He knew what he was letting himself in for. Not that night. They dined rather soberly and she did not press him to talk nor do more herself than follow his silences with sympathy. Later in the evening, when they were back at her father's house, Philip had several highballs and they angered him against Carol. He said good-night to Lily with highly artificial tenderness and thought as he went down the drive that this sort of thing would show Carol how much he cared. In the morning he hated himself—and that night he saw Lily again.

She was pressing her advantage. She had no intention of letting him go this time. She waited for him outside the office to drive him home once or twice, and it was there that Kathy saw her.

"Who's that girl in the car over there?" she asked a friend.

"That sport Rolls? That's the Jordan girl. Some car, isn't it?"

"What's she down here for?"

"Say—where have you been? She's Philip Helm's latest. He certainly picks them rich and good-looking. Did he ever get his divorce?"

"I don't know," said Kathy.

"Well, you know who the Jordans are. This is the only girl and one of my friends said that she saw Phil Helm and her together at the Opal Inn the other night. Way out on the Post Road. Beginning to step again, isn't he, after his little heart-break? I think he's terribly good-looking, don't you?"

"I've other problems to think about."

"When are you going to pick off your millionaire, Kathy?"

"I'll mail you an advance notice."

KATHY had a good look at Lily Jordan. Pale, ash-blond, painted lips—she looked as if she would break if you touched her. She was like something you saw on a stage or in a fashion magazine. Rich, no doubt of that; but how could he? Kathy had no chance to ask him. He was rarely in the rooming-house except late at night for the next two weeks, and when she saw him in the office he was curt and uncommunicative, as if his mind were remote and concentrated. She knew he was not disturbed about the business. He was important in the organization now and even the workmen at Crampton's knew that the firm was having a big year. But Philip was not himself.

It was more than a month since Carol had returned when Philip paused by Kathy one night as she sat on the porch by herself. He was in evening clothes, which he often wore lately.

"Get me up in the morning, will you, Kathy?"

"Yes. How early?"

"Whenever you get up. Pound on the door. I slept through the alarm this morning."

"What's the matter with you? Getting deaf?"

"I guess I was a little tight."

"And you're deliberately going to get that way again!" she exclaimed accusingly.

"Not deliberately. Pleasantly."

"I think it's disgusting."

"Such a rough word!"

"You aren't like yourself."

"No," he said with sudden grimness, "I guess not. I hope not. I've been myself long enough."

"Well, you'll ruin yourself."

"Oh, Lord, I did that long ago. I'm vaccinated. How's your rich boy, Kathy? Benson."

"He's nothing to me."

"You've got lots of fancy ideas, Kathy. You ought to grab that fellow. Money eases off a lot of things. It's no use high-hatting money. It's great stuff."

"You didn't use to talk like this!"

"The boy's growing older," said Philip ironically. "Take it from me, pretty one, you grab Benson. And if you aren't in love with him, so much the better. Don't you go mixing up love and marriage and money. It's a damned bad cocktail. Take any two of them alone but not the three. Marriage and money go fine together. You try it. I'm going to myself, maybe."

"You've been drinking."

"I've been just getting started," he answered. "Don't forget to call me."

He went down the steps and Kathy looked desperately after him. He was planning to marry that Jordan girl. But he didn't love her. He was unhappy. His eyes had looked haunted.

There was nothing Kathy could do to stop it. There was nothing anyone could do to stop it. Except—the thought came to Kathy like a fear, like a reproach—except Carol.

CAROL was in the library. In an armchair by the open window—one of the new windows which had been cut to give the room proper light, sat Mr. Lasalle, slowly consuming his favorite cordial. Carol was standing by the mantelpiece, like a lovely shadow in her mauve and pink chiffon dress. For some time neither of them had said anything.

"There's no use," she said at length, "no use."

"Well, you may be mistaken in some of these facts."

"No. I'm not. He's been seen everywhere with her. You can't blame her. She's always hated me."

"You think that's why?"

"No. She also always wanted Philip."

"Very popular young man," said Lasalle, dryly.

"So you see I think the thing to do is to let him go. You see him and arrange it—that's all. I don't want this to drag any longer. I can't—stand it!"

"Well, would you like me to suggest anything to him? I just put it tentatively."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean the facts. That you are no longer a rich woman."

"No," said Carol slowly, "no. That doesn't make any difference. It might have once. It doesn't now."

"I blame myself," the lawyer said fervently. "I blame myself. Some one should have warned you."

"Watched me," said Carol, smiling. "Well, I'm a bad gambler, that's all. I certainly didn't mean to lose my money as soon as I got hold of it. But all those lucky turns I'd made first went to my head, I guess. And I wanted to do something to keep myself busy. It was dull in Paris."

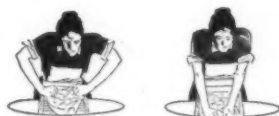
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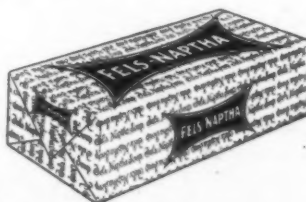
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Simply because the drinking of saline solutions is the best way in the world to clear complexions—to have a fresh, clean skin—by the very reasonable process of sweeping away intestinal poisons.

For there is no shadow of doubt that if more women kept themselves internally clean, they would be outwardly more beautiful!

So you well may think of that old family stand-by—Sal Hepatica—as being one of your most valuable beauty aids as well as the purest—most refreshing laxative in the world.

It is, in reality, the American equivalent of the saline waters of the great European health resorts. Like them, it clears and purifies the blood stream of the poisons and congestions and acidity that produce not bad complexions alone, but headaches, rheumatic pains, colds and auto-intoxication.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within half an hour. Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how the saline treatment can make you feel better, look better, be better!

Sal Hepatica

The Sparkling Effervescent Saline

Salines are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives, and they never have the tendency to make their takers stout.

©1928 Bristol-Myers Co., New York, N.Y.

"Not often found so."

"I found it so."

Lasalle sighed. "Too bad. Too bad."

"I don't care about the money. I've had it. I'll still have a little, enough to take care of Joan and me, and I've got the house."

"You're a bad gambler," said the lawyer, "but an excellent loser. So I'm not to tell your husband of this."

"Better not. He might feel sorry for me or something."

"I understand he's doing very well, Carol."

"Then I'd better leave him alone. It proves one or two things. Lily—" She paused and bit her lip.

"I suppose," said Lasalle slowly, "there's nothing to this talk about you and Dick Botsford. You do not contemplate, in the event of your divorce—"

"That's out of the picture absolutely."

"What is in the picture, my dear child?" he asked gravely.

"I can't quite see—yet. There doesn't seem to be anything definite."

A maid in the doorway spoke softly to Carol.

"Yes?" questioned Carol. "I'd rather not see anyone, Marcella. Did she say why she wanted me? Miss Coburn. Oh, that girl!"

She turned swiftly to the lawyer.

"It's the girl from the place where Philip lives. I wonder if anything has happened—"

SHE was out of the room on that breathless exclamation, and the lawyer sighed again and lifted his glass. Too bad about that money! Old Dave Ranger must have turned in his grave at Carol's speculations. Of course she didn't have her mind on what she was doing, didn't know what she was doing. She had probably been told that she would make a tremendous fortune. Or was it possible—was it conceivable—that she had known all along what would happen? That she had tried to rid herself of the money! Fantastic—unlikely—yet possible—well, there was no way of finding out.

Kathy was not looking about her, but she was feeling the place without looking, its spaciousness, its dignity, its beauty. From such a place to the little back room, she thought, and saw Carol coming toward her. She made Kathy feel thick and common and conscious of her hands and feet.

"Good evening," said Carol, and waited.

"I suppose you're surprised to see me?"

"Nothing has happened?"

"I had to talk to you."

"Don't you think that perhaps we've talked enough?" suggested Carol, instantly cooling.

"There's something I want to tell you."

"Shall we sit down?" asked Carol and they sat down together on a low velvet bench sheltered by the paneled wall. "No one can hear us. The maids are in the other wing—and my guest in the library cannot. What did you want to say?"

"It's about—your husband."

"Yes, I suppose so. I'd rather you wouldn't."

"Do you know he's going about with a girl? A girl called Jordan?"

It came out flatly, common talk.

"Yes," said Carol coldly, "but I cannot see why it concerns me—or you."

There was the slightest accent of hauteur on the last word.

"He means to marry her."

"I suppose he does."

Kathy could have wrung her hands as she struck that cool barrier of agreement.

"Oh, don't you see," she exclaimed, "that you must stop it?"

"I stop it?" Carol laughed. "Why, it's none of my business. I thought you told me to keep out of Philip's way not long ago. In any case I wouldn't interfere. Why shouldn't he marry Lily Jordan when we are divorced? She has a great deal of money. She's very pretty."

"Are you going to be divorced?"

"You ask a great many personal questions, it seems to me."

"I was all wrong," said Kathy, "in what I said and did. You should have stayed at our house that night."

"You change your mind frequently, don't you?"

KATHY lifted her hands, a queer, hopeless gesture, and dropped them as she lifted her eyes to Carol's face. They were tired eyes, with rings of fatigue about them, wretched, honest eyes.

"He loves you."

The barrier was down, in ruins at the very word.

"Not now," said Carol, "not any more."

"If he marries this girl, he marries her with you in his heart, and it will wreck him."

"She'll be better for him than I was."

Kathy shook her head.

"You should see him as I saw him tonight. Hard words on his lips—hard thoughts in his mind—not like himself."

"But what can I do?"

"I don't know," said Kathy, "but you're his wife. And he loves you. If he were mine I'd go to him. He needs you now. Now."

"Just now he's at the Atherton dance with Lily Jordan. Several people took pains to let me know about that," Carol remarked with quiet bitterness.

"Why don't you go and get him?"

Carol laughed in sheer amazement.

"Crash in and drag him out? It can't be done, I'm afraid. He's Lily's man tonight, my child."

Kathy stood up.

"But you're his wife. You have first rights. No matter what has come or gone. You'd better help him. You'd better get him. Good night."

"Good night," said Carol, and suddenly held out both her hands; "and thank you, Kathy."

Mr. Lasalle was pouring another small libation as his hostess returned to him.

"Were you asked to the Atherton dance?" asked Carol.

"My dear, everyone is always asked to the Athertons."

"So was I," said Carol; "let's go."

"I never go to dances, Carol."

"This once," begged Carol, "—just to look on. Please—I want an escort."

"But I don't understand. Why?"

"It's just an idea I had."

"Is there a catch in it? You aren't planning anything spectacular? Anything foolish?"

"Not a thing—I just want to look on."

"Well, as you say. I always see Atherton once a year anyway. This can be the occasion. He invariably opens a special bottle for me, of some we laid down together in the eighties. Too bad, the way you young people can't keep liquor. You don't plan to stay long?"

"Just an hour," said Carol, "or less."

EVERYONE was dancing or watching or making love or quarreling; and Mr. Atherton, dizzy and annoyed with it all, seized upon the equable Lasalle as a godsend and took him off at once to find the special bottle. Carol drifted away with some one. Or was she alone? It did not matter; Lasalle knew Carol could always find willing company.

She did not find her husband in the crowd. Lily was there, Dick—not Phil—perhaps he had not come. She was glad and then sick with disappointment; and to avoid seeing people she knew she went out onto the open cool veranda, where there were no lights to disturb amorous couples, to watch from there.

Then she saw him standing against a pillar. It was dark but she knew that silhouette, knew that when he was most discouraged he stood that way. For a moment she hardly knew what to do. Then he flung

"I was afraid my vacation would be a total 'flop'"

Seattle, Wash.

"There are so many things doing at college, one hates to miss any of them. But I overdid it. Too many parties, added to studies, ended in my having to go to bed for a week—completely run down.

"In 1918, when all the young men were going into the service, my father had to devote unusually long hours to his business. His snatches of sleep were so short that he became badly run down and broke out with boils. His doctor recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. It not only rid him of the boils but restored him to excellent health—so he is a confirmed believer and soon had me eating Yeast, too.

"In a short time I was much better and in two months I was well. This spring, however, just before school closed, my skin broke out with pimples. How I hated them! I was afraid if I didn't get rid of them my vacation would be a total 'flop.'

"I was again reminded of Yeast, however—and again it was successful. I haven't a sign of a pimple, now—and my health is fine." CORA B. HANSON



(Above) MISS CORA HANSON, of Seattle
Read her story at left

New York City

"RETURNING from a tour of Africa and Australia, I found that I had contracted stomach trouble. Thinking it would wear off, I started east on a well-known vaudeville circuit. But instead of getting better, my trouble rapidly became acute. At Omaha I decided I would have to cancel the rest of my route. A fellow performer, however, suggested Yeast. Said I, 'I'll try it,' and that night I began. Every day I ate several cakes. Well, I was able to go right on with my act, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, doing three strenuous dancing shows daily. In a short time I was in first-class shape."

STANLEY CARVET

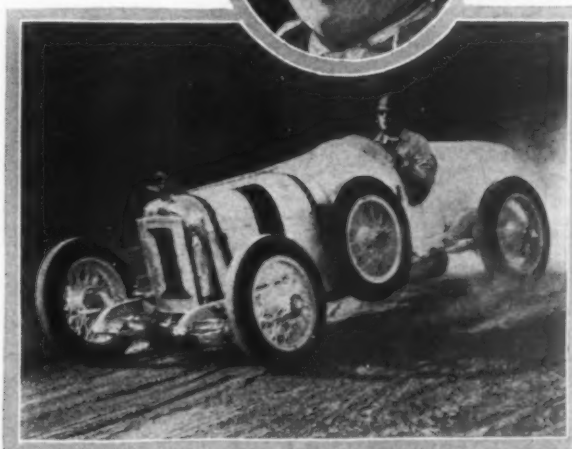


STANLEY CARVET, New York City

WHEN your stomach begins to "act up," when skin blemishes appear—don't rely on weakening, habit-forming drugs, doctors say.

Fresh as any vegetable, Fleischmann's Yeast is a natural health food. It tones up sluggish colon muscles and softens accumulated food wastes—hastening elimination, making it more complete. Soon—your appetite revives, your complexion clears. Your whole being responds with new-found energy and health!

Buy two or three days' supply at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool, dry place. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. M-53, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.



"When I saw my first racing automobile I knew I wouldn't be happy until I had driven one myself," writes Malcolm Clair. His letter follows:

Hollywood, Calif.

"I HAVE RACED a good many cars, though not professionally. For many years this took the place of every other outdoor sport . . . My employment with a law firm was quite a contrast with my former spirited life. Two years at a desk—and I had become sluggish, run down, inclined to have headaches. Then I went on the road to investigate cases, and thought I would get better. But the hours were longer, and I frequently had practically to camp on a case to get needed information. This meant irregular meals. Soon I was constipated again . . . I learned about Fleischmann's Yeast from my mother, who had eaten it with good results. Three cakes a day restored my old-time pep and brought welcome relief from constipation."

MALCOLM CLAIR

Radiant health, new joy in living— this easy way:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals: just plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians say to drink one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed.



Pipe-smoking Doctor Claims Time Record for This Tobacco

**Says he has smoked this brand
for twenty-five years**

Evidently we "started something" in publishing pipe-smoking records of old-time members of the Edgeworth Club.

Here is a doctor who writes in from Oregon to tell the world that he has smoked Edgeworth steadily and exclusively for a quarter century.

Any smoking tobacco that holds a man's affection that long must have some quality that commends it to others. Here's the letter in which Dr. Delepine claims the record:

St. Helens, Oregon
March 15, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I notice with a good deal of amusement the challenge of Mr. J. J. Roberts of Columbia, S. D.

For my own part, I must confess to having smoked Edgeworth steadily for the last 25 years. I began before you had started putting up the "ready rubbed" kind, or at least before it was on sale in the Far West. I smoked your Plug Cut for two or three years. Then I switched to the "ready rubbed" as more convenient, but identical in flavor, and I have used it ever since.

So you may tell Mr. Roberts, with my compliments, that although he has done well and wisely, he is far from being the champion he fancies himself; and for my part, with my better showing, I expect to be a long way behind many others.

Yours very truly,

C. V. Delepine, M. D.

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 8 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed

are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy inbetween sizes.

[On Your Radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters. Frequency 1180 kilocycles]



his cigarette into the blackness, squared his shoulders and turned.

"Philip," said Carol, "let's go home."

He stared at her, the only person in the world who mattered, the only one in the world he wanted.

"Home, darling?" he asked incredulously. "With you?"

"With you," said Carol, "any home. I don't care where we go. You'd better say good night to Lily."

But he had forgotten Lily. Carol had to remind him again, and an elderly lady walking out on the veranda saw them and drew in her breath in horror. It proved many things to her—but more to the two who stood there in each other's arms. So there came, to the house on Cliff Road, happiness.

THE END.

LEARN THAT GUY!

(Continued from page 75)

Now he hardly wasted a second before drawing back a rugged fist and letting fly, landing on Dromio's chin with such impact that Dromio staggered back and reeled against the blackboard. It took all the fight out of Dromio for the time being. But he did manage to hiss through his thin lips with a venomous malignity: "My gang, we allus get guys what we go after! And we going after you!"

Then he stepped softly around the desk to his seat and sat up with a perfect erectness as if nothing had happened. Pietro followed.

The surprised little sub asked a number of questions but received sparse enlightenment. To her further amazement Dromio's behavior for the rest of the forenoon was flawless, beautiful; so she let the matter of the dispensary card ride, so to speak.

BY much trying Angelo had secured for himself an after-school job as errand boy in a grocery.

Angelo liked his job—it was his first. He was proud of it too—proud of the speed and efficiency with which he could deliver those groceries and get back for more! And he was earning six dollars a week! He could hardly believe it himself! Mr. Cohen was kind to him—now and then gave him some candy from the pail, or a handful of raisins.

At four-thirty he was just about to start out with a fifth basket of groceries into the pleasant April afternoon when his friend Illuminato came hurriedly through the door: "That guy Dromio he murdering Pietro out in da alley by next block! He mad you gots da card offen him!"—this in an undertone.

Angelo hastily gathered up his basket; Illuminato lent a hand, and they flew toward the alley.

Dromio had got Pietro down and was pummeling him with all the savagery he could muster. Dropping his basket, Angelo stopped the carnage by the simple process of grabbing Dromio's collar and yanking him off the prostrate Pietro, who wasn't yet badly damaged, Dromio having more malice than brawn.

Gracie Petronini, a sparkling little witch, was passing at the moment. On seeing Dromio handled unceremoniously by the collar, she laughed gayly. The infuriated Dromio seized a brick to hurl at her, only to have his arm caught by Angelo. Dromio spat contemptuously toward her:

"I wisht a house falls on you! I wisht that a—tiger bites every girl in the world! I wisht you gets left back in every class for five hundred years!"

Then, livid with rage, he stumbled off down the narrow alley. Halfway he turned and faced Angelo in gibbering fury. "Tomorrow I get my gang! We fix you, you —! We break every window where you work! Then a boy goes and tells your boss that we going break windows on him all time you work there! So he fires you! Ki! Yi! How you like? We go break windows where you

AT the little house on Holly Street: "You're tired, Kathy," said her mother; "you're working too hard. Your eyes look like burnt holes in a blanket."

"Do they? Well, it doesn't matter. I'm going to rest one of these days."

Her mother glanced at her curiously. But Kathy did not even notice. She was wondering why she felt so much at peace, what had happened to the ache and longing. She was only tired now, and sometimes she was almost sure she would be able to rest in that upper room of the unfinished house on the hill, where there would nearly always be sunlight and often an open fire and steady, gentle love. Perhaps that was her share of the world, and you couldn't ask more than your share.

THE END.

stay too—at Ruzzi's!" He shook a small maddened fist. "They don't like windows broke—they t'row you out! Nobody going catch us at it, neither! Hi! Yi! You!" As he finished with a string of unsavory epithets, he grew almost hysterical.

Angelo was astonished at this venom—chagrined, too. Here was something not easy to combat!

"They take you up for gang-fighting," he called out, with perplexed misgivings. "You get put back to low class with small children!"

Dromio laughed diabolically. "I'm put back two-t'ree times every month! They put me back so much they tired. Aint no classes left to put me back to! I'm put away to the protect'ry twicet already too—they done everything already—and I don't care! Now they going put me in truant school!" With another demonlike laugh he was off.

Angelo slowly picked up his basket, sober-eyed and bewildered. He knew Dromio's reckless gang—the worst on the street. They used sling-shots, but were quick to get away. They robbed drunks, snatched goods from push-carts, threw bricks at teachers of other schools, thinking they wouldn't be known. They had nothing to lose—had already lost everything—had been to court—had been put away.

Angelo's school had lately ruled that any gang-fighting would at once get a boy demoted to a lower class. The boy would forfeit all monitorial privileges and be put off the school nines. Angelo liked being monitor of the desk, but more still he liked being part and parcel of a baseball nine.

Then there was his precious job! If windows were broken on his account, he'd be fired—be idling about, earning no money, like the other boys! And the Ruzzis! He hated to think of the effect one broken window would have on the excitable Mrs. Ruzzi. Dromio was afraid to fight him, Angelo knew—but with a gang at his back, Dromio would dare any meanness.

There was only one thing to do—go and round up a gang of his own, ready for a stiff fight. A real battle might scare off Dromio's crowd. In any case it meant trouble—but he might save his job and Mr. Cohen's windows, also the Ruzzis'.

ANGELO spent an anxious afternoon and evening, his pleasure in his work turned to ashes. Maybe this was his last time on this fine job!

The day he had worn Mr. Ruzzi's shoes, some buttons had come off. Tonight after supper the shoemaker obligingly replaced them. Bringing them home, Angelo paused to talk with Illuminato and Arturo—setting the shoes on the sidewalk. When he reached to pick them up, one was missing! They canvassed the neighborhood, but it did not come to light. This gave an added reason that nothing must happen to his week's pay!



For the Honeymoon Trail

The name—Firestone—has, for a generation, been associated with all the vital advances in motor transportation. Firestone leadership is the result of limitless resources, protection of material at sources of supply and a manufacturing plant which is the greatest in the world specializing on tires.



Big, black and distinctive, with flexible tread which grips the road and insures the utmost in safe, luxurious economical riding—

Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires are the logical equipment for the finest automobiles on every leading thoroughfare in the world. The Firestone Dealer is the tire authority in your locality. See him.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER . . . *Harvey S. Firestone*



A Closer Glance Reveals But Greater Beauty

You can possess an appearance of unusual beauty without the slightest suggestion of that "made up" look. The closest inspection will reveal only an alluring, transparent, pearly skin that is so subtly beautified the use of a toilet preparation cannot be detected.

No messy creams or long drawn out treatments are necessary. From the first moment you use Gouraud's Oriental Cream a fascinating attractiveness is yours. Far superior to face powders as the appearance rendered not only is more beautiful but it will not streak, spot, rub off or show signs of moisture.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream is highly antiseptic and astringent. It constantly exerts a healing, soothing action which protects against the contraction of skin troubles and helps to relieve blemishes, freckles, flabbiness, wrinkles, muddy skins, redness and similar conditions. Secure Gouraud's Oriental Cream today and take your first step to a "new lasting beauty." Made in White, Flesh and Rachel.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

Send 10c. for Trial Size

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON

430 Lafayette Street New York City

Check shade desired: White ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

If the shoes were not found, he must buy Mr. Ruzzi a new pair!

Next morning he had no difficulty in engaging the services of his fighting friends. In spite of the school's ruling, not a boy refused the opportunity for gang conflict.

At noon Angelo's cap was missing from its hook, and he went away bareheaded. He suspected Dromio, who had been in the wardrobe ahead of him. As desk monitor, Angelo had to wait and lock up. As he walked off with Illuminato, he said: "Sometime I go up that guy Dromio's house and ask his sister if my cap and Mr. Ruzzi's shoe is there!"

Illuminato was playing leapfrog over the small children who cluttered the sidewalk. "He aint got nuttin' up his house—no marbles, er pencils, er paper, er no bat, er checkers. He can took all he gots in his pocket. They poor," remarked Illuminato.

Dromio was back early from lunch. He sought out Hannibal, monitor of the rear cupboard. Hannibal was a slippery character, held to law and order by his monitorship. Moreover he was jealous of Angelo, to whose lot now fell all the nice tidbits of errands—formerly his own. So when Dromio, in the school courtyard, asked him with all civility if he'd accidentally leave the class ink-container, with its pint of ink, in a corner of the pupils' wardrobe that afternoon, near to the hook on which Angelo hung his red sweater, Hannibal consented.

"I skun him out of his cap at noon!" Dromio couldn't resist bragging, recognizing a sympathizer in Hannibal. "I learn that guy something! And I gots a note to get me excuse' fifteen minutes before three today!"—with a meaning wink. "I made my sister written it. If you brang a note you got to go to Brooklyn wit' your mother, they leave you go." Nervously he pulled his cap down over his thin dark face. "Every night that cock-eyed teacher make me stay after school! Tonight I get out—I gone before she remember it. That gets my chance to go into the wardrobe early too—I go quiet, so nobody notices. When I'm gone, that sub aint think to pin nuttin' on me!"

The arrangements suited Hannibal. And as a result of this gentlemen's agreement, a hard rubber ball and a false-face changed hands. Hannibal was well pleased with his bargain. No blame would attach to him, either.

"Don't let no girl see," he warned.

"I watch out—the bawling tattle-tales! I wisht they was all drowned when they was kittens! I wisht they has rats and mice crawling all over them so they holler!" And Dromio spat contemptuously—that was how much he thought of girls. "You let me know when it's quarter to three!"

There was no timepiece in the classroom save the teacher's wrist-watch, but Hannibal carried a watch.

"I let you know," Hannibal promised.

TENSE restlessness pervaded the class that afternoon. The little sub was vexed by it, and decided there was only one remedy—a painting period. So in her best pedagogical manner she announced:

"This is the thirtieth of April, children. In some places it is customary to hang May baskets on May first. So we are now going to draw May baskets. Write your name neatly in one corner of this nice white sheet of drawing paper; then we'll outline baskets and paint them full of roses and violets! Wont that be lovely, boys and girls?"

"I'll tell the world!" enthusiastically agreed Max Mannerstein, a big fellow on the front seat. But he had a crush on the teacher and no one paid any attention to him. "You're goin' to git mine!" And he cocked one sparkling enamored eye at the little sub.

"No, no, Max! You must give your painting to some member of the class!" ruled Miss Noll primly. "When your painting is dry, write neatly at the top the name of

the friend you wish to have it, then quietly pass it to that friend."

The majority of the boys with all promptness began to wonder who would get Lily Verelli's basket. Lily—most popular girl in the class—had kind dark eyes, a courteous manner toward everyone, a sweet and reliable disposition, and a soft voice. She wore a red tie on her white middie, and a red ribbon on her fluffy dark locks. But the important thing was that Lily never laughed at or made fun of anyone. She even helped you if she could.

Dromio, however, did no wondering about May baskets. He *knew*. Any girl would scorn to give him a May basket. No one in all his life had ever given him a May basket or valentine or Thanksgiving pumpkin or Christmas card or New Year's greeting or Washington hatchet, or even written him a letter at letter-writing periods. When others told what they got, he had to pretend to be looking at something. Neither was he ever chosen for games or relay races or baseball nines—not even allowed to sub! If by some contrivance he got into a game, some one always said, "You aint no good; you aint got no muscle," and chased him out; or, "You too quarreling—you stir up fights," or "We got the team signed up already." Always an alibi!

Down in his gloomy depths he longed with a great longing to take part in things—be on equal footing; but he could never get a start! If by some chance a new teacher made him monitor, it wasn't ten minutes before she was saying: "Oh—ah—why—ah—maybe this other boy better be monitor just now, Dromio. He knows how better. I'll try you some other time." But she never did.

ANGELO was not thinking of May baskets, either. He was in too high a state of strain over the decisive fight that he knew lay ahead, at afternoon dismissal. Much depended on skillful maneuvering; and he must plan it and lead it and give Dromio's crowd such a beating that they wouldn't want to start again.

The majority of the class set to work like beavers, with one eye on the models Miss Noll outlined on the blackboard. There is nothing the child of New York's congested East Side seems to like so well as flowers, and almost nothing he knows so little about.

Illuminato's roses resembled clouds, and got themselves out into corners and philandering about where no earthly rose could have withstood the attraction of gravity. His violets looked like a blur of polka dots, or a gentle purr of spring rain, or what have you.

Arturo swung a wicked paint-brush. His basket looked like a sheet of flame, a prairie fire. He disdained the violets. Purple was no color to bother with, when red was at hand!

Galileo's basket resembled an airplane which had fallen afoul a blood-red sunset.

Hymie Hyminski's was like a pail of pink bonbons, and when he came to the stems, it was too late to attach them in any place a reasonable stem would choose. Therefore he resourcefully painted them as sticking out of holes in the basketry, which gave his creation a somewhat porcupine effect.

At the end of the period Lily, monitor of the tiny water-pans, rose to collect them while her painting dried. Hers was fairly presentable; you could tell what it was. She intended to write Angelo's name on it when she returned. With his warm brown eyes, his dark curly hair, his sturdy strength and courage, Angelo seemed a romantic figure to all the girls.

Angelo's daub, however, was fit only for the wastebasket. He carried too heavy a load of anxiety to take interest in light occupations. Dromio's basket was no better.

Now Tomaso, practical joker, sat back of Lily. Unobserved, he reached over for her painting. Neatly he wrote Dromio's name



So there's double cause for rejoicing



Food experts say:

"This is an admirably balanced ration."

GRAPENUTS—that crisp, golden food made from wheat and malted barley—has been famous for years as a "health food." Dietitians have approved it. Doctors have recommended it. And millions of people have chosen it. Today, upon countless breakfast tables it appears—Grape-Nuts, served with milk or cream—"an admirably balanced ration."

And yet... do people eat it first and foremost for the "healthful nourishment it supplies?" Do you?... We doubt it! For whenever we "conduct an investigation"—when ever we ask folks *why* they eat Grape-Nuts—the answer most often given (overwhelmingly!) is this: "Because we like it!"

And that's human nature, of course. So there's double cause for rejoicing, when a truly healthful food is truly delicious. Think about that the next time you taste those crisp, enticing kernels, with their nut-like malt-sugar-tinged flavor! Think



that this food you so enjoy eating gives your body so many vital elements. Proteins for muscle and body-building. Iron for the blood. Phosphorus for teeth and bones. Dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy. And the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite.

Two other virtues, also, have helped to raise Grape-Nuts to its present position among modern foods. Its remarkable digestibility and its characteristic *crispness*—both due to the special long, slow baking process by

which the food is prepared.

The crispness of Grape-Nuts makes dentists join with doctors in praising it. For almost alone among modern foods this food encourages thorough chewing. It tempts you to give to teeth and

A million

breakfasters say:

"We eat it because it tastes so good!"

gums the *natural* exercise and stimulation they require for health and beauty. "If people will add to their daily diet," say the dentists, "some foods that must be chewed, then we may hope to prevent many mouth ills that the soft and refined foods of civilization have brought upon us!"

For its crispness—for its nourishing qualities—and (most of all!) for its delicious flavor—put Grape-Nuts regularly on your breakfast table. Your grocer sells it, of course. And you will be interested in the following offer:

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at the top, then slid it to his friend Gilberto across the aisle, with whispered instructions to put it on Dromio's desk just after Lily passed.

Gilberto waited until Lily took Dromio's pan; then as she turned, he slipped the neat sheet of painting onto Dromio's desk. Only a close observer would have noticed that it was not Lily who placed it there.

Dromio's glittering eye lighted upon it. He was about to brush it in scorn to the floor when his glance was arrested by his own name neatly written at the top, and Lily's name at the bottom!

For a second he lost all power of motion, his narrowed eyes opening wider than for many a day. Then his hands fell away from it. He sat breathless. It couldn't be for him—from the nicest girl in the class! But there was her name—and his—so neat! She had just passed, too! He quivered with a sudden aghast humility.

Giving him a May basket, she was—him, such a bad guy!—when never before would any girl have stooped to give him anything! Shame gripped him; he wanted to hide; he felt like a worm.

He'd noticed she was a kind girl. She must be almost the kindest girl in the world! She could be kind to such a—mean guy! Why, she'd be kind to anybody—even a Bowery bum, maybe! That thought didn't make him feel any better.

But maybe Lily didn't know what a bad fellow he was! He hadn't been in this class very long—he was never in any class very long; it always came to a point, early, where he was hastily transferred to another class.

Maybe. Anyway, he'd stop sassing and making faces at his father—wouldn't pound his sister any more. He might—might even go to Sunday-school sometime, like his mother was always wanting him to.

Quietly, stealthily, he began to straighten the debris on his desk—made a tidying pass at his hair, at his tie. His face was scarlet now; and a queer kind of pain stabbed at him inside.

Reaching into his desk, he tore two sheets of clean paper from his home-work notebook and tremblingly wrapped them about this precious possession. Holding it in his lap, his bewitched eyes regarded it as if in a dream. It almost burned his fingers; yet he wanted it with a terrible intensity, and strange to say, with a terrible meekness.

Once more all the fight was taken out of Dromio, but this time the blow cut deeper than any body blow—reached off into the gloomy void where Dromio's thoughts groped and stumbled.

IN the meantime Tomaso had pointed out to Lily that Dromio had her painting. For once Lily's kind disposition was ruffled. She started out around the back of the room to retrieve her property—a paint-pan as an excuse.

Reaching the rear of Dromio's seat and looking into his lap, she was just in time to see him gently folding paper about her drawing—a strange, abased Dromio with downcast eyes and awkward trembling hands. Gone was the hardness and the glitter from his eyes. There was even a suspicion of dampness about his long lashes.

In this state of drooping humility, with shoulders hunched over, he was gazing at her painting, handling it with such care and admiration as to astonish Lily. It was the most subtle of flattery. However, it was not that which moved her, but Dromio's small shaking hands, fumbling in such an abject manner. She had never noticed before how thin he was—all knobby with bones—under his white blouse.

Quite suddenly Lily felt that she did not want to take the painting. It was astonishing that he could want it so! She turned and went quietly back to her seat. What was an old May basket, anyhow?

But it was now a quarter to three. Hannibal, in his monitorial capacity, made an ex-

cuse to pass Dromio's seat. "It's time," he whispered, giving Dromio a nudge. Dromio, eyes in lap gazing at something, gave no heed. Hannibal went around and nudged him on the other side. Still no action.

Hannibal grew restive. Dromio must use that ink if he were going to, so it could be put back where it belonged and divert suspicion from himself! Again he passed Dromio's seat, exhibiting the watch—kicked Dromio's foot, coughed until the little sub regarded him questioningly—but with no results.

As monitor of the desk, it fell to Angelo's lot to gather up the paint-boxes. Absently, sober-eyed, he started about it.

As he reached for Dromio's, he kept at a cautious angle, for Dromio had a habit of getting in a sly kick or punch on some unguarded part of a boy's anatomy. But to his surprise Dromio sat as meek as a lamb, even moved over so Angelo could reach the box easily.

Dromio had omitted to repack the paint-brush in the box, so Angelo was obliged to return for it. Still no kicks or punches—not even a pin in his pencil-rubber to thrust out at a monitor! Only that same meek non-resistance! Angelo could hardly believe it.

THE class now had a short lesson in oral English; then the dismissal bell rang. The little sub reminded Dromio that he had to stay after school.

Angelo, as monitor of the desk, had to stay a minute or so to lock up and put away the desk textbooks. Tonight he intended to perform his duties in two shakes of a lamb's tail, and rush off to lead his side in the gang conflict that so surely impended.

When the little sub went out into the corridor to watch the lines down and chat a bit with the other teacher on duty, Angelo expected to see Dromio shin down the fire-escape and make off, as he had done more than once. But nothing of the kind; Dromio sat immovable.

Angelo lingered. No fighting would start until Dromio got out of school.

A woman puffed her way in. Very stylish she looked to Angelo, in a beaded black dress with satin on it. He recognized her—Mrs. Hyminski, Hyman's mother.

"Where is de teacher?"
"She aint here. Did you want something, Mrs. Hyminski?"—this politely. Angelo knew what she wanted; Mrs. Hyminski always came to complain when Hymie got poor marks. She was in a dramatic, flashing-eyed mood, looking for battle—the spirals of her curly black hair standing straight out.

"Ach! Do I vant somet'ings! And my Hymie getting marks for left back! She aint enough explanationing dot 'rit'metics to my Hymie! Ach! I know! She want to leave him back next time! She getting ready yet. If she leave my Hymie back again,"—Mrs. Hyminski's eyes rolled melodramatically as she led up to her climax with a practiced hand,—"I tell you wot: I kill myself!"

Angelo remembered hearing Mrs. Hyminski say this several times before—every time, in fact, that Hyman was in danger of failing. He'd often failed, too. And here was Mrs. Hyminski alive and well! Angelo looked at her curiously. What was the use of going on year after year saying you were going to kill yourself, and then doing nothing at all about it? But only half his mind was functioning. He couldn't at first think of a reply, but after a moment, with a puzzled expression, he managed to ask conversationally: "Aint you killed yourself yet, Mrs. Hyminski?"

Dromio gave a quick merry laugh. Angelo was astonished! Dromio thought him witty! For never had he heard Dromio laugh like that before. He softened a bit toward his enemy.

And now suddenly, out of a clear sky, Dromio said amiably to Angelo: "I help you wash the blackboards."

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Angelo was all but stricken dumb. He had not intended to delay for blackboard washing, but so stunned was he that he only nodded voicelessly and passed Dromio the wash-basin to fill.

Dromio returned with it, peaceful and unruffled. He set to work with a will—did a neat and capable job, while Angelo hovered about in limp bewilderment. "You good board-washer," he said at last faintly. "Them others they leave it streaked."

Dromio's face brightened. "I help you wash boards every night," he volunteered. "All right," said Angelo weakly. "You be wash-the-board monitor."

"I help you put up the seats," went on Dromio. There seemed no limit to his benediction.

A couple of minutes later they slid back the wardrobe doors to take out their wraps. Dromio spied the ink-container. "Here's the ink-can!" he exclaimed in surprise. "Somebody forgets and leaves it out! I better puts it away."

Angelo unlocked the cupboard, and Dromio set it in.

AS Dromio stepped back to the wardrobe and took his sweater from a hook, he deftly reached behind a loose board of the siding and pulled something out. "Why, here's your cap you lost at noon!" he said with a beautiful amazement.

Angelo pounced upon it. "That is my cap!" he cried gratefully. "Thank you! I glad I got!"

As they started for the door, Angelo retrieved a bat from under his desk. Dromio regarded it with a melancholy interest. "I—I carry your bat for you," he offered with some constraint.

For a fleeting instant the terrible loneliness that had been his, looked out of his eyes—only for an instant, however.

But that one look cut across Angelo's attention—though he didn't consciously know

what he had seen, nor why he replied so cheerily: "I try you out for substitute in our nine—for runner—if you wants. I'm captain since yesterday. Fatty Neff, he can't run. You skinny—you make good runner."

Dromio's hand trembled with the shock and rapture of it. "All right," he said huskily, and was all at once unable to say more. When he found his voice again, he was ill-at-ease: "I—I know wh-what boy crooked—crooked Mr. Ruzzi's shoe off you." He seemed suddenly to feel better! "Tomorrow I make him gimme, and I take it to you."

Angelo almost dropped his books in paralyzed astonishment.

"I like this class," Dromio went on. "I can be good if I wants. . . . I bet I can get B plus this month. I bet I stay in this class long time now, and don't get no more chased out!"

The little sub was still chatting in the hall. Angelo, slowly recovering from his stupefaction, gave her the keys.

In a cheerful polite tone Dromio said: "I stayed my twenty minutes, Miss Noll." Miss Noll fairly stared. "All right," she said, blinking her surprise. "Miss Daly'll take you down. She's all ready to go."

As they waited at Miss Daly's door, Angelo floated on a sea of content. There was nothing in the world imperiling his precious job, Mr. Cohen's windows, Mr. Ruzzi's peace of mind, or Mr. Ruzzi's shoes! And on Monday he would still be both a monitor and a captain!

But Dromio was asking something in a small hesitating voice: "Did—did—you get a—May basket?"

"No," answered Angelo, stoutly careless of such honors—and dismissed May baskets.

But Dromio evidently had something more he needed to say—something he had never been able to say before. At last he got it out—in a thin, far-away, halting voice. "I—got—one," he said, his eyes shining. It was a proud moment for Dromio.

THE GREAT GESTURE

(Continued from page 79)

The sensation of it—knowledge that she had left the earth and sped through the air—completely occupied her for the first minutes; but she felt no fright. Now, as she flew, she kept her eyes fixed on the shoulders and helmeted head of the pilot. He seemed to her almost to be part of the plane, so quietly did he loom before her, so immobile.

She looked over the edge, watching the steady flow of the moonlit ground. Her eyes returned to the pilot's shoulders and the fine contours of his head. No longer was she dizzy at all or faint; yet the contours were still Richard's. For a long time she gazed at him, then bent forward and touched him. He did not turn around. He might have been part of this great flying bird which was carrying her so swiftly, so surely to Sturgis Fessenden.

He lifted a hand to his face and plucked at the strap of his goggled helmet. Sweepingly off, he suddenly turned his head and she cried out: "Richard!"

She saw his lips part; in reply, perhaps. She heard nothing; in the roar of the engine and propeller, she scarcely heard her own outcry. She saw his lips part and his eyes were on hers. The plane lurched a little. He turned away from her and she sank back in her seat, staring at his head and shoulders. Richard was piloting her, not Harford—unless all along Harford had been another name for Richard Farrell. How was it? Who had arranged it? Sturgis Fessenden, knowingly? Was this something he had planned and prepared? That scarcely could be. However it was, whatever it meant, here was Richard, piloting her westward in the night.

Now and then he turned to her; now and

then he called to her—short words, monosyllables of companionship. Her first flight was to be short; out of his consideration of her—consideration which carried across the continent—Sturgis Fessenden had arranged a halt in Pennsylvania at Bellefonte.

Richard, when he turned, pointed down; they were circling, descending with engine shut off, with only the clatter of the propeller beating idly in the air. Great beams of light glared on the ground and cast long dark streaks which moved and were men's shadows.

"They're to think," Richard shouted, "that I'm Harford—Harford, d'you hear?" "I hear," Janet cried. "But you—"

"Later we can talk; not here!"

Not there, certainly; they had not come to a stop on the ground before the shadow-streaked swarm closed in on them. Outstretched hands helped Janet down and set her on her feet, only to face more lights and cameras. She had not a moment to herself with Richard. "Later we can talk," he had said. Where? What did he mean?

They were in the air again. . . . Cleveland came and was the same as Bellefonte, except that at Cleveland, Richard commanded her to sleep on the hop to Chicago.

Then they were in the air once more. Richard had said sleep! She wanted to laugh at the absurdity of it. Why, even this sudden freedom from earth, so newly experienced, would be enough to keep her awake. And how about all the rest of it? But now her eyes were struggling to hold the vision of Richard Farrell. Her lids drooped, lifted, closed, and she was asleep—asleep in a vast buoyancy which transcended anything she had ever felt—except in dreams.

From time to time Farrell turned and



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(THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER JUNE, 1930)

glanced at her. "Not yet, not yet," he reminded himself, rejoicing that Fessenden's sense of drama had demanded that one pilot convey her across the continent for the sake of making the flight a more spectacular *tour de force*, something like Lindbergh's. When the airport near Chicago lay below them, he longed to swerve from the scheduled course and come down upon some field where they were not awaited. He wanted to free her from this rotten notoriety.

The throttling of the motor, the lessening of sound as he cut it off preparatory to making the Chicago airport, awoke Janet. . . . They were on the ground; and Richard, helping her to alight, felt her shrinking again before the explosions of flashlight powder and the clamor of camera-men and reporters demanding: "Where will you marry him? In the air? . . . What will you wear? . . . How long have you loved him?"

"You're ahead of schedule," some one was saying to Farrell.

"We want to be," he replied; and he found her ready, as soon as he was, to go on. Did she realize—he wondered, as he watched her settle in her seat—the real meaning of his presence as pilot? Did she suspect what he had in mind to do before the sun set again? Or was her impatience only eagerness for immediate escape from this clamoring crowd? Or was it that she wished to reach, as soon as she might, Sturgis Fessenden?

The desert at last: sand and sage below them, and the sun low and level in the blue to the right which topped the naked horizon. They were descending with no airport in sight—nothing but the level floor of the desert broken there by a cañon, spotted here by great rocks which ran up to a mesa. Richard skimmed over these and avoided them, made sure of a straight stretch of firm-looking sand, and came down. Short of the cañon a hundred yards, they stopped, and Janet and Richard lifted their goggles and looked at each other.

"Nothing's the matter," she meant to ask, but stated, instead.

"Nothing's the matter with the engine," he said.

"Where are we, Richard?"

"By ourselves; that's enough." And when she made no answer, he added: "I left our course an hour ago. Let's get out!"

SHE arose, and he lifted her down from the cockpit, his arms for an instant about her; and they were by themselves—so utterly alone! But he let her go as her toes touched the sand.

She walked a little away from the airplane where she had been prisoned so long, and he followed her. She seemed to him to be freeing herself from the cramped confinement of the plane; and she seemed, also, to be freeing herself—momentarily at least—from another restraint not physical.

"Richard, why are you doing this?" she asked him at last when she turned to him.

"What do you think I am doing?" he countered.

"You landed here—unnecessarily."

"Do you wish we were flying on?"

VINA DELMAR

who has made a hit with her novel, "Bad Girl," will have in our next issue a story which is new and fascinating both in manner and material.

"Uptown Woman"

by

VINA DELMAR

She could not face him, as she was doing, and answer that direct. "I haven't promised to marry him, Richard," she said. "When he told me I must come to him, I promised only to fly to San Francisco to see him before he sailed."

"Not only to see him," Richard denied.

"Only to see if I loved him," she amended.

"It's gone 'way beyond that now—as he knew it would," Richard accused. "As he made mighty sure it would."

He put a hand upon her sleeve hot with the dry, glaring sun, and he let his fingers slip without grasping. "He knew how this thing would build up; he knew how he could build it up, Janet! The whole world knows now you're flying to marry him! He committed you to that; he knows you; you'll think you have to marry him."

"Maybe I want to!"

IT escaped her, without her knowing it.

There it was, said and off her lips; and Richard's fingers seized her. Had she said it to him for that?

"Do you want to?"

"I don't know."

"Do you love him?"

"I don't know."

"Janet, do you love me?"

His hands had her now; and she whispered to him, there in that stark, staring silence: "I don't know!"

Tingling rills ran up from his fingers, prickling in his wrists and in his pulses. "Then I know—you don't, don't love him—or you'd know, at least, you don't love me! And I'm damned if I'll fly you into this trap he's set for you!"

Prickling rills ran in her pulses too; he could feel them, as her hands closed on his to thrust his from her. "He's not trapping me, Richard," she whispered again. "He's only—sending for me. He's had a right to me always, you see. Sit here with me, Richard." She dropped to the hot, dry sand. "Ever since I was a little girl, he's— And yesterday Father took another check from him."

"I'll pay those checks back, every penny, Janet!"

"If you did, you couldn't repay—what they meant to us, dear."

She reached for him to hold him on the sand beside her, but he leaped to his feet. He could not stay still. She thought at first he was merely walking off, but suddenly he hurried to the airplane and plucked with such fury, at the engine, that she sprang up. Now he left the plane carrying in his hand some little thing. She ran after him to the brink of the cañon, where he stopped with hand raised as she cried out: "Richard, what are you doing?"

"I've taken this from the ignition. I'll throw it there, and all hell couldn't move us from here!"

"You want!"

"Why want I?"

"You hate him for his trap—what you call his trap he's set for me. What would you call what you're doing—if you drop that down and—trap me here?"

Richard's arm fell to his side with his fingers clenched upon what they held.

"We'll wait, that's all—wait!" he decided.

"Wait?"

"A day. I've food and water for us. A day's delay—what's that in a lifetime if he loves you?"

"But what do you think a day can do?"

"We'll see!"

THE first intimation Sturgis Fessenden received that there was a fault in his plan came to him in San Francisco with the report that the plane was overdue at Cheyenne. He hurried to the airport at Frisco, where he felt he would be in closer touch with developments.

Though he had sent out the bulletins that

Janet Thayer was flying to him, he had kept himself secluded. For once in his life it had been no part of his plan to allow himself to be interviewed—yet. So he had secluded himself, while he received detailed reports of the plane's progress across the country, and full accounts, by telegram, of the stories appearing in the press.

Not once—and he prided himself upon his acumen—had he personally been responsible for the statement that Janet was flying across the continent to marry him; but the assumption that this was her purpose was practically universal. And no report of interviews with her, which reached him, actually denied it. So he had the tremendous testimony of this publicity to show her how irreparably she would injure him if, after arriving, she refused to be his wife.

The fact that, on the other hand, he could find no statement from her that she would marry him, failed to disturb him. He knew it was her nature to be reticent, reserved in public. He liked this phase of her, and was pleased to note that the press played up her shyness and her innate and lovely reserve.

To be able to win her gave him the comforting feeling that he was back in his late twenties; it was a tremendous satisfaction to know that he could again enter the lists of love and win over a much younger man. That Farrell loved her made it more of a triumph for Fessenden. . . .

Until he arrived at the airport, he felt no particular anxiety at the report that the plane was overdue. It was probably nothing serious. At worst, he conceived only a possibility that Janet's arrival in San Francisco might be delayed so that he would have less time to conquer her objections to a hurried marriage. But he could not imagine her finally refusing. "Think, Janie," he would say, "what it will mean to have scareheads flung across the country: 'Flying Girl Leaves Bridegroom Stranded on Eve of Important Mission!'" He chuckled at the idea; he knew it was not in Janet's nature to subject him to that.

What began to alarm Fessenden, as the overdue time of the airplane doubled, was the information that Jack Harford was not the pilot. An Eastern newspaper man had discovered Harford in New York; and now a telegram stated that it was "believed" that the pilot was Richard Farrell.

WHAT did that mean? Here the telegram was tantalizingly brief. Another followed: "Definitely established Farrell is flying with Janet Thayer!"

How was that? It was impossible for Fessenden to interpret this in any other light than that Janet had arranged the substitution of Farrell for Harford. What, then, did this long "overdue" mean?


Ah! Here came telegrams interpreting that for him! The reporters had learned that Janet Thayer and Richard Farrell had been in love! They speculated whether this was their elopement!

A twisted smile came to Sturgis Fessenden's lips. The Brobdignagian publicity which he had employed to his purpose threatened to turn against him—to make him utterly ridiculous.

"Overdue" in the headlines next to be printed would bear no implication of disaster; the explanation would be that Farrell and Janet Thayer were escaping together from an absurd, expectant bridegroom.

The supreme moment which Sturgis Fessenden had planned to bring about seemed to be receding. "What about this?" reporters were asking him. "Did you know this? . . . What did you say to her? . . . What did she say to you?"

He had to answer. Silence no longer would serve him. The twisted smile that had come to Sturgis Fessenden's lips changed to a half-savage laugh—a laugh because, no matter what might be happening, he had had



There was a jolly miller
Lived on the River Dee
He worked and sang from morn till night
He had a hearty appetite
And always kept digestion right—
"Thank Double Mint," said he!

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Keep your digestion right
with Wrigley's.

Get Wrigley's Double Mint
and have a real treat.

It's a new and better Pepper-
mint flavor—the sweet of
good taste and good health.

After every meal



"How do you like these new Chesterfield advertisements?"

"All right . . . but they couldn't be as good as the cigarette itself!"



THEY'RE MILD
and yet **THEY SATISFY**

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the instinct and foresight to guard his own words so that they could not make him, now, an utter fool. He had never said that Janet was flying to him to marry him.

As clearly as he had ever seen anything,—and clearness of vision was a quality upon which he prided himself,—he saw his avenue of escape from nation-wide ridicule.

His first move was to gather the reporters about him, glare at them as though they were responsible for the shortcomings of all their tribe and demand to be told how the report had got abroad that Janet Thayer was flying to marry him. What did these damned publicity-hounds mean, anyway, by putting such an interpretation on her flight?

He backed this up by relating how he had been always her father's friend, and how Janet, ever since she was a little girl, had been as precious to him as an actual daughter. He declared that the truth of the flight was this: he had learned that she was going to marry Richard Farrell, and before he sailed for the Orient, he had wanted to assure her happiness—and Farrell's. He had wanted to see her again, and it had been necessary for him to see Farrell, if he was going to put Farrell in charge of some of his affairs. So Farrell had offered to fly to him, and Janet had insisted upon coming. But he—Fessenden—had realized how sensational this would appear, and so he had let it be known that his friend's daughter was flying with another pilot; then this had been twisted into a more sensational matter still.

Now Fessenden wanted it corrected; they had the real romance!

He had a way, Sturgis Fessenden, of carrying conviction; and the reporters hurried off. Here, at least, was a fresh angle to publish. And Fessenden sat back and took stock of himself.

How bitter was defeat—to be cheated of that girl! But he had saved himself from public humiliation. If they had crashed and were killed, no one could deny his story; if they lived—and were this long overdue—undoubtedly his explanation was, in its elements, the truth. But he would have to find a place in his affairs for Farrell! At least he would have now to make an offer.

Might they have crashed and been killed? Little Janet! His little, loving Janet! One moment that fear filled him; at another he burned with dread that they were laughing at him somewhere together—and that soon all the world would be laughing at him, and that his story would never overtake that laughter. If he could tell the world first!

A man approached him. "The radio audiences, Mr. Fessenden, are tremendously interested in Janet Thayer's flight. They have been receiving bulletins. If you would speak to them yourself—"

THERE was bright starlight over the desert, and night cold. Under the wings of the plane Richard had laid cushions and coats for Janet; he would sleep in the cockpit or somewhere on the sands.

The plane had radio with a head-set for receiving; and Janet sat with her ears covered, listening. The air was full of speculation about her. Suddenly she straightened. Sturgis Fessenden was to speak! He was being introduced; here came his voice! What was he saying? Unknowingly, she cried out.

Richard ran to her and heard: "He's broadcasting—broadcasting about us."

"Who?"

"He!"

"Fessenden? What's he saying?"

"I think," said Janet, "he will—yes, he's saying it again, so everyone will understand." She gave, and Dick seized from her, the head-set. . . .

Sturgis Fessenden's voice had ceased; and Janet Thayer and Dick Farrell faced each other under the stars.

His arms ached for her—his arms into which Fessenden's own voice had delivered her; but he waited. For she needed some time—time to restore herself from Fessenden's bestowal of her to another, from his abandonment of her in order to be sure to save his own great gesture. Splendid and spectacular he must be; compared to his self-esteem, she counted for nothing.

Slowly she went to Dick; and shyly—with that shyness in which Sturgis Fessenden had delighted—she settled in Richard's arms.

Half an hour later there was clatter in the desert—the roar of engine and propeller as an airplane ran over the firm, smooth sand and fought its way into the air.

THE QUEEN WOLF

(Continued from page 83)

for the rutting season, when Unawep might pick a new mate.

Running true to wolf form, Unawep had led to a fresh kill every other night. Long ago, when she was a young wolf, she had committed the sin of eating from a dead carcass. The poison it contained had been weak and poorly placed. She had spewed up that bitter, sickening dose in time to save her life. Like other renegades that have learned their lesson, she had since refused to eat of carrion.

Now the unvarying law was not to touch any meat that had not been freshly killed by the pack.

The young wolves were curious, investigative, of an inquiring turn of mind. The world was new to them. Traps, guns or poison had not yet entered their lives to make them bitter, mold them into renegade killers with knowledge of man enemies. With twelve such young rascals to manage, Unawep was kept on the alert.

Loping along a woods road near the Cold Springs ranger station, Unawep suddenly stopped, sniffed, dropped her keen nose, circling to catch the scent. The pack started milling, instinctively imitating the movements of their queen mother. One little wolf yapped excitedly. There was the taint of fresh meat on the ground.

MORE from curiosity than from any idea of finding food, Unawep turned and started at the trotting wolf lope. In an open park, tied to a scraggy low pine, they came to the horse-meat lure wired to the tree. Unawep stopped, sniffed. At first the pack surged forward. Then, following the movements of their leader, they started circling, edging toward that bait, sniffing suspiciously.

Growling, Unawep advanced. She was suspicious, testing every bit of ground with keen sniffing. She found a square of fat. A little wolf found another. The little fellow gobbled it greedily. It was easy food, tempting and sweet, that had not come from the grueling work of cattle-killing.

With a growl the leader mother dived at the offender. The whelp scuttled to safety. Another of the pack yapped excitedly as he

found another square of fat, gobbled it. Another went directly to the bait. Discipline was disorganized completely.

Circling, afraid of some unseen, unsensed danger, Unawep rushed at her followers, snapping, snarling, driving them away as best she could. A moment later, still with that dread of the unseen enemy stirring in her wolf mind, she led the pack away. No ill effects followed. The young wolves continued to romp and play, raced in the slaughter of the cattle that night, and then went peacefully to sleep off the meat jag. Still Unawep was uneasy. Instinctively she dreaded any repetition of that incident.

The damage had been done. The youngsters had tasted the teasing fat squares, had wolfed them down, and had relished the tidbits placed there as decoy baits by Sagewa. No bitterness of smeared strychnine was on the surface of those decoys. Any other fat bait, as sweet, as tempting as those, would now lure them into the forbidden act of eating meat not of their own fresh kill.

Night came again. Unawep, uneasy, realizing that the faint man scent, the scent of shod horses that had been around that bait, forecast trouble, lifted her head and sent forth the call to the pack. Some of the youngsters came hurrying along the trail. Minutes passed. Never before had that call been disregarded by the pack. For nearly an hour she waited, occasionally howling in summons.

Four whelps only came—the four youngest. Something told her that at the horse meat she would find the rest of the pack; there, gathered by curiosity, lured by the taste of the fat squares, would be the truants.

Unawep and the young whelps loped to the poison station. Around the little open park circled the yearlings. At the head stalked the largest dog wolf of the group. It was he that would ultimately question Unawep's leadership if she did not take a new mate soon.

Timid, held back by some instinctive fear, the yearling wolves had not yet advanced to the area covered by the newly placed mixed poison baits. Unawep snarled, growled, charged the yearlings. They scattered.

Intrigued by the fascinating chunk of horse meat, the old queen stopped, then went carefully forward. She passed a tempting bit of fat. She dropped her nose, sniffed. Violating those years of careful abstinence, assured by the fact that similar fat had been eaten the night before, Unawep picked up the bit of fat, mouthed it. Then she spat it out quickly. There was some taint on that fat, some foreign taste, some indescribably warning flavor. She had almost disregarded that terrible lesson of years before.

She turned, started away. But back of her slunk the truant dog-wolf yearling. In a flash he reached the fat that Unawep had spat out, now covered with wolf slaver and washed of that faint foreign scent. He picked it up with his white hard teeth, jerked his head as he threw it into his mouth, did not stop even to puncture it with his incisor teeth as is generally done, but gulped down the poison-laden fat greedily.

He stopped, sniffed at other fat, then in bewilderment growled, turned in a daze, wobbled to the side of the little park. He tried to heave out the thing that had leaped into life in his belly. Unawep saw that quick rising of the hair on the dog wolf's back. She had seen it before in other poisoned wolves. She knew that death had flashed out from some unseen point and jabbed its talons into her son.

With swift-running steps the mother wolf was at the side of her yearling whelp. There

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was nothing to be done, but Unawep instinctively moved to shield him from further attack. The dog wolf snarled, whimpered, tried again to throw that rampant tigerish thing that bit at his vitals, out of his body. The other wolves, awed, scared, slunk away, tails between legs, frightened by the quick, unseen attack on their brother.

The dog wolf staggered. He fell. Then, with a mighty effort, his rough, bristling hair raised, his every fiber taut, he partially disgorged the poisoned meat.

Grim, stalking, growling, Unawep stood over him. For a long moment the dog wolf jerked, snarled, bit at himself; then he lay quiet for many moments.

Unawep went forward and sniffed. Faint odor of that bodiless killer that had nearly snuffed out her life years before was in that bait. She growled, bared her teeth, then nosed closer to the stricken wolf.

Slowly, staggering, the young dog wolf got to his feet. Unsteadily he started to trot, dropped to a walk, then weaved along through the brush. Slowly, weakening, but driving on with determined, faltering steps, the wolf struggled for perhaps a quarter-mile. Then the leader of the yearlings let go his grip on wolf life.

Whining, upset beyond comprehension, torn by fear and mother love, Unawep moved cautiously toward her dead son. Killer, unmerciful executioner of quadrupeds that came in her way, Unawep whimpered, cried pitifully, nosed about the dead body of the yearling that had the year before been the pet of her litter.

She came back the next day, the following night, then circled that dangerous spot and its tempting death baits.

Then Sagewa found him.

Unawep tried again to round up the pack that had scattered during her preoccupation resulting from the death of the yearling. But others were missing. The pack was now but six. Nor could she find the other wolves. For those missing had dropped out of sight as quickly, and by the same route, as the dog wolf.

With vicious, lusting blood-hunger, with new cruelty, Unawep drove into the herds of Wenner, the Club Ranch, Longman, and the other cow owners of the Uncompahgre mesa. With uncanny, sure-footed precision she led her pack around trap sets at scent posts, blind sets, ambushes where rifles might be hidden.

New solidarity came to the pack that Unawep led. It had been tried and had learned its lesson, at the cost of six yearlings. Unawep drove them at her will, marshaled them when kills were made, directed their every step when they ran together. Her leadership was never again questioned. She was their queen and their mother.

SAGEWA had labored early, late, incessantly, marshaling all his wolf lore in the drive on Unawep and her pack. High-country summer had passed in the brief, flowering days of July and early August. The white calf still fed near the ranger station, and Sagewa was beginning to twit Charley Longman about a new hat.

The calf was still alive, but Sagewa was baffled. The old queen had evaded him. It was time to have outside counsel. That was why Stanley Young came from Denver, at Sagewa's request, and with the field foreman of the Survey stationed at Montrose, arrived at Sagewa's camp. . . .

Young and Sagewa squatted before the door of the cabin while the Survey foreman sat near by, smoking thoughtfully. It was a council of war.

"Wont pay attention to scent post trap sets. What remains of the pack fights shy of poison. I get coyotes and magpies, but no wolves. Most of all, I can't seem even to make a good try at this old she-wolf, Unawep," declared Sagewa. "She keeps out of

trails, follows hard ground where there would be a chance to set a trap. I've made every sort of a trap set that I know, strung out every kind of poison bait. The whole bunch under her leadership seems to melt away and drop out of that part of the country, only to show up with a whalin' kill somewhere else on the plateau. I'm licked to this point."

"Wolves are wolves," cheered Young. "And some day you can out-think her."

"I'll be thinkin' faster than I have to date when I do."

DAYS of riding followed. At a number of points the men found the cross-toed track of the old queen.

"How much blind setting have you done?" asked Wilson.

"Everywhere a set could be made in a run-way. Cattle have sprung a lot of my traps. You know, they nose around scent posts just out of curiosity, stumble into the traps, tear up the ground, and ruin the location. Most of the scent-post sets have been spoiled that way. But this old girl wont visit them any-way—torn up or not torn up.

"Trouble is, there are a darned few places on the runways of this bunch of wolves that have earth deep enough to make blind sets. Seems like I've had a try at all of them."

"How about that open aspen-bordered park near Keith's sawmill?" asked Young. "Seems to me that is ideal and you've not put in any traps there yet. That's one place she follows the regular trail."

"Too much stock in that park. I could put it off to one side of the main trail, but that wouldn't catch any wolves. There's just that one stretch that she follows regularly. But so do the dogies."

"Get the cow-men to move the stock out," suggested Young.

"Think they'd do that?"

"You bet they would."

The stockmen readily agreed to shove their cattle out of that section and keep them out. Young and the Survey man departed. Sagewa prepared to make the trap set for the one big last try. For several days the riders were busy gathering the cattle from that portion of the range. They were being held in a pasture near the ranger station. The white calf was in the bunch.

"Looks like a new hat for me," chaffed Sagewa as he rode with Charley Longman.

"Season's not over yet," gloomed Longman. "But I'll give that hat willingly if you get that wolf."

Night came. Sagewa turned in early. Sleep had wrapped him in rest for several hours when he suddenly sat up, listening. Murder was being committed in the cow-pasture. Hurriedly slipping on his boots, Sagewa grasped his rifle and slid out into the night. It might be a gorgeous chance at the pack if there was light enough.

High carnival of slaughter was galloping with the wolf pack over the cow-pasture. The gray killers raced and howled in excited frenzy. Sagewa reached a little ridge above the pasture. He stopped to listen. A calf was bawling frantically. The herd was milling crazily. There was more death bawling from the calf, the ripping of staples from the fence as the animal in blind fright plunged through the barbed wire heedlessly. The wolf pack howled and yapped. For a few moments there was more grisly noise beyond the pasture. Then sudden silence fraught with tragedy. . . .

For an hour Sagewa stalked. Black night, clutching tree branches, impeded his progress. Then, certain that the pack had made the kill, eaten, and then been frightened away by his own coming, the hunter found his way back to the cabin.

In the morning he followed the tracks of a she-wolf with crossed toes leading a pack of leaping hound devils to where Charley Longman's white calf had finally bawled out its last breath.

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Sagewa stood impotently above the remains of what had been a symbol of his contest against the queen wolf.

"Sure as death," remarked Longman as though a load had been lifted from his mind. "That calf was marked from its birth as wolf meat. White coat made it a special target in the night, I guess."

"I owe you a hat," reminded Sagewa.

"Get that wolf so I can see her with traps on her feet and a wire muzzle around her jaws and I'll forget the hat!"

ALL Sagewa's care, his training, his lore were put into setting the first two traps in the aspen park.

Grimly he went back to the camp, bundled up other traps in the setting cloth, buried all for the night in the ranger station manure-pit to kill the man scent. The next day he visited the first trap set, passed on when it appeared undisturbed, then made two other sets in the park.

Days of watching followed. No new wolf-tracks appeared in the park. It was disheartening. Then came word that their sign had been seen near a fresh kill ten miles to the south. Hopelessness came to the hunter. October first approached. Another few weeks and the wolves would not be following the high ranges any longer, but would be loping away to the southward into the La Salle Mountain country beyond the Utah border. If luck and persistence did not do the trick now, it might take another whole season to catch the Unawep wolf, and by that time she would be leading another litter of whelps, have another mate.

The last of September came with blue

sky, golden aspen, crispy clear atmosphere. Another kill was reported.

"Come on up," urged Sagewa to Longman when the latter had visited the cow camp, ready to make it tight for the winter. "Make it about day after tomorrow. I think I'm goin' to get results after all."

"How can you tell?" queried Longman.

"Feel it in my bones. Living like an Indian, I can come near telling what is going on just by the feel of things. And something tells me those old trap sets that have been in that park for the past two weeks are going to do something within forty-eight hours."

Longman scoffed laughingly.

"I'm not joking," cried Sagewa, half angrily. "I mean it when I say I've got this hunch. I'll have that wolf before the end of the week."

But it did not take that long. Sagewa came hurrying into Longman's camp in time to stop the cow-man from leaving the following morning.

"Got her," exulted Sagewa. "Got her with two traps on her feet. Gosh, it was lucky! Stepped dead center on both traps. Can hardly move. Come help me muzzle her."

Challenging, howling, snarling, during the two men to come near, Unawep thrashed in the trap. It looked like a fight to subdue and muzzle her. But once the light pole was across her neck and the rope around her free legs, with Sagewa moving methodically out on that pole to slip the hay-wire muzzle over her jaws, she gave up.

The queen wolf of Uncompahgre had fallen. Reprieve from death had come to other animals on the plateau.

RAGAMUFFIN

(Continued from page 49)

"Now look what you've done! For the last time I'm a-telling you to trot away from here. Do you hear me? Off with you!" And he tapped her quivering nose.

A moment longer she stood, her eyes gleaming; then of a sudden she turned and started away, her tail wrathfully whipping the air. Then it happened—Little Gill bent over the colt and had but touched it when the mare wheeled and rushed upon him. She took him by his shoulder and shook him as he had shaken the colt.

We reached him at about the same time, old Barney with his pitchfork, I, foolishly enough, with my small useless pocket-knife opened, and the Boss with a length of plank he had torn from the fence; and while the sight of her made my heart miss more than one beat, I felt a great, sweeping pride in my cousin Jocelyn when I found her there with us, her blue eyes flashing, and with no more in her hands than had Little Gill in his.

Between us, we beat off the mare from her two victims. There was a great wound in Little Gill's shoulder, and evidently the infuriated animal had struck him somewhere with one of her hoofs, for when we lifted him, he was unconscious.

"Carry him," directed Aunt Fran when we reached her, "to the house." And, her stick tapping before her, she led the way.

IN a few days Aunt Fran and Jocelyn had him right again, save for a slow-healing wound in his shoulder; and despite our common protests, he moved back to his cabin under the cottonwood, in order, of course, that he might care for the colt. A day or two after Little Gill left the Big House, Jocelyn walked to Mercy Lodge for a visit with the two invalids.

"E's better, and I've hopes o' bringin' 'im round. And do you know, Miss Jocelyn," Little Gill added, "though 'e's nothin' but a baby, as you might say, I believe 'e has the makin' of a real horse."

"Let's see him," she invited; so Little Gill

led him from the hospital stall he had built, long before, at the rear of his cabin.

The colt was a grotesque little figure. Small even for his months, he was a mass of pads, adhesive tape and bandages. One eye was completely hidden, and the other looked out drolly upon the mystifying world.

"Why, you poor little ragamuffin!" laughed Jocelyn, taking the abused diminutive head between her hands.

Little Gill cocked his head to one side, pondering a moment. "Let's call 'im that, Miss Jocelyn."

"Call him what?"

"Ragamuffin."

So then and there they gave a battered, undersized, solemn little colt a name that, during the next few years, was to be known throughout the racing world.

That night at supper Jocelyn gayly announced the fact. "My friends, permit me to announce that this day I have named a future Derby winner."

"How's that?" asked the Boss.

"The foal that wild virago tried to kill. I have named him Ragamuffin."

The Boss laughed heartily. "Well, pet, I must admit it's a fitting name; but the colt won't be worth his oats. He's ruined."

"By no means, my dear uncle," she placidly contended. "He is somewhat patched and torn, 'tis true; but some day—"

"Not a chance!"

"It is possible," quietly interposed Aunt Fran, "you are forgetting one factor."

"Which one is that, Fran?"

"Little Gill."

The Boss smiled. "Now, that's a fact; but still, he's not a miracle-man. I'm afraid— However, I drink, if you weren't so unreasonable about some things, Meg, I could drink this toast in a more-fitting fluid"—Miss Meg is his wife—"I drink, in this cheering coffee, a toast to Ragamuffin and wish him long life, stout limbs, sound feet and a racing heart!"

That night Aunt Fran called the Boss aside,

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and as a result of that brief conversation Jocelyn was handed, some weeks later, an envelope containing the registration papers of a thoroughbred colt. One line read: "Name: Ragamuffin;" and another: "Owner: Jocelyn Churchill."

Jocelyn hugged us all. "Glory be! I'm an owner!" she cried. "I have started my stable. 'Owner, J. Churchill.'"

"And your trainer?" asked Aunt Fran. "Oakley Gilliver, otherwise known as Little Gill."

During the time that followed, Jocelyn and Aunt Fran spent a deal of their time down at Mercy Lodge.

"Trainer," Jocelyn would call as she approached the cottonwood at the end of Alan's Walk, "how is my stable this morning?"

Little Gill, smiling, dusted their chairs with his cap. "E's doing splendid, Miss. I have just took off another patch o' tape, an' his eye's as sound as a new guinea."

"Righto! I'm already counting the Derby purse." And then she would produce a bit of sugar for the ragged, scarred little beggar to munch.

Thanks to the skill and care of Little Gill, by the time summer had gone, the colt was quite himself, eating whatever came within reach of his moist little nose, and as lively as a cricket.

AND then one day in the early fall, shortly after the leaves began to turn, there were sown the seeds of what was to give us all many a grave moment.

"I'll be back," Jocelyn called, 'tween the gloamin' and the murk;" and away she cantered down the drive on her blaze-faced chestnut gelding.

She was back earlier than I expected, and it seemed to me there was a bit more color in her cheeks and a brighter light in her eyes. Aunt Fran was waiting for her upon the steps, and Jocelyn, tossing her reins to a boy, halted before the older woman.

"Aunt Fran, I would a word with you—perhaps a score or more. After the manner of that plain, blunt man, whose name seems to have escaped me, who is Ray Marsh?"

Aunt Fran caught her breath. "My dear, he is the son of a neighbor, but not of a friend. Let's go inside."

Her voice or her manner left Jocelyn subdued and wondering as they passed into the house.

A few days later Mary's Jim, who is Oakmead's colored rider, was replacing a stirrup-strap. With him, squatting before a chip fire, was a young darky from town. "Sum-pin' sho gwine happen roun' heah fo' long," began Jim.

"How come?"

"I see dat young Mr. Ma'sh yestiddy ride plumb up to our front do'."

"Well, what wrong wid dat? You wa'n't lookin' fer 'im to ride roun' to de back, was you?"

Jim observed him contemptuously. "Dat's a onhealthy place fer a Ma'sh to be ridin'. De Ma'shes an' de Churchills done fell out fer de longes'. Some folks says ol' Dan'l Boone hisse'f pahted two of 'em once whilst dey was squabblin' ovah a coon-skin cap."

"Say did? Dat mus' o' been thirty yeah ago."

Mary's Jim dropped the saddle in disgust. "Boy, you don't know nothin'! Dat's 'count o' yo' bein' one o' dem hill-hatched niggahs. Thirty year? You bettah say fo' hunderd!"

"Fo' hunderd? If dey keeps on, you might say dey holds a grudge."

WHAT Aunt Fran told Jocelyn that first day I do not know; but I do know that each clear day—and some rainy ones—during the next three weeks Jocelyn mounted her big chestnut about two o'clock in the afternoon and came back about sundown, cheeks glowing and blue eyes sparkling; and that each of those days Aunt Fran was wait-

ing for her there on the broad stone steps, the little lavender puff at her throat, and an odd expression upon her gentle face as she put an arm about the girl's shoulders and walked with her into the house.

The clouds had been gathering, as all about Oakmead knew; and then one day in late October the storm broke. Two horses came galloping up the driveway, one a large chestnut, the other a sleek-coated black with two white stockings and an eye whose brightness shone in the twilight. On the chestnut sat Jocelyn; on the black Ray Marsh.

As they approached the house, the Boss, who had been to the barns, came along Alan's Walk. He paused, peering at the rider on the black horse, took a step or two and again stared, as though doubting his sight. Then he came on, his shoulders bent over a little in the way he has, and his lips drawn into a straight grim line.

As he reached them, neither spoke; and he looked from Jocelyn to Marsh and then back to Jocelyn again. "Your aunt is waiting for you." And he held her bridle as she dismounted, and silently, but with shoulders squared and head erect, passed into the house.

Then the Boss turned to the boy, speaking slowly, as though repressing some strong emotion. "Marsh, I have never knowingly been guilty of a breach of the laws of hospitality, and I would not break that record now. You can very easily save me that necessity."

"Major, I would like—"

But the Boss interrupted him. "Marsh, I am sure it is unnecessary to suggest the impropriety of your ever coming again to Oakmead." And with that, he turned away, leading the sorrel toward a hitching-post.

It was a dreary meal we had that night—a meal during which there was little talk, and that forced and stilted. At last the Boss, murmuring something about wishing to see Barney, pushed back his chair and left the room. Then Aunt Fran rose, and for a brief moment turned with kindly, sightless eyes toward Jocelyn. I think both of them must have forgotten me, and I am glad it was so. Another moment Aunt Fran stood there, a faint smile upon her lips. Of a sudden her eyes grew moist, she held out her arms, and the girl ran to her, her head upon the older woman's breast and her shoulders trembling.

"My dear," murmured Aunt Fran, "I am sorry, I am sorry. . . ."

"Oh, but Aunt Fran, Aunt Fran, you don't know, you don't know!"

For a long moment Aunt Fran stood there, her head thrown back, her eyes closed—the better to see, I fancy, the things that had been thirty-odd years before. Then her lips touched the girl's hair and rested there.

"Ah, yes, my dear, I know!" she whispered; and again, thinking, perhaps, of days long dead: "Ah, yes, I know!"

THE Boss has a way of sitting each night after supper in a favorite old rocker,—a really disreputable bit of furniture,—of glancing over his paper and race form, and after a while, of nodding. It is a habit in the practice of which he is sedulously regular, for in the winter-time he begins it about eight o'clock, and in the summer about nine. Miss Meg, who has tried to break him of it during twenty-odd years, declares he would "noddle" as she calls it, if the President himself were present or the roof burning over our heads.

That particular night, following the Boss' brush with young Marsh, the paper had fallen to his side, and occasionally he jerked up his head, glancing guiltily about. Finally Miss Meg left the room, and soon after, Jocelyn.

Aunt Fran was sitting in front of the fireplace; and I knew, by the way her fingers were tapping the arms of her chair, that some plan was a-borning in her mind. I rose, in-



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tending to leave that uninteresting room, when, her ears telling her of my intention, she motioned me to her.

"Please wait," she said; so I dropped back into my chair.

Then she awakened the Boss, who of course would have maintained he had never dozed.

"Will," she began,—she is the only one of us that doesn't address him as Boss,—“Will, I want a little talk with you.”

"Me?" The Boss wasn't yet fully awake. "Go right ahead."

"Did it ever occur to you," she asked, smiling, "what stubborn donkeys men are?"

"Donkeys? Men? Well—no, I can't say it ever did; but—whoever said they weren't?"

"What man ever admitted they were?"

Of course, that was rather broad. "You mean—"

"Yes," she replied, "you too."

It is but just to say the Boss was now awake.

"Now, Fran, what are you drivin' at?"

"Just this: Through masculine—or donkeyish—stubbornness, a young girl's happiness is being—"

The Boss dropped his paper. "Now, Fran, listen here: You just leave this to me. I know how to handle this situation."

"Yes—your way. You use a spade, where sugar-tongs are needed; you shout when you should—well, whisper."

"Let me tell you, Fran,"—he was striding about by now,—“God knows, your wish is my law; but if you think I'm going to bow down to that old rooster—"

"Why," she interrupted, "do the Marshes and the Churchills dislike one another?"

"Why? You ask why? Um! They've been doin' it since bluegrass first sprouted."

"Yes, I believe that is true; but why?"

"Well,"—it really had happened so long ago that a little haziness of memory was pardonable,—“well, the first split was about—about land, I think; but that hasn't anything to do with old Thad Marsh and me. I've done my part. I offered him my hand once, a few years back—it was the time his Oriole was about to win the Derby when he sprung a tendon and had to be pulled up; and the old—the old gobbler turned on his heel and hasn't shaken hands yet!"

"It seems to me," suggested Aunt Fran, "that I remember something about an election—"

"Well, I may have said a few things about folks that turned Republican," the Boss admitted; "but how'd he know I was talking about him?"

"Oh, so you did?"

"Now, look here, Fran: It seems to me you are doing a heap of trailing without treecin' anything. I haven't told Jocelyn she can't see young Marsh."

IT is true that those blue eyes of Aunt Fran's are sightless, but there lurked a deal of meaning in them when she turned them upon him.

"Perhaps, Will, you are like the man that locks his gate and hangs a welcome sign outside it. After all, Jocelyn is one of us, and has that trait—or weakness—of respecting, at any price, the wishes of the head of the family. You very well know she will not see young Marsh again without your consent."

He paused before her a moment, closing his eyes as though mulling over some problem. "If I believed—" But he thought better of it and left unfinished whatever it was he had started to say. Then his manner changed. "Let me tell you something, Fran: Every year that we've both had a starter in the Blue Grass Cup, his horse has finished ahead of mine—and I could see him just gloating over it. Why, he'd rather beat me than win the race! If the time ever comes when an Oakmead colt wins that race over one from Fardown, and if he comes up to me like a man and holds out his hand and

admits the better horse won, then, maybe—" And he seated himself belligerently in his old rocking-chair.

Aunt Fran rose, straightened the little lavender puff at her throat and, bending over, touched her lips to his thinning hair. "Good night, Will! As I asked you before, did it ever occur to you what donkeys men are?"

THERE is held each year at Lexington a race that is called the Blue Grass Cup and which is, in some respects I think, the rarest race in the world. In the first place, it is Kentucky's oldest racing event, having first been run when so-called Western racing was still in its swaddling clothes. On top of this, no horse is eligible save two-year-old colts bred and owned in Kentucky, and these must be ridden by native-born jockeys. It is, in a sense, a neighborhood affair, but one that is watched by all of the racing world.

To the Boss, the winning of this race had become an obsession. A score of times Oakmead colts had started, but never had one of them finished ahead of his field. The Marshes, who live some five miles from us at Fardown, had captured the cup four times, and by some whim of the fates, even the many years they failed to win, the horses from Fardown had finished ahead of those from Oakmead. If an Oakmead colt finished fifth, a Fardown colt was fourth or better. It was a sore subject with the Boss, who finally grew as eager, I think, to beat the Marsh starter as to win the cup itself.

"Now, Barney," the Boss said one day some three months before the running of the Cup, "I've my own ideas about our best bet; but before I name him, I want your frank opinion."

"Well, Boss, I knew this was comin', so I've looked 'em all over from every angle; and if I ain't mistaken, the best of the lot is Starling."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, for I'm of the same opinion."

So, it was arranged that Starling was to be the hope of Oakmead in the Blue Grass Cup. He was a bold-headed, upstanding colt with a fine flash of speed and plenty of heart; and the more I thought of him, the more hopeful I grew of seeing a certain old-fashioned silver cup standing, for at least a year, upon the mantel in our library. He was the twin-brother of the scarred, rough-coated little Ragamuffin and seemed to have inherited his dam's spirit without her devilry. In the words of Barney, it looked like "hot biscuits and plenty o' gravy!"

The days that followed were busy ones at Oakmead. The farm track was regularly dragged; long before dawn each day lanterns were flashing in and out among the stables like fireflies off through the trees; and Starling the while lived the life of a pampered princeling.

A change had come over Jocelyn these days, and it was a change not good to see. She would sit for hours in the house, a neglected book upon her lap; and her blazefaced chestnut, no longer ridden, grew fat and impudent.

And then one day I realized another change had come over our household. I noticed Aunt Fran and Jocelyn passing down Alan's Walk toward Mercy Lodge, and of a sudden I remembered this had of late become a daily procedure. I was frankly curious and secretly gratified when the door of Little Gill's cabin opened a moment later and Jocelyn called me.

Little Gill sat before the fire, soberly whitening out a splint for the broken leg of a bedraggled cat; Jocelyn, standing before the fireplace, was smiling, bless glory! as I had not seen her smile for weeks; and Aunt Fran handed me an envelope.

"What's this?" I asked.

"Open it and see," she ordered, adding: "We need your assistance."

"Why—" I was momentarily mute. I

held in my hand a document setting forth that a horse named Ragamuffin, owned by J. Churchill, was to be entered in the Blue Grass Cup. "You—you don't mean—"

"Yes," smiled Aunt Fran, "we mean!"

"But why?" I stammered.

"Ostensibly, to win the cup," she explained.

"And me?" I ungrammatically demanded.

"If you will ride into town and arrange the details—"

Of course, I agreed. One has a way of doing that with Aunt Fran and Jocelyn.

Jocelyn leaped to the center of the room and stood poised as a tarantella dancer about to begin her mad whirl; and then she turned to Little Gill, bending over him, with her hands upon her knees. "Oakley Gilliver, were it not for the fact that you would swiftly pass out from acute embarrassment, I would herewith and now crushingly hug you!" As it was, the little fellow turned white, then red and whatever other colors the human cheek may wear.

Then they dropped their madness long enough to explain. "Of course, I may be wrong, sir, but Starling won't win that race, I'm thinkin'." 'E has a fault, sir, as sure as I—as I—"

"Am keen of mind and eye," interposed Jocelyn.

"As sure as I know horseflesh, sir—which, of course, maybe I don't."

"What fault is that, Gill?"

"Is feet. 'E's brittle-hoofed, like many another good one before 'im has been. To win, 'e must have work an' lots of it; an' if 'e gets that work, the odds are 'is feet are going to give way, sir. I 'ate to say it, but I think it's true, sir."

"If Starling *does* take his work all right, and starts, what about Ragamuffin?"

"We'll scratch 'im, sir."

Well, I didn't like it. Of course, I went along to town and entered the ragged little beggar, for what else was there for me to do? If you knew Jocelyn and Aunt Fran, you would understand; but what would the Boss say when he heard of it?

I was shortly to learn; but in the meantime some of the weirdest training I have ever known took place at Oakmead. 'Way before day, the lights were blinking about the stables; a prancing horse was led out, saddled, and black Mary's Jim hoisted up. Then Starling was ridden to the track and given his work, while eager eyes tried to penetrate the darkness and follow his sweeping strides; and stop-watches clicked as he whirled rhythmically by. Then he was fetched back, given a cooling-down walk, rubbed and put into his stall again—all of which was regular enough.

But soon as the track was deserted, an undersized little horse walked out upon it, a small crouching figure, with one shoulder lower than the other, was atop this horse, and away they sped toward the breaking dawn.

WE knew even before he spoke that the Boss had found out. "What does this mean?" he demanded, tossing a folded newspaper upon the table.

It was a story of the approaching Blue Grass Cup, and he had drawn a ring around the name "*Ragamuffin*."

Aunt Fran smiled serenely; Jocelyn hummed a little tune; I was finding my strip of bacon extremely tough or my knife uncommonly dull; Miss Meg looked inquiringly from one to the other.

"Well, have you all lost your tongues?" the Boss challenged. "Is my own family leagued against me?"

That, of course, ended it, for in our family we don't like even to contemplate such a thing as disloyalty. So, interrupting the others in our eagerness, we told him. He was far from appeased, branding the whole thing "the damndest piece of folly since Kentucky went Republican!"

The race was to be on Monday. On the

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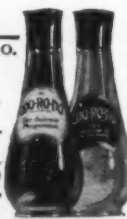
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Friday before, the word rapidly spread over the farm. Even the small darkies were whispering it: "Startling pulled up lame!" Barney strode about nervously, his hands thrust deep into trouser pockets. The Boss flung his hat into a corner, ordered "the biggest toddy ever made out of bourbon—and Meg can just say what she will!" and shaking a fist, declared: "By ye gods o' war, it's not on the cards for an Oakmead colt ever to win that race!"

Aunt Fran felt her way to his chair and rested an encouraging hand upon his shoulder. "My dear, we have not yet lost this particular race."

"Why, Fran,"—he patted her hand,— "that poor little wreck can't run! He'll trail the field and only be a laughingstock." A darker look stole over his face. "Marsh's Black Warbler will distance him."

WITH Starling out of the way, Mary's Jim was to ride Ragamuffin, and I believe the little ducky felt half-ashamed of his uncouth mount. It was a wonderful day for the race, and yet a strange one too, for while the track was lightning-fast, there were ominous clouds sweeping high across the roof of the sky, and yet no more than a breath of air was stirring. One moment the sun shone bright and promising and warm; the next a cloud went racing by and all was in shadow again. The weather was as changeable as our hopes—bright one instant, somber the next.

Every seat and box was taken, and a great milling crowd was twisting and worming its way about between the rail and the stands, with a smaller one standing about the infield.

In our own box I heard Jocelyn draw in her breath, and glancing about, I saw, three or four boxes away, old Colonel Marsh—his white eyebrows and pointed goatee nervously twitching—and by his side young Ray, staring straight ahead and, though there was a crispness in the air, mopping his face with his handkerchief.

So there we sat, none of us speaking; and though seemingly we watched the moving, shifting, moiling human mass before us, we saw, I believe, none of it.

Of a sudden Aunt Fran rose. One hand held her long old ebony cane; the other took my arm. "Will you come with me?" she asked; and together we marched out, the eyes in our box following us in wonderment.

"And now?" I asked when we reached the aisle which leads along the rear of the boxes.

"Please take me," she ordered, her head held uncommonly high, "to Colonel Marsh's box." She felt my involuntary hesitation. "I think we must hurry," she hinted.

And then, with my wits gone wool-gathering, the next I knew we were there, old Colonel Marsh standing before us and his son beside him.

"Let me offer you this chair, madam," the Colonel began, his heavy white eyebrows dancing up and down and his voice revealing his bewilderment.

But she held up her hand. "I have only a moment and came to speak to your son."

"I am here, Miss Fran." The boy took a step toward her.

"Ray, I reminded my brother last night of a fact he had never realized: while we raise many thoroughbreds hereabout, we also raise donkeys. There have been some at Oakmead,"—a faint smile stole to the corners of her mouth,— "and some, I fear, at Far-down." She handed me her cane and took both the boy's hands in her own. "I have found my way here not as one from Oakmead, but merely as a woman—an old woman—to suggest that you remind your father we are young but a little while, and old a long, long time. Winter nights are long, you know." She paused a moment, and I fancied the eyes of the older man grew moist. "And I have come to ask you to remind him that it is easy to inflict a wound,

but hard—desperately hard, sometimes—to heal one. Some prove fatal; most of them leave lasting scars."

And then, before any of us realized she was done, she had taken her cane from me, and we were once more making our way toward our box.

I did not wait to hear what the others might have to say, but hurried down to the paddock. Mary's Jim stood there shifting from one foot to the other, the whites of his eyes showing as he nervously moistened his lips and twisted his cap about. I like to remember—and say—that, while Mary's Jim's skin is black, his forehead low and he has hair with "witches' saddles" in it, when he rides a horse from Oakmead, his heart,—and it's big,—his brain, his very being breathes into his mount the wish to win.

Little Gill—God grant him long life!—stood at the head of Ragamuffin, a rein in either hand as the colt rubbed a moist nose against his narrow chest. All the while he was half-talking, half-murmuring to the ragged little beggar, and as surely as the valiant reach Valhalla, if ever horse understood human, that colt understood him.

"Now, Rags boy, we've been through a heap together, me an' you. You know! Sort o' stiff climbin' at times, and at others a heart-breakin' heavy track with a hidden stone here and there. And Rags, somehow or other, we always made it through, an' I 'spect we'll do that same today. I don't just like to speak of it, but your mammy had you fouled one day, and it may be that I helped you some that time. If I did, and if you want to kind o' remember it, you can more than pay me back this day."

"It aint for me, for you know, Rags—well, Gill don't matter much after all. His boots and saddle are on the shelf, you might say; but there's your mistress Miss Jocelyn, and that young lad—and what you do will bring 'em, today, fair weather, I think—or foul."

"There's the bell! Easy, boy! Take it easy, I say! Keep those eyes of yours open an' those feet drivin' hard, and maybe, God willin', you'll show 'em the shape o' your heels."

"Get aboard, Jim! Hand-ride him—from pole to pole. He'll give you all he has—an' that's a plenty, I think—without the whip. Step along, Rags boy! I'll be waitin' for you, so hurry home!"

With a blanket over his arm, he limped out behind the last of the colts, and with me trailing after, crossed over to the infield.

THE fates were kindly that day, for there was little delay at the post. A single turn they made,—for they proved a well-schooled field,—a slow advance of mincing feet and—"Z-i-n-g!"—up flew the barrier and they were off, to victory and glory and jubilation, or to defeat and bitter regrets.

A gray colt that I did not know broke in the lead, with a bay called Flash, from over Bourbon-way, second; behind him was Marsh's Black Warbler, and next, his nose abreast the latter's girth, an undersized, unkempt but brave-eyed little fighting horse named Ragamuffin.

On down the far stretch they whirled, and though my hands trembled, I caught them clearly enough through my glasses; and while it seemed an interminable time, in a moment two horses were fighting it out in front. One of them was Black Warbler; the other the scarred hope of Oakmead.

That race made clear to me that horses need not race four miles, or two, or even one, for the contest to be a heart-breaking struggle. They were to go but six furlongs,—which is a real race for colts of their months,—but each step of the way it was a fight between those two. The crowd sensed it, and a pall of silence fell over the stands and the infield and the ground that lay between. First one and then the other of those two would thrust a nose in front; and then, for a space, on they tore, or skimmed, or soared,

so close together a single blanket would have covered them both.

As they wheeled into the stretch, Little Gill's hand gripped my arm, and looking down at him, I saw a dim smile upon his bloodless lips.

"See! Ryan's gone to the whip, sir. I think, maybe, little Ragamuffin may—"

But I heard no more. Sure enough, the whip of the famed Ryan was falling with merciless regularity upon the flanks, the sides and the neck of Black Warbler; and as though to leap beyond the reach of that cutting, punishing thong, the black colt found somewhere within him an added spark of speed and for a moment was a neck in the lead. But that moment was brief, for again—slowly, smoothly as flowing oil—a ragged, stanch-hearted little colt was creeping surely ahead.

It seemed to me I felt, rather than heard, the great billowing, rolling volume of sound that rose from that throng; and then I was conscious of some one pounding me upon the back, and once more looking down, there was Little Gill, both fists beating a tattoo upon me, biting his lips and with tears streaming down his cheeks.

Forgetting Blue Grass Cups, races, Oakmead,—all things save a rough-coated, undersized, valiant little gentleman by the name of Ragamuffin that shortly would be returning to the judges' stand to be proclaimed victor,—I seized Little Gill in my arms and ran toward the gate opening onto the track. I stumbled once, for there seemed to be a something before my eyes.

Back he came. The broadly grinning Mary's Jim held up his whip and at a judge's nod, slid off. And the next I knew we were all there—Jocelyn, Aunt Fran, Miss Meg, the Boss—who seemed undecided whether to laugh or curse or cry—and of course, Little Gill, who had unsaddled his charge and tossed a blanket over his heaving sides.

OF a sudden I became conscious of two men shouldering their way through the crowd. One was old Colonel Marsh, his heavy white eyebrows and goatee twitching more than ever; and with him his son Ray, an eager light in his eyes.

The older man walked up to Aunt Fran, his plump little shoulders squared, his ruddy cheeks redder than ever and a mischievous twinkle in his eye. "Miss Frances," said the Colonel, "I've come to report to you that I've decided to do away with all donkeys at Fardown. They're just a waste of good pasturage."

Then he turned to the Boss, a broad smile wrinkling his face. "Major Churchill, I figure I'm a little late doin' this—about two generations late, I reckon." And he held out a chubby hand. "I want to congratulate you on as grand a little piece of horseflesh as ever flung dust."

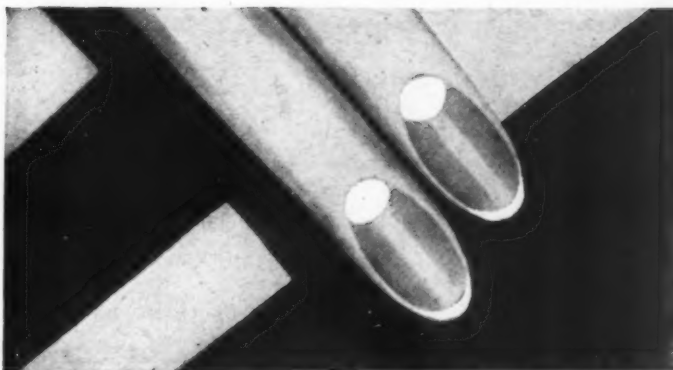
The Boss, broadly grinning, gripped the fat little hand with both of his own. "I thank you, Colonel; but congratulations are really due the colt's owner." And he pointed toward Jocelyn.

"I was figurin'," explained the Colonel, "on lettin' my son attend to that."

I saw two other hands surreptitiously meet, and purposely glancing away, discovered Miss Meg pointing toward the west. "Look!" she said.

I followed her glance, and there before us rose our own green hills bathed in the glow of a fading sun.

Once more I turned, this time toward Aunt Fran, who had, I think, forgotten us. She faced the other way—toward the east it was—and the little lavender puff at her throat was trembling. Still there lurked upon her lips a dim, wistful smile, for her dear poor eyes were seeing, I fancy, other green hills that lay beyond the scope of our cruder vision—the green-crested hills of Northumberland and Durham.



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LINDBERGH

(Continued from

sonality! Renunciation of a moral influence which the nation grants only to the older man. Never has Ford better pleased me than in this shrewdly modest retirement behind Edison, whom he treats like a veritable father. In return, Edison speaks of him in terms of marked appreciation and said to me: "Ford is one of the few who are at the same time engineers and business men, and he is highly gifted in both capacities."

And yet Ford's name is not connected, in Europe at least, either with that of engineer or business man, but with that of a social leader who has been as greatly blamed as praised for his efforts. When the wish impelled him to make the means of modern transportation popular, to constitute everybody, even the poor man, master of his own movement, Ford's opponents degraded this social thought to the realm of pure business. The proposition seems to us to be wrongly put. For the question is not whether Napoleon wished for power but whether he created human happiness; not whether Ford wishes to earn a million dollars but whether at the same time he wishes to enrich millions of his fellow-men. Of what advantage are these millions of dollars to a very lonely unassuming man, whose country house in Fort Myers seems too small to hundreds of his employees, if he has not at the same time the knowledge that he has freed millions of human beings from the law of hardship, has placed the proletariat in possession of a magic means which formerly opened the ways of the world only to a fortunate minority, and has found for him the way to movement and freedom? Just as foolish seems to me the contention that Ford has invented nothing, but his people have done it all for him; a contention which has always risen to confront each inventor, general and film director.

BUT there is a third censure: it is that when Ford places the workman at the assembly line he kills his intelligence, because a single motion of the hand repeated through the long days and the years tends to make man stupid. I have asked Ford employees in Detroit about this and have received very different answers; but even those who regarded alternation in work a necessary thing said emphatically that they found it in their factories. For neither do all the ninety-three thousand people work at the assembly line, nor on the other hand is such toil a technique which everywhere demands a movement of the hand without variations. I have never found either in Europe or America a workman who is as happy at the machine as at hand labor; but it is a very hard thing to prove that a man on the assembly line is especially discontented.

On the contrary, it is sure that Ford's idea of granting the workman after such engrossing labor two whole days of rest implies a revolution greater and more important than that the majority of his workmen should each own his own machine. In this matter one sees clearly how Ford's business sense does not confuse his social conscience but rather bolsters it: for this thought came to him from the observation that half Saturday does not beget a real desire for work, that the man begins at eleven o'clock to prepare for his week-end, and that therefore it is better to cross out Saturday altogether. Ford's loss was therefore small. The gain for his laborers was an enormous one. What could make life more bright than the possibility of driving out to camp with the family with car and tent on a Saturday morning! Every laborer in Europe listens with envy and disbelief to this story, for his whole life would take on a different shape if he were free two days out of seven and still did not lose his pay. This fact which

AND FORD

(page 55)

changes the Biblical basis of the seventh day seems to me to be the most important thing that Henry Ford has yet created.

In the lobby of his factories where many people have to wait for a hearing, in the place where ordinarily a vase, a flag or a palm would be expected, there stands prominent the lord of all, the *Dominus rector*: the Motor. The result of prolonged research, brought in each detail into its simplest, cheapest, surest form, set up like an object of art, it holds sway over the work and the spirit of its remarkable creator. All movement proceeds from the motor, and therefore it is placed in the hall like a statue upon a pedestal, as if it represented a divinity. It is the god of movement, the god who frees man from his unimaginative recurrent labor and, as was the case in the ancient world, it is the very same god who both confines and sets free. I wonder if a great, almost tragic irony does not inhere in the fact that so many thousands have to stand five days a week at the assembly line in order to produce an object which can lead them away for two days from just this very work.

"WE have built fifteen million," Ford said to me, and pointed at a dapper little car on the highroad. He said it without pride of any sort and half aloud, in a rather embarrassed way. But I saw how in his unbelievably deep eyes there burned the fire of the fanatic who has dreamed a great cause and set about it so determinedly that he has brought it to pass. For if Ford is a man of imagination, then he has cast about in his dreams for nights and years, not in order to grow very rich, but in order at last, in a corner of Florida, at the sight of a nimble little car, to think: "We have built fifteen million of them." At such moments Ford is perhaps happy in his own fashion.

Or is he happy when he sees the ships which have brought to their home harbor, the midst of the vast plain of Fordson, ore from his mines, wood from his forests, sand from his quarries? And now the crane begins to lift, the wagons to draw, the railroads to pull each product to its designated place in order to become iron and steel, lumber and glass. At the edge of the new part of Fordson stands one of those granaries which with their pillars resemble modern temples: here is ground the flour, which arrived from his wheatfields yesterday by ship and tomorrow will be delivered in Detroit in sacks, and there can be purchased a third more cheaply than anywhere else. So Farmer Ford sells his flour to the workmen of Manufacturer Ford without profit to himself. Does he notice how similar such practice is to the new Russian scheme of management? He knows why Russia does not displease him, and when he puts himself instead of a committee of communists at the head of a concern, the difference in method after all is negligible; and Ford is one of the few in America who perceives what is going on in Russia. . . .

Upstairs, in a corner of one of his many factories, I saw two people staring with empty glance before them while their quick fingers tested the smoothness of small rings and culled out the rough ones.

"Those two are blind," said our guide. "Their sense of touch is more delicate than that of people who can see, and so we are able to give them employment and at the same time gain an advantage for ourselves."

There it was again—the principle of mutual advantage! But later, when the guardian of the small homestead of Ford was asked why the two doors of the old barn beside it stood open, he answered: "Mr. Ford wants it that way, so the birds can build their nests inside." And truly the garden and the wood that surround his



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THRILLS! Indeed yes... for now a new and fascinating use of rouge has set feminine hearts aflutter. Ravishing beauty is achieved to fulfill every artistic sense. Never again need you feel dissatisfaction with rouge; never experience the "off color" effects that set your nerves on edge, yet defy your utmost effort to correct.

But think. How, with usual rouge, could you ever hope for perfection! You chose from among a number of shades the *only* shade that *matched your skin*. You had to do that. And then you had to use this one shade with *every* color of dress. Disharmony was inevitable.

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simple dwelling are full of little houses for their convenience. The master of this wood is said to understand birds well and to know how to call them. If Edison, the man of patience, is a fisherman, then Ford, the dreamer, is a friend of birds, and instead of posing at the tables of kings or of potentates, instead of cutting a figure in Paris and at Monte Carlo, Ford walks about in the woods alone and talks with the birds.

Is he not right? What are kings and their cold glory compared with such men of enterprise, who with royal gesture collect the treasures of the earth from their lands and forests, from their pits and mines, in order

to change these with unexampled rapidity into means of human locomotion?

Here, then, are the true kings of our time: a poor farmer's boy who takes clocks to pieces, dreams motors, and finally constructs the greatest laboratory of the world; and a young city boy who adapts motors to his flying craft, sends a deep prayer into the blue sky that it may not be cloudy, and sets forth for a flight across the ocean; master of the earth and master of the air; both of them conquerors of space and of time, both pioneers of a generation which has determined to shape human happiness from machines.

WOMEN SURE WORRY A BOY

(Continued from page 93)

Meantime lunch was coming on—for other people. Mr. Pegram shuffled south. Money was reputed more plentiful as a boy got higher up in the Red Mountain residential districts that way. Well past Five Points, he saw a car parked at the curb that looked promising for his purposes. Seating himself in the driver's seat, he settled down for the next thing that was due to happen.

Skilletface was a good picker. He was not more than well sunk into the soft cushion when a "sho 'nough white gent'man" came down the walk and paused, slightly startled at the peculiar sight of Mr. Pegram grinning at the wheel of his car.

"Yes suh, Cap'n! Yes suh!" kow-towed Skilletface. "Seed some white trash hangin' round fixin' to steal dis heah car while you in de big house. I says to him: 'Dat's Cun'l's car—you let hit 'lone. I's jes' comin' back now to set in hit fo' him twel de Gin'ral come out de house.' . . . Thank y', suh, Gin'ral, thank y'; sho is 'bleeged! My chill'en jes' fixin' to git hongry, an' dis heah half dollar 'tend to 'em jes' right wid vittles."

Skilletface didn't have any children, but it made no difference in the size of his ensuing order, on Fifteenth Street. All that he had left him now was his appetite and the knots in his luck, anyway. Frisco hadn't been gone two days, and here already Mr. Pegram was broke, forced out of business, engaged to two women, and due to be arrested momentarily for operating a taxi without a license.

The only bright spot in the future, therefore, was Frisco. Frisco would be back on the morrow with a fertile brain and under necessity of making good his promises to help his friend out of a jam. Frisco had money, too, if Skilletface could only talk him out of it. Sudden money. How it had been secured, was none of Mr. Pegram's business—provided he got some of it.

But here Frisco's new and violent interest in 'Liz'beth, daughter of Otelia—and his equally violent aversion to the idea of Skilletface as a father-in-law by marriage—ought to help a lot. If that failed, nothing was left but the rosily painted expedient of selling somebody some oil-land. Only trouble was these Alabama country darkies never did have any money. Let one come to town at the end of the cotton season, and instead of being financial like that Mississippi negro, he was always too badly in debt to his white folks to be interesting. That Memphis boy with the Mississippi customer was just natural-born lucky, was all. Skilletface wasn't.

NO angel with a flaming sword was required to keep Skilletface Pegram out of Tittsville that night. Look what happened to him there at breakfast! Now he split the night three ways among the Fifteenth Street barbecue stand, a warm grating outside an all-night bakery, and the colored waiting-room of the Terminal Station.

The last made him handy to the station gate, from which emerged Frisco at the end of his overnight run from Memphis.

Skilletface all but presented him with the keys to the city in the intensity of his welcome—or did, until Mr. Johnson began outlining the salient points of his recent brief sojourn in the big city by the river. Mattie, it would appear from his report, had felt herself suffering from neglect on the part of Mr. Pegram, and had been solacing herself with a big Beale Street bank-director.

"Dat bankin' nigger aint think no mo' of a dollar bill dan you does of yo' rep'tation," Frisco emphasized the opulence and desirability of Mattie's new flame and Mr. Pegram's new rival. "An' Mattie say, does you love her, you best say some'n wid railroad ticket, 'ca'se she git plenty Memphis niggers widout waitin' round 'nother yeah on busted taxi-driver from Bumin'ham."

Skilletface squirmed. His love might stand the acid but not the financial test. He sure did need to be in Memphis to attend to his business, or he wouldn't long have any there to which to attend.

"Len' me twelve dollars, Frisco, twel I gits back from Memphis," he urged.

"Too many busted niggers in Memphis now, since dat bank blow up. I likes de town too well to send 'nother one up dar. But quit pesterin' yo'self: I done fix up yo' bus'ness better 'n you think while I wuz up dar. All you got do is lay low an' see whut happen."

"Happen to who?"

"Nemmind dat. Aint I tell you I gwine stan' back of you? Well, believe me, nigger, I done stood!"

IN the kitchen of Otelia the oven door slammed again. At the table sat tailored perfection. Back and forth between stove and guest lumbered Otelia, fetching the cooking of Elizabeth her daughter.

"Dat las' dozen biscuits better 'n de firs' lot," discoursed Mr. Frisco Johnson as he reached for the second round of turnip greens and hog jowl.

"I done taught dat gal to cook right," admitted her mother, as she peered anxiously forth between the curtains. "Wonder whut keepin' Mist' Pegram? Big eater like him can't go long 'tween meals, an' he aint been heah since he leave so fas' yes'day mawnin'. Me an' him's 'ngaged."

"I 'spect he's been 'tained," speculated Frisco above his coffee. "He aint stay 'way from free rations dis long, 'less'n somebody got him tied to a post somewhar."

"Sho is worried 'bout him."

"Nemmind worryin' 'bout dat nigger—he'd gnaw a law-chain in two if hit wuz liable make him late fo' dinner. You heah some'n befo' long now."

Otelia heard sooner than that. Again three Tittsville Paul Revers bore the news lustily and dustily.

"De cops done got Mist' Skilletface Pegram!" they told an open-mouthed and dusky world as they ran. "Done 'rested him dis mawnin'!"

Frisco bore up under the news. "I tell dat nigger all time he gwine git in de Big

Rock if he aint quit runnin' dat taxi widout license," he observed complacently. "Cops done told him de same thing yest'day. Now dey got him."

Otelia was a woman of action as well as words. "Stan' back, gal, an' lemme at dat stove!" she ordered. "Man in jail-house cain't git nothin' fit to eat! Lemme cook an' git hit to him! Look 'hind de clock an' git de bail money, honey! I brings him lunch an' freedom!"

LIZ'BETH knew when to retire gracefully. Frisco didn't know of a better way and place to spend the morning than on Otelia's porch with Otelia's daughter, making further and permanent arrangements for meals and personal scenery like 'Liz'beth's. They were sitting close together when Otelia departed with food and funds at ten o'clock. They were still there—closer together—when she returned baffled in the early afternoon.

"Whar-at Mist' Pegram?" 'Liz'beth asked.

"Don't you gimme none yo' lip, gal!" snorted Otelia dangerously. "Mist' Pegram in bigger trouble 'n you think. Dey done execute him."

Frisco gave a start. Sounded like matters had gone too far—for Skilletface. Executing a boy was just like burning the beans—you never could do anything about it afterward.

"Whut dat you say white folks done to him?" he questioned unguardedly.

"Say dey done execute him—to Memphis. Ol' Memphis po-liceman wuz in Bum-in'ham fixin' to go back. Dey phomes Montgom'ry an' fix up in a hurry fo' him take Skilletface back. Mist' Pegram ridin' de rails wid him now, Memphis-boun'. . . . Whut Memphis got do wid taxi license in Bum-in'ham?"

No man knew better than Frisco when to take a walk. This was acutely one of those times. He picked up 'Liz'beth with his eye, outbound. It was a meaningful look.

"How you like dat Skilletface nigger fo' a daddy? Whut he look like to you?" he inquired of the daughter, when the mother's fumings were farther behind.

"Look like some'n else to clean up after to me. Aint see whut Mommer want wid him nohow. Huccome you want know?"

"I done fix some'n. 'Sides all de mis'ry he in 'bout marryin' yo' mommer, me an' you wouldn't want no sich big eater round de house nohow. So I spreads de word in Memphis while I dar dat Skilletface de one whut sell de country nigger from Miss'sippi dat oil lan' back de big Stand' Oil place dar. Po-lice jes' got him an' extradited him to Memphis fo' hit."

"Lawdee! An' I thought dey gittin' him fo' not havin' no taxi license! But how he do dat land-sellin' when he aint never been in Memphis?"

"Dat de bes' part of hit: when dat Miss'sippi nigger see him, dey got tu'n him loose —'ca'se he aint gwine be de right one. Den whar Skilletface be?"

'Liz'beth's jaw dropped. "Yeah, whar he be?" she repeated, puzzled.

"Why, in Memphis! In Memphis, whar he been tryin' to git all de time!"

"Yeah, but whut dat got do wid gittin' him 'rested an' ext'dited?"

"Got ev'rything to do wid hit! Cost twelve dollars an' sixty cents fo' ticket to Memphis. Skilletface aint got hit. How he gwine ride? So I fix hit fo' him—gits him 'rested in Bum-in'ham fo' some'n he aint done in Memphis. When dey extradites him, he gits ride free—aint need no twelve-sixty. I tells dat boy all time I gwine stan' back of him!"

Elizabeth blinked before genius. "I sho is got smart man fo' husban'!" she cooed admiringly. "'Sides all dese heah good clo'es you got. Whar you git all dat money buy 'em wid, honey?"

"Sellin' oil-lan', chile!" chuckled Frisco. "If I hadn't took dat Miss'sippi nigger's money 'way from him, somebody else would!"



Keep Your Money

—till you're convinced. We offer a free 10-day test of this amazing shaving cream to prove our case. You risk nothing

Gentlemen: When we first told you of the remarkable delights of Palmolive Shaving Cream, we advanced our claims modestly, leaving it to the product itself to "sell" you.

We told you "Don't buy—yet." We asked you first to let us prove our case at our expense.

To the hundreds of thousands of men who mailed the coupon in, we sent a 10-day test of the shaving cream as its own best ad.

For you cannot shave with beautiful advertising, and no ad can succeed unless the product is outstandingly right itself.

Once won, men have boosted it

Eighty-five per cent of men, we find, who once give Palmolive Shaving Cream a trial, become wedded to it. And these boosters have spread our fame in every city and town. Today we make the fastest selling shaving cream in the world.

When we decided to create a new shaving product we first found out just where other preparations were lacking. 1,000 men told us their wishes, and we set out to fill them.

When, after 129 experiments, we found our present formula, we exceeded the four things they asked, by adding a fifth. Our vast laboratories, skilled for 65 years in soap making, developed a shaving cream that men tell us is truly remarkable in its action and effect.

These 5 unique features

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now mail the coupon

We take the risk—not you. We undertake to please you . . . to win you in ten shaves. Give us the opportunity to prove our case. The coupon is for your convenience—to prevent your forgetting. Won't you use it, please?

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To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you.



10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1503, Palmolive, 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill. Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

(Please print your name and address)

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Nor for FIT—nor for WEAR!

BETTER fit, cooler comfort and longer wear are scientifically built into "B.V.D.", from the creation of the nainsook in our own mills and bleachery to the completion of the last lock-stitched seam.

The patented closed crotch and other exclusive features of "B.V.D." union suits, the highly specialized methods of cut, finish and tailoring used in the making of all "B.V.D." garments, supply a combination of fit and freedom obtainable in no other underwear.

There is no "Substitute" for "B.V.D."

Insist on this Red Woven Label.



Men's Union Suit \$1.50 Shirts and Drawers the garment 85c

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Shirts, Drawers, Shorts, Men's and Youths' Union Suits obtainable in fancy materials at various prices.

Children's Reinforced Taped Waist Suits 75c the suit.

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Sole Makers "B. V. D." Underwear

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Company, Inc.



"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best!"

IF YOU LOVED ANYONE

(Continued from page 89)

"For you to ask me," answered Evans in surprise.

"Ask you what?"

"To go on," he explained.

"To go—" Mary Lou echoed; then quietly but firmly, taking up the paddle: "Well, my daddy always said there was a limit beyond which no Carter could be pushed, and you've crossed it by about nine miles. Now you holler Uncle, and right loud—or I'll come on board with this paddle."

"Uncle! Uncle!" yelled Evans. "Uncle!"

From the woods behind them came, as if in answer, the long-drawn-out call of the North Woods: "Wah-hoo!" It was a little below them, near the opening to the lake and right on the edge of the windfalls and brush of the shore-line.

Before the echo of the call had died away, two men broke through the brush, about twenty feet below the log. They were short, stockily built men, timber-cruisers, both French-Iroquois 'breeds, and both half-seas over from the practically raw whisky shipped in from over the line on pay-off night. The younger of the two had a quart bottle in his hand.

They saw Mary Lou and Evans, and the one with the bottle shouted: "Tout à vous, ma chérie."

Evans' movements were as fast as they had been slow and lazy before. Dropping his pole, he sent Mary Lou's canoe forward with all the strength of his hard young arms.

"Head for home, Mary Lou. I'll hold these birds!"

Then he ran quickly up the log, jumped to the shore and started for the other canoe. He knew that if they could get the other canoe launched, they could catch Mary Lou before she had gone a hundred yards, and in their drunken condition, anything could happen; and an attempt at argument would be more than foolish. Sober, they would have given her their last food, or packed her on their backs if she needed help. Drunk—that was an entirely different matter, and Evans knew it. Only one thing went, and that was force.

The two men watched him in drunken amazement for a moment; then, seeing the other canoe up the bank, realized what he was trying to do. They yelled protests and threats and started after him.

Mary Lou's canoe had pushed itself half through the screen before she could get her paddle in the water. Instead of pushing the rest of the way, she backed water and turned to face the log. Evans, who had a small pocket-knife in his hand, turned his head for an instant and saw her.

"Beat it!" he called. "Get out in the lake. Head for home."

"I won't," said Mary Lou; "you come too."

EVANS reached the canoe and saw that it was chained to a stump. He pulled it up as far as he could, and by the time the first of the men reached him, had cut several long gashes in its birch-bark sides. As the 'breed closed in, Evans dropped his knife and stood up to take the charge. The man stopped about three feet from him, and his right foot lashed up at Evans, as fast and deadly as the strike of a snake.

Evans' body swerved back and out to the left, then in, and his left fist seemed to sink into the man's stomach. It did not travel more than ten inches, but it straightened him up. Evans' right caught him flush on the point of the jaw, and he went down, out before he hit the ground.

The other, with a howl of fighting joy, jumped at Evans and swung the quart bottle at his head. Evans was off balance and could not evade it altogether, but moved his

head fast enough so that it struck him a glancing blow. Mary Lou saw the side of his face suddenly curtained in blood, and then saw Evans jump at the man, his knee flash up, his hands close on the man's throat. The man yelled once; then they both went into the water. Mary Lou knew that it was deep water all along the shore-line of the lake near the timber, and she felt sick and afraid.

A head shot up in a moment. It was Evans', and he began swimming toward the log. He had a long cut on the side of his head above the ear, but the cold water had stopped the bleeding.

Mary Lou shot the canoe forward. "Here, catch hold and I'll—" Twenty feet away, the 'breed's head came up. His arms were thrashing around, and his mouth wide open. He held out his arms to Mary Lou and tried to shout something, but went under again. Evans had his hands on the gunwale, and his back was to the man.

"Oh," gasped Mary Lou, "he can't swim! He's drowning! I—" She stood up.

Evans turned his head. "I hope he does," he said. "He tried to drown me."

"I—I'll get him!" said Mary Lou.

"You sit down," commanded Evans. "He'll drown you if—"

"I won't. You must—"

"Oh, for Pete's sake!" said Evans, letting go and sinking under water.

THE man came up again, this time for only a second, and started to go down, but Evans came up also, just behind him. The man's cap was off, and Evans grabbed him by the long black hair, and turning on his back, towed him to shore. He staggered as he pulled him up the steep little beach.

The first man was sitting up now, swaying back and forth, holding his stomach with both hands. "Here's your little playmate," Evans called. "If you've got any more licker, you better give him a shot; he needs it."

The man fumbled in the bosom of his flannel shirt and produced a bottle, then staggered to his feet and came over. Evans waited until he saw the half-drowned man reach for the bottle, then turned and saw Mary Lou, holding the canoe against the log.

"Come on," she called. "Your head's cut awfully bad. Please—Jimmy."

"That's the girl!" said Evans, getting into the canoe at the stern. "Always helpful and obedient. Gee, my head is sure buzzing. Start for somewhere, Mary Lou—so's I can get this noise out of my head. Strut your stuff with that paddle!"

Mary Lou eased the canoe through the screen and started across the lake, paddling in silence for a few moments; then she turned her head. "What did you do to make him yell that way?"

"You here again?" demanded Evans, who had been sitting holding his head between his hands. "My gosh, I never will get rid of you, I bet you. I gave him a Flint tackle, for one thing, and I tried to put a ju-jitsu hold on him, but my hands slipped. He hit me with that bottle, didn't he? My head's—" He slumped slowly down in the canoe, his head resting on the thwart.

Mary Lou went white as she dug her paddle in and her lips set in a firm, thin line as the canoe leaped forward. . . .

When at last the pier came in sight, she could hardly see it through the haze that persisted in front of her eyes.

She was dimly conscious of a launch coming alongside, and then of her father's voice, coaxing: "All right, Mary Lou. It's all right. We got you, old girl—let go the paddle for Daddy, that's a nice girl. Here—let me take her. You're all right, honey."

She came out of the gray daze the mist had changed to.

"Help him first," she whispered. "Get him quick, Daddy. He's hurt awfully. If he's dead, I—"

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"Who's dead?" demanded a faint voice out of the fog that was settling down again. "Not me. Your—"

MARY LOU woke up with the sun streaming in her window, and Mandy, Sam's daughter and her personal property from babyhood, straightening up the room.

"Mandy, if you don't get out of here right away and quit making that noise, I'm going to smack you good," she said, both sleepily and fussily. "Go away and keep quiet."

"Doctor comin' eny minute. He's talkin' to de Jedge now. You sit up an' lemme make you pretty."

"I wont—you go away. . . . Oh,"—and she sat up in bed,—"where is he?"

"In de next room to de Jedge. Doctor, he said dat you two gotta rest, an' no fussin' round."

"Is he all right, Mandy?"

"Yassum, I reckon so. Dat is, he's all right as far as his talkin' goes. You stay in dat baid, Miss Mary Lou; you had better min' de doctor. Shucks, gettin' up dataway! Take shame for yoreself."

"Get me my black-and-gold bathrobe and my yellow slippers," ordered Mary Lou, "and make it snappy. Who's boss around here—me or the doctor? Mandy, if he comes in before I get back, you tell him I've gone to find Daddy."

"Dat aint no way to do," protested Mandy, getting the bathrobe and the slender little slippers, just the same. "You-all git brung in lak dead, an' now you gits up an' goes zoomin' round. Dat young man kin wait, I reckon."

"He can—but I can't," said Mary Lou from the doorway.

Evans was sitting up in bed, his head bandaged, staring out over the lake. The door was open, and Mary Lou perched herself on the foot of the bed.

"Hullo, Canary!" he said, a delighted grin taking the place of the puzzled look on his face. "How come they let you out? The doctor told me you were incommunicado for a week, anyway. Sam tells me that you came across the lake in nothing, flat."

"Me! In bed for a week? It would take more than a Dutch doctor to do that little thing."

"Austrian," corrected Evans.

"It's all the same. I don't care if he's Hottentot, young feller. I'm up and I'm going to stay up."

"I have a feelin'," said Evans moodily, "that what you say and what he'll do, are two different things. Bet you anything if he catches you up, he'll make it two weeks. I tried that stunt on him this morning, and here I am. All I got is a measly crack on the head. He said you had—what the heck did he say you'd done? Something about exhausting your nerve-center after your strength had gone."

"Applesauce! I didn't, either."

"That's what I told him," grinned Evans.

"I said it was impossible."

"What was?" asked Mary Lou, caught un-awares.

"To exhaust your nerve-center."

LAUGHING, Mary Lou asked: "Do you really feel all right?"

"Yeah—that is, I would if—say, do you think we could find it?"

"Find what?"

"The place I went under. I lost my pipe there."

"What—your pipe! You lost it? That's what it is. Why—" Then, seeing his gloomy look was real, she proved herself then and there. She stopped laughing and leaned over and patted his hand. "Never mind. I'm sure I can find the place, and we'll dive for it. You'll find it."

"I hope so," said Evans, visibly cheered. "I sure think a lot of that pipe. You locate the place, and when I come back, we'll—"

Judge Carter and the doctor came in. The latter had been in this country a long while, and his English was generally very precise, but once in a while he slipped, especially when angry. He was their guest now, and socially was all that could be desired, but when doctoring—not so good, as Mary Lou once said.

"So," he sputtered, "you are togedder, vat? Und you"—pointing an accusing finger at Mary Lou, who in spite of her professed bravado seemed looking for a place to hide,—"und you! In bet I told you to stay. Is dis bet?"

"Well, this is a bed, isn't it?" answered Mary Lou, getting some of her courage back.

"But not your bet. For dot I gif you some pitter bills tonight, und in bet you stay for dree more days yet."

"You and what two cops?" demanded Mary Lou. "Daddy, are you going to stand there and see him bully your only daughter?"

"Darn' right I am," answered Carter, most unjudgelike. "And what's more, I'm going to help him. If you were nine instead of nineteen, I'd put you over my knee. You blame' near scared me to death. You get back to bed."

"Oh," said Mary Lou, rising with the air of an injured and insulted queen. "Very well. When my own father wont protect me from a darn' old—tyrant,"—and she gave the doctor a withering glance, much to that gentleman's delight,—"that does settle it. I'll go!"

"And make it snappy," said the Judge with a grin. "And also lay off trying to bribe Sam with my private stock."

Mary Lou ignored his remarks and stalked to the door. When almost there she turned, ran back to Evans, took his face in her hands, stooped and kissed him, and was gone before any of the three could say a word.

Evans was the most surprised. For once in his cocksure young life he was taken aback. "Why," he gasped, in an awe-struck voice, "she kissed me!"

"So she did," agreed the Judge. "And if you want my private opinion, you're a darn' lucky young man. Doctor, do you think he can stand a few minutes' conversation?"

"For a few minutes, yes. Fife I give you—no longer. I will go und see dat my orders are dis time obeyed." And he followed Mary Lou.

Carter turned to Evans, who was staring at him with a puzzled frown. "Feel up to a little talk?"

"Sure," agreed Evans.

THE next afternoon about five, Mandy brought a tray laden with fried chicken, hot biscuits and everything else that a dotting cook could think of that would tempt her "sugar-chile's" appetite.

"Your young man's done gone," she volunteered to Mary Lou, who was sitting up in bed reading a magazine.

"What?" said Mary Lou, putting down the magazine. "Gone? Where—how did he go?"

"Jest now. Mr. Harold, he tooked him in de lunch—"

"Launch, I've told you a hundred times—not lunch."

"Yassum, Mr. Harold he tooked him, anyway. De doctor, he raised de dickens an' all, but your young man, he say he got to be seein' a man dat wont wait, and—"

"How do you know all this?" demanded Mary Lou, beginning on a chicken-leg.

"I heared 'em. I was in de hall, an' de door was open. De doctor, he say dat he aint goin' to be 'sponsible for no sich foolishment; and your young man, he say dat he don't give a damn—"

"What? He said that to the doctor? Mandy, you're lying to me."

"Aint," said Mandy, much pleased at the way her news was being received. "He said dat de doctor, he could go to—"

"That's enough," interrupted Mary Lou virtuously. "You needn't repeat it."

"Shucks, dat aint bad cussin', Miss Mary Lou."

"Well, it's bad enough. I must be getting well fast, Mandy, I'm so awfully hungry. He'll be back pretty soon?"

"Yassum," agreed Mandy; "us knows dat."

JIMMY EVANS met his man in an office near Broad and Wall in New York City, and when he started, talked steadily for quite a while, every now and then tossing a paper or a snapshot on the flat-top desk. The man listened intently, never interrupting. Once he picked up a picture, looked at it, then laid it down.

Evans finally rose and said: "That's all, Major. Except the bird higher up or the one next to him is named Carter. He's called Judge. The last meeting was on his yacht, according to Park's report to me."

Major Hatfield looked at Evans and smiled. "Why the high-tension stuff, Jimmy? What crime you been committing now?"

"I haven't been committing any, except a couple of murders every morning before breakfast, as usual," said Evans wearily. "Is that all, Major? I'd like to apply for a couple days' leave."

"Sit down, before I knock you loose from your shoes, you young idiot," said Hatfield promptly. "You can dispense with that Christian martyr stuff also. Come on, come clean—you got something on your mind. What is it?"

Evans sat down and reached for a cigarette. "It's personal, Major."

"There aint no such animal—not in this outfit. Come on through with it."

"Well, I met a girl up there named Mary Lou Carter. She's—"

"Yeah, I know."

"You know? How come you know?"

"The third rear admiral of the Swiss navy told me. Get on with it."

"Nothing to get on with—only I love her, and here I am helping to put her pa in the Bastille for five or ten years. I got as much chance with her as a snowball in Hades."

"So that's it! Well, listen to your old Uncle John. Never quit the game until your last chip is in the middle of the table, old-timer. It's a tough break, but maybeso she'll have you anyway."

"Fat chance!" said Evans with a sigh that came from his boots. "If you knew how much she thinks of her male parent, you'd know what chance I've got. Do I get that leave?"

"You do not. You get time to go back to your hotel and pack and catch the four-fifty for the North again. I'll pick you up at Thompson's in a couple of days, and we'll knock 'em off. Get all you can on Carter. On your way."

EVANS made the flyer with two minutes to spare, and went as straight as a homing pigeon to the Carters'. Mary Lou was fishing from the pier when the hired launch came in. "Why, Jimmy Evans," she called delightedly. "I didn't expect you for a week. Come and sit down. Did you miss me? I haven't even hunted for the place yet. That darn' doctor won't let me off this pier. Did you meet your man? We'll go and find your pipe tomorrow. What's the matter—why don't you say something?"

"You haven't given me much chance," Evans pointed out. "Yes, I missed you and I met my man. Listen, Mary Lou, let's go somewhere where it will be quiet. I want to ask you something."

"What's the matter with this pier?" demanded Mary Lou lazily. "Sit down and hang your feet over. No one's around. Daddy's been gone since yesterday on the *Sylph*, and Harold's been gone all morning; he's got him a new girl over on the next island, thank goodness! What's the matter

Do you really want to get ahead?

—If not, step aside for the man who does



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When J. C. Gray enrolled with LaSalle, he sought its aid that he might be a better cost clerk—and so win a better job.

Eight years later Gray had stepped ahead to the position of Manager of Personnel of the Kardex-Rand Company.

What of the men who were clerks in the same big office where he started? The great majority of them are clerks this very minute! They stepped aside to let him pass.

Changing Jobs Isn't Enough—
You Must Change Yourself

For three years Ralph J. Daly—graduate of the University of Michigan—taught engineering at the University of Pennsylvania. Finding that he was not stepping ahead as fast as he wished, he did what so many men do—changed fields. He got a job with the Detroit Trust Company.

But here again he found that he was making little progress—evidently the fault had not been in his field but in himself.

He enrolled with LaSalle for home-study business training.

Today he is Secretary-Treasurer of the Detroit Fidelity and Surety Company—while scores of men who were clerks in the bank at the time he started have stepped aside to let him pass!

"I Sought Opportunity—The Salary
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When Coulson B. Hyde started as bookkeeper with the Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Company, at \$150 a month, he wasn't measuring his job by his pay, but by his opportunity in his chosen field.

Five years later, he stepped ahead to the position of General Auditor, at a salary 400 per cent larger.

Meanwhile, what about the men clerking and keeping books at nearby desks? They had the same chance—but they did not take it. They stepped aside to let him pass!

What's the secret that explains why some men quickly rise to high-salaried positions while others never seem to make the grade?

Why was Coulson B. Hyde, for example, chosen General Auditor of the Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Company? Why was Ralph J. Daly made Secretary-Treasurer of the Detroit Fidelity & Surety Company? What prompted the great Kardex-Rand Company to select J. C. Gray as Personnel Manager?

Hyde started as a molder in a Detroit foundry. Daly started with a telephone company. Gray was a cost clerk.

None of these men had money. None of them had unusual backing. Why did they step ahead—while hundreds of men who started even with them stepped aside to let them pass?

You Must Step Aside or Step Ahead—the Choice Is Yours!

Are you really in earnest in your desire to get ahead? Then read how Gray and Daly and Hyde won promotion, as related in the column at the left.

One reason for their swift advancement, as they will tell you themselves, was home-study business training. But back of that there was another reason.

While these men were fitting themselves for the bigger job, hundreds of men about them were doing practically nothing to further their own advancement—they were waiting on luck or long, loyal service, or "something" to shove them ahead.

Actually—whether they knew it or not—these hundreds of men were one by one stepping aside to let these three men step ahead to the big positions!

Why let some other man—with no more natural ability—shove you aside while he steps ahead to that bigger place?

You know that the only thing that stands between you and that bigger position is lack of knowledge and trained ability—both of which come quickly through specialized training.

You know, too, that such training—training which you can readily get in your spare time at home—may mean all the difference between mediocrity and success—between your present job and a job that pays many times what you now are making.

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with you? You act as if you'd been to a funeral or something. Is your pipe still worrying you?"

"For John's sake, will you lay off that pipe!" protested Evans. "I've more important things to think about."

"Have I lived to hear you say it? Your dear pipe—the one you licked ninety gobs to get," teased Mary Lou.

"Nine gobs. Listen, Mary Lou—if you loved anyone, would you care what he did to some one you loved?"

"My gracious goodness—say that again, and please say it slowly. How do we play this game, sitting down, or ought we to stand up?"

"I'm talking plain English, am I not?" demanded Evans.

"You're talking English, but not plain, young feller. Say it again for Mary Lou."

"Be a nice girl," pleaded Evans. "I'm in an awful jam."

"Oh, that's different. Really and truly are you? What did you do? It doesn't matter at all. I'm for you. That is, if there isn't a—is there a girl in it, Jimmy?"

"You're the girl in it, but I can't tell you anything. That's the hard part of it."

"You make me good and tired," said Mary Lou angrily. "Here you come mooning along about being in a jam, and I'm the girl in it; and now you can't even tell me about it. Well, you don't need to worry; I don't want to hear anything about it. If I'm the girl in your old jam, you can take me right out of it, you hear me?"

"You are in it," said Evans firmly. "You can't help yourself."

"I can't?" said Mary Lou hotly. "Any old time I can't. Who do you think you are? How dare you put me in a jam with you, without my permission?"

"Go ahead," gloomed Evans. "Let go the other barrel. I don't suppose I'm in trouble enough without your adding to it. Take a long breath and start again."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Jimmy, honestly I am. I didn't mean to lose my temper. Of course I'll be in the jam with you. I—I wouldn't want to be anywhere else. Can't you even tell me a little about it?"

"No," answered Evans with a grin, the first one Mary Lou had seen since his return. "But as long as you're content to stay in it with me, it's all right. That goes now, Mary Lou; no matter what happens, it's you and me for it, word of honor?"

"Word of honor!" said Mary Lou seriously. "I'll stay with you in it, Jimmy. Let's go and see if Sam will make us something cool to drink."

THREE nights afterward the *Sylph* nosed her way daintily into one of the numerous coves in the upper lake and came to anchor a couple of hundred feet from the shore. Shortly afterward two boats put off from shore and several men boarded her.

We announce with pleasure that Lad of Sunnybank, the most famous and most loved dog in America, lives again in new stories of Lad to appear in this magazine.

The first will be in the July number

"Lad of Sunnybank"

by

ALBERT
PAYSON TERHUNE

There was no attempt at concealment or quiet. All lights were lit and the radio was on. About midnight one of the lights on port side changed suddenly to green, then back to red.

Five minutes later another boat came alongside and edged itself along to where a gangplank hung over the side. There was no challenge from the yacht's deck, and they reached the gangplank unnoticed.

A man reached out and seized one of the iron supports and pulled the boat closer. "All right," he said softly. "Up with you! Parks, you and Evans come with me. McGee, you and the rest take the deck." Some one answered: "Right, Major."

The big dining saloon was foggy with tobacco smoke. Dinner was over, and a dozen or more men were sitting around the cleared table, on which there were bottles and glasses. There was considerable singing and laughter.

The Major with Parks and Evans reached the door unmolested. The crew evidently were holding a celebration of their own, below.

They stood in the doorway for a moment, the Major in the lead; then Judge Carter looked up and saw them. He rose.

"Who the hell are you?" he demanded.

"Put 'em up!" snapped Major Hatfield. "Reach for the sky, all of you. Government business."

The command fairly crackled through the smoke-laden air, and the response was instantaneous; every man in the room automatically put his hands above his head. It was the element of surprise that put it over. They were all men of action—but their hands went up, as far as they could.

"That's right," said Hatfield. "No one will get hurt if they take it easy. Parks, take the door. Evans, go through 'em. You gents line up against the wall. Easy now—the first man that drops his hands will get his head blown off."

WHEN Evans got to Carter, that gentleman leaned forward a little and whispered: "Make a break for me, Jimmy. Give me a chance."

"I will like heck," snarled Evans. "Make one for yourself, if you think it's healthy. —That's all, Major," he said a moment later.

"Right. You men can put your hands down. Evans, go on deck and tell McGee to flash for the rest of our boats."

As Evans left, he heard Major Hatfield begin: "I have a search-warrant for this yacht, and warrants for the arrest of—"

A half-hour later Jimmy Evans, who was sitting in the stern of one of the small boats, acting as guard, felt some one nudge him to move over. He looked up, saw it was Carter, who sat down as Evans made room for him.

"Jimmy, how are you going to square yourself with Mary Lou after treating me like this?"

"I don't know," answered Evans, gloomily. "I don't believe I ever can. I'll try and have your sentence made as light as possible—that may help."

"It would," said Carter with what sounded suspiciously like a chuckle to Evans. "But I don't see how you can face her after—putting her pa in the Bastille."

Evans straightened up, his clever, trained brain instantly going into action. "Putting her pa in the Bastille." What he had said to Major Hatfield! Carter quoting it meant only one thing—he was in the Service. What department or how high up or just what part Carter had played in the case, Evans did not know, but he did know enough not to ask questions. If the Major had wanted him to know at the time who Carter was, he would have told him in New York. For some reason, he didn't; that was enough for Evans. But he was entitled to ask one question, though.

"You were—" And he paused.

"Ascertaining some facts," finished Carter for him. "This is something special, Jimmy," he added voluntarily. "A long time ago I used to be in active service myself, and some chaps in Washington thought I could handle the Canadian end of this thing, so they drafted me."

"Contact," said Evans with a grin, feeling as if several mountains had been rolled off him. "Sorry I poked my gun in your ribs so hard, Judge."

"You and me both," answered the Judge with feeling. "You blame' near broke one. I bet you'd have pulled the trigger if I had moved."

"I sure would," said Evans.

"A fine son you'll make," said the Judge. "Mary Lou is plenty to handle, and now you come along."

"I have a suspicion," said Evans, "that Mary Lou will do the handling for both of us."

"Son," answered the Judge, "you said something."

IT was a week before they tied up at the pier again. Mary Lou was waiting for them, battle-flags flying. Her small hands were clenched and resting on her hips. "Oi all the mean tricks I ever heard of! You two leaving me here all alone! What do you think I've been doing? Oh, I wish I had words to—"

"What?" said both men, with a shout of laughter.

Mary Lou glared at them; then the humor of it struck her and she laughed.

"You can put up your sword," said Evans. "The war is over."

"Not as far as I am concerned!"—trying hard to rekindle her wrath but failing. "It's just commencing."

"And the jam's busted," went on Evans.

"Oh, is it? I'm so glad, Jimmy. Then there is no need of waiting any longer, is there? I mean—I—"

"Take him around to the garden and tell him," suggested the Judge. "I'll see you later."

Mary Lou led Evans to a shady spot under one of the big trees. There was a table and three or four wicker chairs. She radiated grim determination and did not say a word until they arrived.

"You sit there," she said, pointing to a stiff-backed chair.

"Yassum," answered Evans, meekly. "Do I get a drink before the firing-squad gets here, or don't I?"

"Don't I," answered Mary Lou firmly, settling herself in a comfortable rocker. "You get nothing but abuse until I get some straight answers to a few questions. First—what jam were we in?"

"I thought I was helping send your pa to Atlanta, and I didn't think you'd like it."

"Darn' right I wouldn't like it," said Mary Lou promptly. "What's Daddy been doing—beating some old lady to death? He does it regularly once a month, and now you've found him out. Tell me about it, what did you think he was doing? I'm good and angry with you, Mr. James Evans. The idea of such lovely doings going on, with Daddy pretty near being sent to Atlanta and you helping send him there, and you and I in a jam, and I not knowing anything about it! Why didn't you tell me and let me help?"

"Send your pa to Atlanta? Shame on you, Mary Lou."

MARY LOU stood up and drew a long breath. "You—"

"Hold it. I surrender. Be a nice girl and sit down."

"I'm not a nice girl," said Mary Lou, but she sat down. "All I'm going to say is, do some talking and do it right fast. First, tell me about the jam."

"That was the jam—your not liking it. I

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couldn't tell you—you'd have told him. I was afraid you wouldn't have anything to do with me if—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Mary Lou, sitting up very straight. "James Evans, do you mean to sit there and tell me you would send my father to prison, even if he were guilty?"

"Doggone it," said the badgered Evans, "what else could I do? That's what I've been trying to tell you, isn't it? That was the jam we were in. That made it a jam, didn't it? I thought how you'd feel about him and when you found out that I helped—how you'd feel about me."

"Did it ever occur to you," said Mary Lou sternly, although her eyes were shining, "that you might have let my father go—on my account?"

Evans did not see the light in her eyes or the smile hovering on her beautiful tremulous lips. He was staring out over the lake.

"No," he answered, simply.

"Jimmy," said Mary Lou, rising and going over to his chair, "look at me! Do you mean to tell me that you'd do that and run the risk of—"

"Oh, for John's sake," interrupted the much-tried Evans, rising also. "If you don't stop fussin' at me, Mary Lou, I'll—"

"What'll you do?" demanded Mary Lou, edging close to him.

"Use force," said Evans with a grin, promptly taking her in his arms.

Mary Lou laughed—a happy, contented little laugh. "You needn't, Jimmy." Her arms went around his neck. "Because—I surrender too!"

HEARTS A FLIGHT

(Continued from page 61)

he handed the message over to the keeping of old Père Bergelot.

During that interval when his enemies had no airplanes and so there was no danger of them air-trailing him, Dorn had visited the Lake of the Dawn every day, at morning or at evening. He would skim over the towering peak-line and drop; and circling once or twice above her island, would wave to Joyce there on the jutting boulder and catch the tiny flutter of her kerchief in answer; but he had no reason to alight except to be with her, and there was every reason why that should not be.

It was during one of those early days, when Dorn was not afraid of being air-trailed, that Kansas Eby discovered where Joyce was hidden.

At the Lost River Dutchman's post a hundred miles north of the Lake of the Dawn, Kansas had stopped late one afternoon to take on gas and oil from the emergency drums which he and Dorn had planted there. The Dutchman told him that Dorn had just been there and had gone straight south. Wanting to talk with Dorn, Kansas whipped south full-throttle on Dorn's trail.

After a long chase he finally sighted the *Silver Hawk* far ahead. Watching, he saw the graceful plane skim over a peak-line, dip completely out of sight into a mountain valley, and finally reappear and wing on toward home. He thought: "That's a queer maneuver; what did he think he was doing, anyway?"

When he himself sailed out over the blue, beautiful lake and its seven islands, Kansas looked under keel, and he fairly jumped and his hands dropped from the controls when he saw a small human figure on a jutting boulder far away beneath him. Seizing binoculars, he drew the figure close; and once again he swore: "For Lord's sake, it's that girl! Here's where Jim's got her!" She was waving at him, and Kansas realized that to an amateur eye his plane looked like the *Silver Hawk*. "She thinks I'm Jim, come back!" Curiosity ate him up.

He shut off ignition and pushed the stick forward and went down in a thundering dive.

OLD Luke became a dismal prophet after his rescue and hard to get along with. It was his opinion that Dorn and he should go down there some night to Eaux Mortes with *hiyu* dynamite and blow their enemies into the Dead Waters. "I used believe you wise man; you think much, say little. But now I believe you *hyas* fool like all other white men. Way you fight, much chance is you lose young *squaw-siche*. Some day big chief find her, carry her away. Why not take her in roaring air-devil and fly *siah-siah* south into the Boston-land?" (The States) "She make you good squaw. She young and strong and mountain-born like

you. She be mother of strong boy, of girl like herself."

One afternoon when Dorn returned home, old Luke again was waiting for him with ominous news. Joe Yoroslaf and two other of the 'breeds were no longer at the Dead Waters camp or anywhere about Titan Pass.

Startled, Dorn went into action. "Luke, we must find out where Yoroslaf is, what he's doing. You go up on mountain, spot look-out 'breed, keep eye on him. Bimeby come owl dusk I come up along you."

Old Luke went. But at sundown, when Dorn had finished some minor repairs on the *Silver Hawk* and was just ready to start for the mountain slope, Luke came skirling back across from the mainland.

"What happened?" Dorn asked him sharply. "Why you come back?"

REACHING into a hidden fold of his medicine robe, Luke produced a leather bottle and handed it to Dorn. It was nearly empty. Dorn smelled of it: Rotgut *houchini*—a particularly vile drink of characteristic odor. The Jumping-Salmon Tlikits and Bella Coolas over on the coast made it from sour molasses and frozen potatoes, and distilled it through coils of the snaky algae washed ashore; and then, as though it were not atrocious enough already, they tintured it heavily with plug tobacco. Compared with it, the ordinary pink-eye and forty-rod and day-and-a-half of the "permit" smugglers were mellow, bottled sunshine.

Luke had taken things into his own hands; he explained: "I go up on mountain, begin dig around, make look like I hunt roots. Bimeby 'breed see me. He point gun, walk up, say, 'What the damn' hell you do here?' I say hunt medicine roots; say old squaw sick, bones go *creak-creak*, belly hurt, can't eat. Bimeby he see neck of bottle. He say: 'Two damns and a hell, friend, what that?' I make look like try to hide bottle. He grab, take away, tilt up. Bottle go *glook-glook-glook*. Bimeby conversation-water loosen his tongue. Bimeby I begin ask questions. Bimeby he talk like whisky-jack."

Then Luke reported how Yoroslaf and Charlo and Narcisse had been set off barely forty miles south of Joyce's lake. Two days ago, that was. "Much chance is," old Luke concluded, remembering the difficult mountain trail, "that they not reached lake yet. But tomorrow."

Dorn shuddered at the thought of that Fort Liard murderer coming upon Joyce on her island. He gazed thoughtfully at old Luke. With knife or belt-ax Luke could kill any 'breed at Titan Pass in open battle. In ambush, with rifle and automatic, he was a match for any three or four of the lot. In the bush he was a flitting shadow, a pair of glittering eyes, a steady hand and trigger-finger, a shrewd old brain of deadly cunning.

Dorn said tersely: "Luke, you remember mountain meadow up above that lake, where foolish-bears come to pasture? You remember trail lead across that mesa? 'Breeds have to follow trail, cross mesa. No other south pass to lake." And when old Luke nodded: "Now s'pose I take you in roaring air-devil up to her lake. S'pose you climb up to mesa, build ambush, guard trail. S'pose Yoroslaf and two 'breeds come *hyaking* along. What happen, huh?"

Old Luke made three clicking sounds with his bony jaws, and his eyes glinted as though he were sighting down a rifle barrel.

"Good!" Dorn said grimly. "Then go make up pack. We get into the air quick!"

Out at the plane the Indian stoically clambered into the rear seat and submitted to pack-'chute harness without grunt or quiver; but Dorn knew Luke would rather "fight a grizzly with a pine-bough" than go aloft in that roaring air-devil.

One hundred miles from his goal Dorn swung west in a great semicircle to avoid passing over the 'breeds and giving them a dead-certain direction clue.

Coming in out of the northwest at his lofty height of twelve thousand feet he cut off the engine, for the night was still in the mountains, and the 'breeds could hear that powerful roar ten miles; he skimmed silently over Joyce's island and lit in the far south-east corner of the lake, where the old Carrier trail led up to Goat Mesa.

In the canvas canoe he took Luke ashore with pack and rifle, and then taxied back across the lake.

As he started up the path, a light suddenly flickered in the cabin and then burned steadily, and Dorn saw Joyce's figure shadowed against a window. She had heard his plane.

When he knocked at the door, she flung it open and stood in front of him, clad in nightgown, a blanket wrapped about her and her billowy hair streaming from her shoulders.

She cried, at sight of him: "Jim, what's happened—you coming at night—so suddenly?"

He stepped upon the threshold and took her hand, and fighting the need to take her into his arms, he was dismayed by the realization that all his prearranged program to hold himself aloof was absurd, now when her hand was warm in his again.

He answered her: "No calamity's happened, Joyce. I've merely found out something you ought to know."

She flushed hotly, and saying, "If you'll excuse me, Jim, a few minutes," she ran into her room.

DORN closed the door against the chill night breeze, and his glance then went around the cabin. For all its bareness the room had the cozy air of a woman's touch; he compared it with his own bleak, austere tent. The cabin was scented with odors of several wildflowers. She had made birch-rind vases lined with moss and fringed with maidenhair fern, and had filled them with blossoms—with avalanche lilies and dwarf roses, with gorgeous clusters of purple heather and snow anemones which she could have gathered only across on the mainland high above tree-line.

He turned to the table; what caught and held Dorn's eyes, struck him hard—her table was set for two.

There were two tin plates, two cups, two knives and forks, and even two chairs drawn up in readiness. The realization stabbed him: "She was expecting some one. She didn't know I was to come this morning. Some one is coming here to her." He remembered those words he had spoken to her that first morning when he brought her to this wilderness lake: "You came here to meet somebody; he evidently hasn't arrived yet."

She came out of her room, fixing the big

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bow-tie at her throat and pinning a vivid scarlet orchid on her breast. He did not look around at her or speak. She cried:

"Jim! There is something the matter!"

He said, "Yes," and pointed at the table.

She glanced once where he pointed, and then back to him. She gasped, "Oo-oh," as though she had been struck; and then she turned away from him and burst into tears.

"Jim, that extra place—ever since your last visit—I've kept it. . . . I watched for your airplane. . . . I wanted you to—that place was for—for you!"

LATER, when they were sitting together at that table set for two, he realized that it had not been his abject apology which caused her to forgive him, but his stumbling confession of how he had felt when he saw that extra place and believed some other man was to come here. For after that confession she had not reproached him at all.

Meeting her brown eyes now across the bouquet of avalanche lilies, he spun his necessary story to her:

"Thirty miles south of here there are three or four *métis* prospecting around, looking up fur-paths for next winter. They're not likely to get this far north, but you shouldn't take chances, Joyce. That's why I came at night—so they wouldn't see me whip over the mesa and set down on this lake. They mustn't get a glimpse of you. Moccasin telegraph—the news would be out to the railroad in no time."

He added: "I think you ought to take a few simple precautions. Don't do any cooking in the daytime. At night shield the windows with paper. You mustn't go over to the mainland any more—"

"But, Jim, I can't stay on this little island—"

"I said you mustn't go over there, Joyce. That's my plain request."

It was not a request, but an order, flat and final; and he saw a flash in those imperious brown eyes of hers. But her rebellion lasted only a moment; perhaps she remembered all he had done for her.

She said presently, with a simplicity that made him sorry for his abruptness: "Then, Jim, I want to go to those woods any more."

She startled him the next instant: "Jim, your partner, Mr. Eby, was here."

"What? Kansas? When? How did he know? I never told him about you!" He thought old Bergelot had confused instructions and had delivered the map and letter.

But Joyce set him right. "It was last week, Jim. He said he was trailing you down from Lost River and saw you dip low into this valley and then saw me on the boulder."

"You made him understand that he shouldn't drop the least hint about you being here?"

"Oh, he understands." She debated with herself whether or not to tell Dorn that she and Kansas had sat all night on the boulder, talking. She decided not to, for then she

would have to explain what they had talked about.

Dorn was thinking, with bitterness and rebellion, that Kansas, because he had no great interest in Joyce, would be seeing her, talking to her, being human company to her, while he himself who loved her must not come again because of that very fact. He arose.

"I've got to leave, Joyce."

She rose too.

"But, Jim, you've been here—only a few minutes—after all these days—"

"I can't stay," he said doggedly. Then, to gloss over the real reason, which both of them were quiveringly aware of, he added: "I mustn't be seen climbing out of this lake. It's nearly dawn now."

He saw a sudden swift thought flit across her face; saw her fighting against this thought, then yielding to it. She looked away, looked down at a button on her jacket: "Jim, couldn't we—if you don't dare stay here— You're doing cartographing work today, you said— Couldn't I—we could come back after dark tonight." And then she came to her proposal: "Couldn't I go along with you, Jim?"

He caught his breath sharply. He tried to reason: "I mustn't take her. . . . She'll be safer here than in my plane. And all day—with her—"

But she came up very near to him; her hand crept up to his shoulder: "Jim, please, if I won't be a bother—if you don't think it too dangerous—just for today—"

If today would be their last together! He bent, and his lips touched her hair. "Dear—my dear—"

Then they were running down the path together, paddling out to the *Silver Hawk*; and while the first shafts of pearl gray were touching the neighboring pinnacles, they taxied out upon the bosom of the Lake of the Dawn—leaped exultantly into the air.

FROM his camp in the cañon valley south of the mesa Joe Yoroslaf heard the airplane climb into the sky. He flung off his blankets and sat up hastily, and listened to the thrumming, diminishing motor-song; and now a smile overspread his swart and hairy face.

He ate a cold breakfast and started climbing leisurely up toward the bighorn pasture, meaning to wait there till one of Carter-Snowdon's planes came near enough to see his powder-flash signals. Or perhaps he would be in no hurry about those signals, but would go on down to the lake and paddle a log across to the island where this white girl was alone. . . . Perhaps if he slicked himself up at a pool and put on that bright-colored *ceinture fêchée* from his pack and made himself agreeable— Probably, yes, *certainement*, a girl that way, either from fear or shame, would say nothing at all, afterward, to that big white-skinned and paunchy man with the reward money. . . .

Old Luke Illewhawacet saw him coming. Luke had climbed to the mesa and thrown together a brush lodge at the edge of it and taken up his vigil there before dawn. Watching from his ambush thicket beside the trail, he made sure Yoroslaf came alone; and like a couchant old panther he watched the "breed clambering up the steep, tortuous path which, for countless generations, had been polished by the moccasins of Luke's primitive ancestors.

Old Luke was alone now, with no *hyas* young fool to check his trigger-finger. Old Luke waited with stoical patience, counting Yoroslaf's steps for him, measuring distance, waiting.

His rifle steadied and for a second did not quiver; and when it spoke, it spoke *once*.

THE keen wind brought frost-roses into Joyce's cheeks. A wisp of her hair, escaped from her helmet, was wavy in the slip-stream of the propeller.

With the sun inching up over a blue-hazy range, the wild country beneath them stirred and woke to a new-born day.

Dorn could never look down at the virgin wilderness without a feeling of shame at the work he was doing; and since Carter-Snowdon had become his enemy, that feeling had grown acute and personal. He felt that this region, unknown and untraveled, was one corner of the world where a man could still find a retreat and peace. But he was betraying it. Where he pioneered in his plane, charting with aerial camera, there the timber outfits and mining companies and railroad tap-spurs would eventually follow, and at no distant day. It was all very well to talk glibly about the "illimitable resources of the North," but down through the Kootenays he had seen how illimitable those resources could become in a few short years, and he knew how long these slow-growing forests of his province would last when steamer lines were carrying them to four timber-hungry continents.

The cause of it was the greed of a small number of men, and Carter-Snowdon was one of the chiefs of them. He had never yet replanted a seedling where he had cut a giant. For him this virgin wilderness was something to strip and deflower and bend to his own use; and Dorn felt he was playing directly into Carter-Snowdon's hand.

By steeply banking his plane at a low altitude Dorn snapped several "obliques" of rugged mountain scenery which the Bureau wanted for publicity purposes. Then he climbed to fourteen thousand feet to begin his wide-angle vertical mapping. He set the intervalometer to make an exposure every fifty seconds, clipped in an orange filter to screen out the aerial haze; and reloading the magazine, he started his routine flights back and forth across the "block."

He had no reason to expect his enemies and he was able to keep a constant lookout until something went wrong with the tiny electric heater which kept the films in the camera at proper temperature; then, busy with adjusting it, Dorn could not watch the sky. It was Joyce who saw "the Hun in the sun," and drew Dorn's attention to a glistening monoplane swimming down upon them from the east.

Dorn snapped off the camera, seized his long-range glasses, brought the machine up to him. At a glance he recognized it as the armed plane. And then, several miles farther south, into his field of vision swam a second craft—the big heavy biplane.

WITH that pursuit plane roaring down upon him like a bolt of annihilation, Dorn's first thought was: "Here's the battle! God—she's mixed up in it!"

With a single swift glance he spotted a mountain lake just beneath, and decided: "I'll set down on it and keep them off with the machine-gun till dark, and then Joyce and I may be able to get away." But he recognized the make of that monoplane; he had flown a dozen like it; and his reassurance flooded back as he studied it. It was swift, all right, but his *Silver Hawk* was swifter. In a chase he could dance away from it. If need be, he could dump part of his gas and even throw out the camera, and wash that monoplane out of sight in a two-hundred-mile race.

Just as he swung the *Silver Hawk* north and was ready to line out for the Yukon, the enemy plane checked its headlong rush, swerved sharply and began circling. Dorn dropped the controls and thumbed his glasses, wondering what caused this sudden maneuver. He observed the enemy gunner training binoculars at him, and then he understood.

"They saw Joyce! It stopped them dead-short when they saw she's with me!"

Circling like a wary hawk, he watched. The biplane stood on up till it joined its



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smaller consort. It likewise carried two men—its pilot, and Carter-Snowdon in the mechanic's seat. It had no machine-gun; it was not a fighting plane. Dorn thought: "Carter-Snowdon hasn't any stomach for an air fight. He came along to watch while these other men did the dangerous work. He wanted particularly to see me killed!"

Joyce touched Dorn on the shoulder; and turning, he saw how puzzled she was by his strange actions and by these planes coming upon them. Her pretty lips moved, and he read the words on them: "Jim, that plane—doesn't look exactly—Mr. Eby's."

He fairly seized upon her suggestion. He throttled down for an instant and geared in the supercharger to muffle the engine roar so that he could shout to her: "Yes, Kansas' plane—looks different in the air. Other plane cartographers too—friends—don't mind about them seeing you."

She believed him; her smile came back; and all innocent of the truth, she dipped her kerchief in the slip-stream, waving to those planes.

For a moment Dorn was thunderstruck by this act. Then he laughed aloud. That wave of her tiny kerchief was a taunt flung into Carter-Snowdon's face—a barb that rankled and enraged. To be within a few hundred yards of her after this long hunt for her, to see her there in full sight across that void of air, to see her in Dorn's plane, must have exploded all the festering jealous fury which had caused him to come along that morning in hopes of watching the cartographer go down to death.

He half-rose in his seat, dropped glasses, sank back for a stunned moment, then gestured a furious order at the pursuit machine.

The pursuit pilot signaled "No!" most emphatically. He evidently had no scruples against knocking a man out of the air, but he balked flat-footed at interfering with a plane which carried a girl.

Dorn thought: "I'd better drift. Joyce might any minute ask me for these glasses."

Wheeling into the northeast, he pushed the throttle wide-open. The monoplane did not follow; the biplane could not; they dwindled, vanished astern; and the *Silver Hawk* flew alone—a shining speck in that blue-vaulted immensity.

BACK at Eaux Mortes, Carter-Snowdon landed in an ugly temper. He had thought that this week would see Joyce safely shut away from the world at his hunting lodge in the Quesnal Mountains; but every last damned hope of that seemed gone to smash, and her brazen taunt this morning had been insult, outrage.

He blared at the gunner and pilot, who were taking off their helmets and goggles: "Why in hell didn't you two go after that plane? You had 'em there, right in your hand, both of 'em; and b'God you finked out! You're canned! Get!"

Soft-shoe said nothing till his chief had thumped into the tent. Then he asked, rather indifferently, what had happened that morning.

He heard that after the encounter with Dorn, the two planes had come back east, where the 'breeds had been set off. Two of these, Charlo and Narcisse, with no one to prod them, had not lifted a foot from camp. The pursuit plane then followed up north where Yoroslaf had gone, but Yoroslaf failed to answer their prearranged signals, and the devil knew where he was.

The shadow of a smile, crafty and wolfish, crept into Soft-shoe's expression when he heard that the 'breeds had miserably failed. After a moment he said to the pilot and gunner: "You two hang around. Go up to the Station if you want to—till he cools off. I'll need you tonight. Probably it'll be after midnight."

The gunner asked: "What d'you mean—uncovered something new?"

Soft-shoe kept his counsel; turning away, he stepped into the tent where Carter-Snowdon sat on a cot, viciously chewing at a cigar.

"These came for you this morning," Soft-shoe said, taking two letters and a telegram from his pocket. He had steamed them, read them, sealed them again, and so knew what their effect would be. Deliberately he waited till Carter-Snowdon had read the letters and the four-page telegram and was pacing the tent in a frenzy. Then, without a shadow of expression on his cold face, he demanded abruptly:

"How much is it worth to you to have her by tomorrow this time?"

Carter-Snowdon whirled on him. "How much is it worth? That's a hell of a ques—" He stopped, for he saw that the detective had at last discovered something swift and certain, and was haggling for a price. He swallowed hard, and snapped: "You're working for me. Salary! If you know anything, say it."

The detective said coldly: "What I know will cost you thirty thousand dollars. You'll give me a check for it. You won't stop payment on the check afterwards; I know too much, see?" He disregarded Carter-Snowdon's clenched fist; he paid no attention to the infamy flung at him. Picking the letters and telegrams from the floor, he presented them, like an ultimatum, to Carter-Snowdon. . . .

When he walked out of the tent Soft-shoe had the check in his billfold. It was payable only on condition that he found Joyce McNain within the time he himself had specified; but that did not worry him, for he had made sure he could carry out his end of the bargain before venturing to double-cross his employer.

AN hour after Dorn swam away from those two hostile planes, he looked under keel and saw a "punch-bowl" lake, hardly bigger than a tarn, lying blue and hidden and inviting in the heart of a cup-shaped mountain. In tight spirals he dropped down upon it and alighted in the middle.

Sitting on a pontoon, kicking their heels against it, Joyce and he ate the trout sandwiches she had brought, and opened a can of erbstwurst from his emergency rations.

With the afternoon and the long northern twilight ahead of them before they dared return home, they went ashore in the canoe to the spruce-clothed northern slope of the punch-bowl. Up a game-trail that led along a mountain-side torrent they started climbing, with no special purpose, no tyrannical goal—content merely to be wandering in a place of their mutual discovery where no human foot had ever trod.

In the buckbrush near lake level a family of cinnamon bears were grunting and digging for fern-roots, amiably cuffing one another with somewhat resounding love-pats. Then through a screen of boughs Joyce pointed ahead; and looking along her arm and finger Dorn saw a bright-reddish fox treading the water out of his brush. A frightened deer glanced across the torrent and out along the hillside, and the cause of its fright, a huge grizzly, came lumbering along the trail.

On higher they saw a lynx lying on a stone flipping trout out of a caldron pool. The path now was lined with tufts of white wool where mountain goats had ventured down for woods plants. In the deerbush above timberline a cow moose and her ungainly calf were pasturing, feeding in circles so that when they lay down in the center of their web, a man or wolf following their tracks would have to pass to windward and give them warning.

In a slideway of gray trap-rock just below the pinnacle they came upon a pica or "little chief hare," and sat for half an hour watching him at his summer hay-making. The

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little mountain hermit, solitary denizen of rock jumbles, would cut a few blades of grass and spread them on flat stones to dry in the sun, and those already cured he was carrying back into his burrow that led deep under heavy boulders where the grizzly could not dig him out as old *siam-siam* did to his little cousin the ground-squirrel and to his big brother the hoary marmot. He would sit up at times when a hawk flew over, and utter his plaintive *cheep-cheep-cheep*, ready to scurry into his den if the hawk hovered.

Joyce touched Dorn's arm and said: "Jim, he doesn't seem to have any mate or kith or kin in the world. His life must be awfully bleak, mere primitive existence, as ancient and lonely as these hills. A few hours of summer sunshine, a little hay-making, then his long dark winter sleep."

"Bleak—that's what it is, Joyce," Dorn answered, with an odd quality in his voice. "A few hours of sunshine—like today—then the long Dark again."

With his glasses Dorn swept the sky for leagues around for a possible glimpse of those two enemy planes; but he could see no threat on the horizon. The day was his and hers—whatever tomorrow might bring.

BESIDE him on the tiny plateau Joyce was lying full-length, sunning herself, gazing up at the blue vacuity above her. In the silence of their eyrie solitude, he groped for her hand, and it slipped into his. . . .

Back at the plane, Dorn carefully inspected his *Silver Hawk* and adjusted the

supercharger. There was still one marvel of his kingdom which he wanted to show Joyce—the most wonderful of them all. The air was right for it; his engine had hummed like a song all morning; he was fairly light on gas by this time.

She was mightily puzzled at him for wrapping her in two warm blankets and tucking a small canvas fly all about her till she was swathed like a papoose. He looked wise at her insistent questions and merely said: "I maybe shouldn't take you through all this, but you're a little mountaineer and it'll be over with before it can do you any harm."

For himself he drew on an extra pair of gloves, got out a pair of oil-glazed goggles and donned the heavy fur-collared coat which Luke had worn on the up-trip.

Taxying twice around the lake to heat the motor thoroughly, he took off, climbed out of the amphitheater and began circling in long, ever-rising spirals.

The spirit thermometer of the cockpit dropped to freezing when he was level with the snowfields, and to zero when he was seven thousand feet higher; and kept dropping, dropping on below to Arctic coldness as he climbed aloft. The lake speedily dwindled to a mere splash of blue, and the lordly mountain cradling it shrank to a small foothill under keel. With every rising spiral of the *Silver Hawk* the horizon unfolded a more distant vision, disclosing new far-away ranges—range upon range standing above the aerial haze and stretching out of sight in the miniature of immense distances. But Dorn

High Lights of Travel 'Round the World



A GROUP of horsemen, superbly mounted, are gathered at the gates of a huge fortress. It is early, and they talk lightly as they await the coming of the rest of their party, who, like themselves, have been invited to a banquet by the master of the stronghold.

At the appointed hour all the guests have arrived. Slowly the massive gates are opened and they ride into the courtyard. Their host is nowhere to be seen. As the visitors are dismounting, a shrill whistle sounds. The top of the wall overlooking the courtyard, bare a moment before, is suddenly alive with armed men who deliberately open fire upon their defenseless victims.

In an adjoining room, the host of this strange "banquet" sits calm and motionless. He listens intently to the sounds of the massacre—sounds which tell him that the last organized group which, under pretense of friendship, had threatened his power, is being wiped out, and that he is now undisputed master of all Egypt.

The slaughter of the four hundred and eighty Mamelukes, or "White Slaves," was only an incident in the varied and stormy career of Mehemet Ali, the Viceroy who united Egypt's people and laid the foundation for its modern development.

The "Castle of the Nile," which was the scene of this and many other significant events in the long history of Egypt's Moslem rulers, was built by order of the famous Saladin, well remembered as the chivalrous foe of Richard the Lion-hearted during the Crusades. Saladin had conquered the country some five hundred years before the days

of Mehemet Ali, his best-known successor, and constructed this Citadel of Cairo as his fortress and royal residence. The stones used for its massive walls and towers were taken from the pyramids, palaces and temples of Memphis, ancient city of the Pharaohs—structures which were then more than five thousand years old.

This Citadel, perfectly preserved, has stood throughout the centuries, a striking example of Arabian architecture and a memorial to one of the many colorful civilizations which have flourished in this land where the past is so strangely embalmed in the present.

From the lofty parapets, there is a magnificent view of the River Nile, which once bore on its silvery surface the regal barge of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt. To the west, there is an endless expanse of golden desert, broken by the sharp, triangular shadows of the Pyramids.

These hot desert sands have given up many of their treasures and their secrets. Through recently discovered tombs of ancient kings, the modern man can read the records of a culture dating back far beyond the earliest written chronicles. But mystery remains, and every visitor to the enigmatic lands of the East has felt the charm of its potent spell.

To know only the "here" and the "now" is to live in but one dimension, and never to comprehend the breadth and depth of human experience. Travel is the agent of progress and self-development, which places true culture and lasting satisfactions within reach of all who seek them.

went on up, up, up, sweeping the heavens in great circles, as though he meant to climb to the roof of the world.

Far westward toward the Pacific, Joyce and he could see a dozen black thunderstorms, their lightning flashes jabbing like white snakes at the mountains. Eastward over the foothill country hung the pearl-gray haze of forest fires.

The sky gradually became a deeper, darker blue. The sun's halo disappeared, and the sun itself was merely a bright orb of dazzling copperish color. In that lifeless region of the upper air its rays had no warmth or cheerfulness. An invisible ice—incredibly thin flakes riding level on the wind—stung him like tiny daggers.

At twenty thousand feet, Dorn turned. Joyce was leaning forward close behind her windshield; her breath had formed rime frost on the mask he had fashioned for her. But she freed her mouth for an instant and smiled back at him, knowing now what his adventure was; and her pursed lips answered his unspoken question:

"Yes, Jim! Yes! On up, up—"

Each thousand feet above twenty came slower, harder. Always he kept an eye on that dot of blue below him, where he could glide down to a dead-stick landing in case the engine failed. And he kept strict watch over his body, his senses. His breathing was labored, his limbs cramped and chilled to the bone; he had to fight a drowsiness stealing over him. But he had been aloft enough to know the danger signals; he meant to drop back down at the first imperative warning; and his limit was not yet come.

When he looked around now he saw that Joyce's eyelids were heavy. She too was fighting the drowsiness. He had never in the world expected her to stick it out this long; he had expected her to go to sleep in the warm place he had fixed for her; but she was still awake, still alert, and he climbed on aloft.

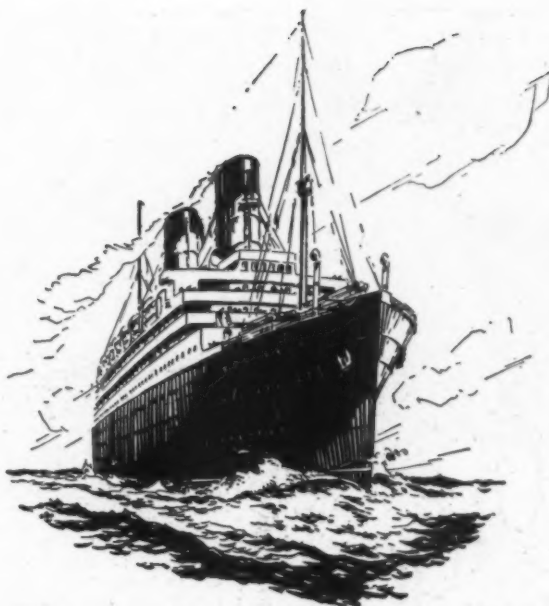
At twenty-three thousand feet Dorn struck a steady wind blowing out of the northwest; a wind so strong that the *Silver Hawk* could rise against it hovering nearly still, with ground-speed almost nothing. With no more spiraling he held the plane head-on into the screaming gale and felt it bracing the wings, lifting the *Silver Hawk* on higher and higher till his slow progress dwindled to nothing and he came out upon his ceiling, twenty-six thousand feet aloft, and hovered there for half a minute while he gestured for Joyce to look at the ten million acres of wilderness spread below.

Then with the danger signals ringing in his ears, Dorn turned the plane downward, back toward mother earth.

JOYCE, for some reason, had asked him to visit the Lost River Dutchman's post that afternoon; and when he came down from his ceiling, he headed toward the Lost River.

For the first forty miles to the outpost his flight lay over unglaciated spear-head mountains with only deep cañons of perpetual twilight in between. But the ranges then began to take on softer, rounder outlines; the valleys widened. They flew over muskeg swamps teeming with waterfowl rookeries, over tamarack lowlands where moose and caribou yarded in winter, over beaver meadows where trapping must have been a paradise.

Nearing their goal they came upon a sign of human life—an abandoned Indian camp where tepee leather flapped idly on rotting poles. A little later they winged over a lake where a band of nomad "smokies" were passing the summer at their fish weirs. On a spruce-buried river Dorn glimpsed a canoe with two scarlet dots in prow and stern, and focusing the glasses, saw it was a police patrol on some wilderness business—possibly



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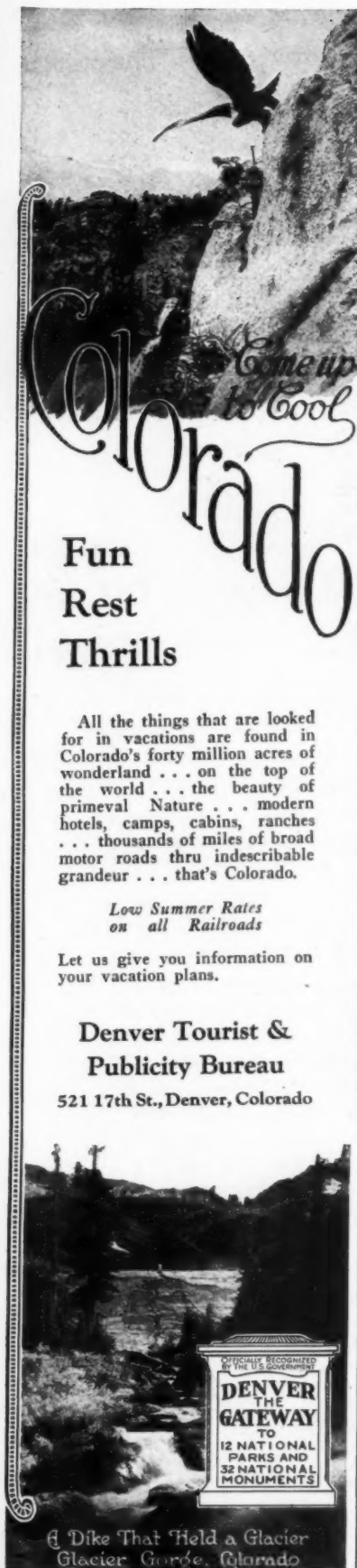
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to those same nomad Indians. Recognizing the insignia on his plane wings they waved their paddles, and he leaned out to answer. The silvery ribbon of a sizable stream swam in sight far ahead. Dorn spotted the river-widening where the Dutchman's vedette was located.

The lonely vedette stood in a clearing on the river bank. It consisted of a large squat building, a fur storage shed of heavy rocks and logs, a fur press, pole frames for stretching big peltry and drying fish and meat, a canoe landing and an acre of quick-maturing vegetables.

No one knew where the Lost River Dutchman and his wife had come from. Their names and identities were lost in the past of uprooted wanderers. They had simply appeared out of nowhere—city-bred *chechahcos* in a raw, savage wilderness; and located their vedette on the lonely river.

While Dorn was helping Joyce out of the blankets and canvas, she said to him: "Jim, my father told me a story of these folks here.

"This man here was an officer in the Prussian army, Jim—a young officer with the most brilliant kind of prospects. This woman then was the wife of a general in the—I think Dad said the French army. They met at a diplomatic affair; they loved each other, and they ran away together. They made aliens and exiles of themselves, Jim. Europe wasn't big enough to hold them. They had to forget their names and their identities. They came to the States; they were traced and would have been deported; but they escaped into Canada and found safety—here."

WITH sharpened eyes James Dorn now observed the pair. There was nothing about the Dutchman—fat from spruce-beer and heavy meat-eating—to suggest a former officer in the Imperial Army; but his wife was startling proof of every word Joyce had said. She was a woman of forty and must have been beautiful in her halcyon days. Her black hair was still long and silken; there was a nameless grace in her carriage and manners; her French was not of the Strong-Woods nor the eastern habitants of Canada, but unmistakably Parisian.

In that lonely alien wilderness, with her husband and herself the butt of coarse jokes, she had sunk to a pitiful level. She had no pride left, no desire to keep herself pretty even in the eyes of her husband. Her clothes were greasy, her features expressionless, her body as shapeless as a bag of pemmican tied in the middle.

"Vell, vell, Chim!" the Dutchman boomed, after he had shaken hands twice and kicked a snarling dog. "Py golly, I see you got marriet vunce!"

Joyce flushed and looked aside. Dorn winced but smiled, answering casually:

"Oh, no, we're—Joyce's my sister. She just wanted to come along today and see what my work was like."

The Dutchman looked at her flushed, averted face. A wide grin spread.

"Ya! I believe dat, Chim! You bet. Didn't I saw you handle her into de canoe unt den handle her onto de landink? Ya! Her unt you—*Geschwistern?* Der Teufel! *Geschwistern* dey don't act like dot! Cont-radulachuns, Chim! Come up to de house. Ve vill do de honors."

There was something pathetic in the way the Dutchman and his wife craved talk that afternoon. Something profoundly pitiful in the way his wife, hopeless and broken in spirit, kept looking at Joyce, envying a girlhood such as her own had been.

Dorn thought: "She's regretted a thousand times what she did—if only for his sake, that she ruined his career. And if he loves her at all or ever did, he must hate himself for dragging her down to this."

The thought came to him that here was

a forebode of himself and Joyce, twenty years hence, if they too yielded to temptation. Suddenly he realized why she had asked him to come here and why she had repeated to him what her father had said.

IT was near midnight when they reached again the Lake of the Dawn. As they walked up the path together under the towering pines, she said to him:

"Kansas told me, Jim, how you and he have worked out plans to start an air-line between Seattle and Alaska. He wouldn't tell me the cost of it. But wont you?"

He hardly heard, for thinking that their time together was gone. "It would cost more than's in sight for Kansas and me in ten years," he said, to dismiss the subject.

But she insisted: "Jim, you've got to tell me! How much?"

"Well, we'd need three big, safe, cabined flying boats—at forty thousand apiece. Then advertising, hangars, franchise. A hundred and sixty thousand, to start on."

"Jim, my father left most of his estate to me. I'm of age now; it's mine. There must be enough to give you a start so that you can easily get the rest. I want you to have it. I—I want stock in your company, Jim! Will you sell it to me?"

She did not wait for his refusal but went on, breathlessly: "You've got to let me invest it, Jim; I believe in your plan—I believe in you! I'm going to put the money on deposit for you. You think now you wont use it; but why not?"

"Wait, Joyce! There's a part of that plan which Kansas didn't mention to you; I never told him, but I'll tell you. Over there on the coast, where I could manage this air-line and yet wouldn't be living in a city, I've got a home. It's on a mountain slope, with the sea in front of it, and the mountains—nearly as wild as these ranges here—stretching back of it. It's the kind of a home I've always been hungry for. You, and Kansas too, you can't possibly understand what the word means; only a person like myself who's never had one, can know. With me that home and the air-line—and other things—they all hang together. I've had that home for more than a year now, but the girl living there with me, my wife—"

She cried out sharply. They had come to a pool of moonlight on the path; and she confronted him, trembling. He said quickly: "The girl living there, my wife—she had never been more than a shadow to me—only the vaguest kind of an ideal of what I thought a girl should be. Then three weeks ago—it's just three weeks, almost this same hour, isn't it, Joyce, that you came over to my island? I was studying one night and looked up, and she stood there under the torch of my tent—"

She understood him then. "Your home isn't built yet, Jim! Only—in your dreams."

"Now you understand why I can't take your money. You'd be paying for the air-line, for the home—and you wouldn't be there. Do you see?"

They stood still in the pool of moonlight. Out on the bosom of the lake they heard the sociable gabble of ducks feeding in deep water, and the sleepy *koke-koke* of a pair of wild swans. In the night silence arose the song of the mountains—the chastened murmur of overfalls, the swelling whisper of avalanches, the dreamy rustle of pine-boughs overhead, all blended into one endless slumber song.

Joyce's voice trembled when finally she said: "Kansas promised he'd come—and look after me, Jim."

"You asked him to?"

She nodded; she could scarcely trust her voice. The moonlight was on her hair, and she drew a little away from him into the shadow.

He asked: "Then—you mean—I can't come back here?"

"Jim, you must not! We've got to face truths—truths as old as these mountains. We can't go on like this. You'd want to possess—to possess completely. And I'd—" She stopped.

He seized her hands, and her fingers tightened upon his clasp. "You mustn't come back, Jim. You mustn't see me again. We mustn't allow ourselves—what we saw this afternoon. We must never fall to that. But we will, we can't help ourselves—unless—unless—"

He let go her hands, and she thought he was leaving her; but suddenly he bent closer and his arms were around her, holding her against him, whispering: "I'll go—But first—before I go—a moment always to remember, while I'm staying away—"

Her cheeks were wet with tears, and she could not see him, as she shook with sobs. Gently he lifted her, kissed her hair, her forehead; and her lips at last were on his. Then he was gone.

FROM the cabin, from the bed which he had made for her, she heard the *Silver Hawk* rise and circle in the night sky and diminish forward southwest till the motor-song died to a whisper and vanished altogether.

After a while she arose and groped out into the big room and lit candles; the darkness had become unbearable. There on the table were the breakfast dishes of her last meal with him, and she could not touch them or even look at them. She flung herself down on the bench and buried her face in her arms and cried.

At daybreak she stirred and woke and went out into the cold gray morning. High overhead the first shafts of sun were rosy in a cloud; the mossy wildwood behind her was awakening; but she did not notice.

She was at the lower end of the island when she heard the drone of an airplane motor; and her heart stopped with the thought that it was the *Silver Hawk* returning. But as the sound rapidly grew louder and the plane swam in sight she saw it was one of those machines which had come upon Jim and her yesterday.

She watched it sail over her lake, circling above the island and dropping. It meant to alight here!

Suddenly she was frightened, and shrank back out of sight. That was a cartographing machine, Jim had said; but it was not Kansas' plane; it was strange to her. Three men were in it, gesticulating at the island; their landing was no accident; they must have come for her. . . .

She hid closer than ever in the cover of her bushes as she saw the three men get out a boat and paddle ashore and start up the path to the cabin—vague and gray and grotesque figures in the morning mist.

She kept to the cover of the bushes and flitted from tree to tree, watching the cabin with wide, terrified eyes; and a hundred yards from it, she stopped in a clump of bracken. The men had passed into the building; a minute later they came out of it again, and one of them had her rifle, snapping the shells out of it. Two of them started up through the pines, and she knew that, not finding her in the cabin, they were combing the little island for her.

The third came down toward her, tramping heavily and clumsily through the bushes; he stepped upon a log forty paces away, and she had a first clear view of him. Her cry smothered in her throat. She looked around wildly, to flee, to hide, but there was no escape; she was caught, a prisoner, on the tiny island; and the man who stepped down from the log and came on toward her was Henry Carter-Snowdon.

The ensuing chapters of this fine novel are even more fascinating. Watch for them in the next, the July, issue.



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NOT TO EVERY MAN

(Continued from page 72)

He wanted to stand up under the fierce African stars and laugh aloud!

Weaklings! Fools! They would not have dared! Well, the race was to the strong. And he was strong. He was not going to repent now, to cave in, to rend himself with unavailing remorse. What was done was done. By and by he would be glad. This thing that was weighing on him was only the pressure of the hour. Natural human weakness. He had been brought up to certain things—one never outgrew them utterly. But he would outgrow this depression.

In the meantime it was like a physical pain. He had a savage longing to get drunk, to stifle feeling and remembrance. He dared not trust himself. Forever now he must guard his tongue. Suppose he had the fever some day and babbled? Oh, well, men thought those things the ravings of delirium. Or did they?

He left the Allens and walked restlessly about the camp. He had a sudden need to reassure himself that the boys were unsuspicious, and he made an excuse to talk to them. Did they look at him curiously? Or was it only natural interest? One never knew where he was with natives.

This would never do. This was how men gave themselves away. They could have seen nothing. But they were too damned knowing, those blacks; they had seen that there was bad blood between them. That business of the elephant. And they knew, too, of this Margery affair. Natives knew everything.

He had hardly spoken of the elephant to Allen. Suppose he came out and said they'd had words over it, that he was remorseful now, to think their last words had been strained?

That would seem natural and honest, a decent avowal. He'd better get it in if Allen were to hear of the row later from the boys.

Or would it put ideas in their heads?

No sleep for him that night. Queer, what lines came back in a fellow's memory. "Macbeth hath murdered sleep." . . . Well, one would get over that. One got over anything—except losing Margery. Only he wished he could funk this business of meeting Margery in the morning, of the letter back to Ponsonby, of the talk of the letter to England.

Steady was the word. He must carry on.

He was red-eyed and drawn-featured by morning, and there was more of their damned considerateness to bear, but he'd got his second wind by now, he told himself. He tried to force himself to accompany them to the scene of the tragedy, but when they reached the spot where the elephant lay, he stayed there and let the natives take them out to the river. Why the devil did they want to go? Morbid—useless—like visiting a man's grave.

When they came back, Allen and his wife and that white-faced girl, Breck had set the porters to getting out the tusks.

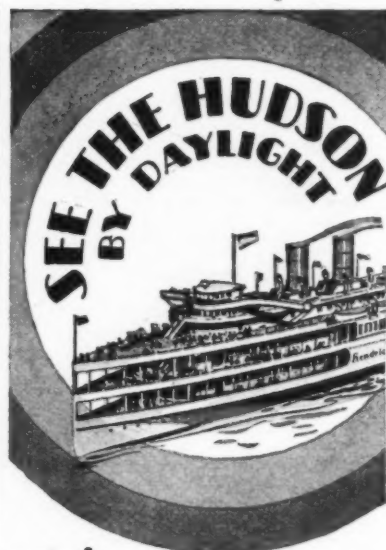
"These are worth something," Allen said. "Must be a goodish bit over two hundred pounds. He'll have people home, I suppose, who'll be glad of this."

"He may have a girl," said Breck, and brought an odd look from Allen.

"I think not," he said with a touch of austerity.

Breck felt the lust for destruction surge again within him; he longed to wipe out the boy's memory as he had wiped out the boy's body—else what had his deed done for him?

HE saw in the days that followed what his deed had done—he saw it in the eyes of the woman he loved. He had enthroned Murray there. This sudden devas-



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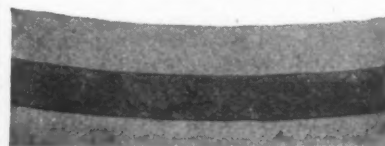
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tating grief had illumined, like a lightning's flash, the recesses of her secret heart. She knew now, if she had not known before, Murray had all of her.

And Breck could not go near her.

Would it pass? Would he be again his own man, would the passion and power that had impelled spring up again? Or had he murdered something more elusive than life itself, had he made for himself a deeper hell than loss of the woman would be?

For he had lost her. Her acquiescent body might lie some day within his arms—so surely does the weight of time beat down the spirit's negations!—but the essence of her was gone forever.

He was conscious chiefly of a dull desire to be away and see none of them again. He wished he could put a gun to his head and end it all.

Dead Sea fruit—that was what he had got for himself. . . . God, what a sell life was! Or was there a pattern to it somewhere—a grim retribution?

They waited a day in camp after the tusks had been brought in, then started on the four-day march back to Portal.

SWIFT and sudden disaster has an element of absolute unreality about it, even to the victim in its grip. The face that Murray turned upward from the river's swirl, the face that haunted Breck in his dreams, was one of sheer, boyish stupefaction. There was almost a ludicrous surprise about it.

But his body acted vigorously, and he was righting himself and striking out when the rush came through the water beside him, and he felt a grinding agony bite through his shoulder as the crocodile's jaws closed on him.

The horror of the thing that was happening closed over him like the water above his head as he was dragged helplessly downward. If a man's soul could shriek, his was shrieking then at the ghastliness of the death that he must die. He struggled, frantic with fear and mad with anguish, his lungs choking, filling, suffocating; then in a last smothering gasp of agony he went into oblivion. . . .

Lapping water. Pain like a red-hot goad, prodding, prodding. His fuddled brain fought against his blackness. . . . Lapping water—a burning pain—physical weakness of exhaustion—a dense, shrouding blackness.

He opened his eyes. Slowly the inner darkness cleared, but the outer remained. He was in utter blackness. A wet, cold, sickening smell was in his nostrils.

He had a grinning thought that there was a hell, after all, and he was in it; then mind and memory began to reassert themselves.

The agony was in his shoulder. It was aching intolerably, with stabbing thrusts of deeper pain. That was where the beast had seized him. It was past bearing, to try to move that left arm.

Where was he? He moved the right arm cautiously. He was soaked and sodden, lying in about two inches of water on a flat, rocky shelf. He could scarcely breathe; the air was foul. The earth was just above his face.

A faint grayness, not light but a lesser sort of darkness, filtered in from the left, where he heard the sounds of water lapping, and he surmised that he was in a flat crack or shelf just at the river's edge.

His moving hand, groping cautiously at the right, recoiled. Natives had told him that crocodiles stored their drowned prey in caves for future consumption, and he realized now that he was in such a grisly storehouse.

Where was the brute now? Lying there in the foul darkness beside him, ready to seize him at a movement? Cold sweat broke out on him: he was afraid to stir. He tried inching his head about to stare into the sinister secrets of the dark with eyes accustomed now to its shadows. He tried holding his breath to listen for any sound of breathing in the cave.

The horror made him dizzy and sick. He



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dared not roll over the edge into the river, as his first frantic eagerness for freedom prompted—undoubtedly the beast was there, watching and waiting. And other beasts, too.

Desperately he clawed up at the earth over his head with his one good arm. It was wet and soft to his touch, and he scraped down great handfuls of it, working frantically, yet with an effort at quiet. He had no tool, no weapon. He had left his knife on the river brink where they had been lunching, and he had taken it out to open a tin of biscuits.

That lunch! It seemed in another life! And that thrust on his back which had sent him plunging—he dared not let his mind dwell upon that! Time was life now.

He had no notion how high the bank might be above the river—the earth might be forty feet thick, for all he knew. He might not have even a fool's chance of escape. Furiously he worked with his one good hand, clawing and tearing, his fingers bleeding and split. As soon as he had made a big enough space for his head, he drew himself cautiously up on his knees, tearing down the handfuls of earth like some trapped and maddened animal.

God, for that knife! How the thought of it tantalized him. It had the good, strong blade open. . . .

His heart was hammering with horrible dread and hope; his stomach knew the physical sickness of fear. Those great jaws that might any moment seize him in the dark! Not a rat's chance. . . . Was something stirring then—was something dragging its slow length out of the water?

A hundred times he heard that sluggish reptilian approach. . . .

He was on his feet now, his head and shoulders enveloped in the funnel that his one good arm had made up into the earth. Dirt and sweat covered him; his wounded shoulder was in agony against the earth. He disregarded pain that would have wrung a groan from any other hour, and worked like a madman, feeling in every fiber the crocodile's coming crunch.

The soil was heavier now, thicker. It was so hard that his scraping fingers felt it first as rock. If he ran into rock—oh, God, God! His breath came in choking sobs. In spite of himself he had to rest that extended arm. The instants were eternities.

And now his reaching, thrusting hand struck roots and fibers so closely twined that it seemed impossible to force through; he was straining upward on his toes, his head and body wedged in the choking funnel that he had torn through the earth, his chest laboring for lack of air in it.

He could no longer hear any sounds from the river. He was unwarned of what might be approaching. If the beast should seize him now, drag him down—

With all his might his fingers tore at the roots above them and thrust through, at last, into space. His whole hand was out—he was working his wrist about in the hole he was making. A warm taste of fresh air stole down to him.

THOSE last moments were a delirium of terror and struggle in which he fought and twisted like a lunatic till he could wriggle his way up, ruthless of his bleeding shoulder, scraping along through rocks and roots and dirt. Then his head and then his body won through the hole in the sod, and he was lying at last on top of it, on the good green grass that he had thought never to see again.

He lay there panting. A curious brightness was all about him. Sunlight! Incredible to think that it was the sun of the same day. He felt as if he had lived years in that foul grave. . . . The same day!

He must not lie here. Too near the bank. Those beasts often wandered near the water's edge. He rose and stumbled blindly into the brush, then lay down again, weak as a rag

in the reaction from the struggle. He lay spent and exhausted, but in his veins ran the warmth of life recaptured.

It was all very well to be alive, but after all, something more had to be done about it, Murray reminded himself, and got to his feet and tried to take his bearings. He had no notion how far down-river the crocodile had carried him, for though he could not have been long in the water or he would have been completely drowned, the current was swift.

Evidently he was on the other side of the river. It was no river that they had crossed in their hunting, but a wider stream. He must follow upstream till he found a place where he could ford—little as he relished the thought of being again in those waters.

His shoulder was in bad shape, and he made his way through the thickets till he found a spot at the water's edge where he could kneel and wash the wound.

In an inner pocket he found the tiny container of permanganate crystals which every newcomer brings to Africa and usually loses long before the need arises. With a solution made in his drinking-cup he washed the lacerations, yelling like a demon at the fiery agony. In the spur of that fresh pain he started along the river, keeping as close to the bank as thickets and thorn would allow.

DARKNESS came on before he could cross the river, came with the swift onrush of the tropics, and he had to set about his preparations for the night. Man might tramp the wilds by day, in the security of his weapons, but at night the old Africa comes back into her own. Padded feet steal down the trails; lithe forms slink through the bushes; unseen eyes stare secretly.

In a little clearing he collected brushwood—a wretchedly slow business with but one arm—and made a small fire at the base of a tree. Luckily his matches were in a water-tight container. He warmed himself gratefully, for already his teeth were chattering with chill. The sun's downward plunge seemed to have taken the last vestige of warmth and comfort from the world.

He spent the night huddling over the embers of his fire, now burning with fever, now shaking with fever chills, racked like the damned with his wound. He kept telling himself that he must not sleep. The darkness about him was alive. Watchful eyes gave back the glow of his fire-light. Through the shrilling of insects that make night vocal in Africa he heard the far-away screams of monkeys as some jungle enemy sprang upon them; and nearer at hand, he caught the faint snarls of prowling beasts meeting at some drinking-place. There was the hideous laughter of hyenas. He was tormented with thirst, but he dared not stir toward the river.

He thought of Breck and Margery, and though his eyes burned red in their sockets, they did not close. . . .

Morning at last.

All day he stumbled on, save for the hottest hours of midday, when he slept in heavy stupor. For protection against the sun he plastered his head with mud and capped it with a handkerchief packed with grass. He crossed the river fairly early in the morning, but the country about him was utterly strange, and the dim shapes of the mountains rising over the jungle-top gave him no clue. There was no sign of native life, no paths but the animal trails through the forest. He could only follow them, branching from one to another, in the general direction that he fancied the camp to be.

Twice in the forest he was in the midst of elephant herds, for he heard about him the deep gurgling noises that their stomachs make in their unconcerned digestion. Once there was a crash as some great beast bolted directly on the trail ahead of him.

There was nothing to eat, no berries, no roots that he knew. He'd have given a finger

of that dangling left hand for a smoke. Grimly he plodded on. Night overtook him in the forest. Useless to try to keep awake. He was heavy with fever and grateful for any oblivion from pain. He dozed, muttering sometimes in delirium, by the ashes of his spent fire.

His head cleared with the morning, and his will sent him desperately on again. It was death to stop. An ironic business to die miserably in the jungle like a wounded beast!

No one, then, would ever know—no one would know he had escaped the crocodile. The jungle beasts would gnaw his bones—leopards and hyenas and jackals. Natives might find things afterward, a watch, a ring, such imperishable gear as lives after us; but the whites would never hear.

Strange that he met no natives. They were always in the picture when you didn't need them, slipping silently through the greenery on some soft-footed business of their own, or lolling interminably before their unexpected huts, but now—nothing—nothing but the wide, lonely reaches of this alien land, and the tracks of the great beasts that dwell in it.

His will drove him on, that indomitable will to live that was fed now by the two deepest springs of human effort, hate and love. He meant to stand face to face with Breck—and he meant to claim his woman. He had felt before, in light-hearted hope, that Margery was his own; but now he knew it, fiercely and longingly, and he knew that he would force himself to unendurable effort to win back to her.

He lost track of time. He drank at muddy water-holes; he gnawed roots. He sucked the pocket of his coat, where an old lump of chocolate had melted.

The hyenas haunted him. Their laughter rang in his ears. Were they following, or was it only a fever-ridden dream? He caught himself talking aloud to shut out the hideous laughter.

"Steady on, old chap! You can't be far from camp now. Even if they've gone, you can pick up the trail. Keeping at it does it. . . . Margery's there. . . . She'll pull you through. . . . Something cool on this

arm. . . . Don't let them cut it off—it's going to come all right. . . . And Breck. . . . You're going to stand face to face with Breck."

SO it happened that on the fourth day after his escape from the crocodile, a gaunt skeleton of a young man stumbled at dusk into the circle of the campfire that had been twinkling like a beacon on its hill. Out of the shadows he came, a shadow himself, and precipitately the porters fled from the presence of this dead with cries of terror. Even the tent-boys stood aghast, their dusky skins ashen gray with terror, the whites of their eyes showing wildly.

"By God, you've given me a walk!" said Murray, with the ghost of his old chaffing smile twitching at his lips.

He swayed a little as he came forward, then straightened, and stood stiffly still, his left arm hanging. He was streaked with dirt; his face was haggard, and the high cheekbones jutted like rocks above the caverns of his cheeks, but a semblance of the old jauntiness upheld him, and the burning eyes in their deep-set sockets were darkly bright with mockery.

Like light that gaze of his swept the circle of them, the startled figures of Allen and his wife, the girl, transfixed with wild, unbelievable joy, and sought and found the answering stare of the man who stood rigid in the fire-light before him.

"Your friends—didn't make a go of it, Breck," he said.

He stopped. The look that was answering him was the unguarded look of a man delivered from a very special hell. . . . Not to every man is it given to see the work of his hands undone.

In a queer, hoarse voice, "Thank God," said Breck unexpectedly. He straightened himself as if some intolerable weight had fallen from him. Then his face tightened to meet whatever was to come. For an instant longer the two men confronted each other.

Then Murray, with an odd gesture, turned away. He left it at that. He had seen what he had seen in Breck's face.

CASH IN QUICK!

(Continued from page 65)

a swinging rusher who'll trade all you've got to give him just for a chance of crashing in close enough to lay over a haymaker.

And I got him sized proper. At the gong the Britisher plunges straight at Scar, slashing away with both maulers. Sullivan, however, wasn't born recently. He steps to a side and drops one on the whiskered chin of the Bo'sun that lifts him off his dogs and smacks him silly against the ropes.

Scar follows quick, shooting over a rain of rights and lefts that would have snuffed out the candle of the average pug then and there, but Bottsford's dear old mother in England raised no averages. The limey weathers the gale in good shape, and with the help of some rough stuff the referee doesn't get, fights himself free.

The rest of the round is a toe-to-toe give-and-take that has the cash customers in the arena—especially the American mob—tearing their tonsils out. Sully has all the better of the rate of exchange, slapping over two for every one billed to him. In a year I hadn't seen the boy work so well.

While I'm all hopped up over his showing, I'm not kidding myself that Scar can win. Bottsford's too young and too strong for him. Three rounds, perhaps four, and the old-timer'll be so many feathers in a breeze.

"Nice onions, feller," says I, at the end of the session, "but I guess you always could fight in France. . . . Don't slug any more with this baby. Box him."

Sullivan takes my advice and makes a sucker out of the Bo'sun. The Britisher tries

his damndest to edge in close enough to stage his tough-and-tumble skits, but he hasn't a chance. Scar just skips all around him, poking punches from all angles and jabbing Bottsford's pan into a merry mélange of mashed features. There must be a lot in this change-of-scene gag. I never saw such a come-back. Sullivan shows me everything—great speed, fine judgment of distance, deadly aim and a defense that a young germ couldn't get through.

When they come up for the third, the Bo'sun's more tired than Scar, and Sully goes back to slugging with him, much to my disgust, now that I've lost all desire to see my boy scrambled. In a flurry toward the end of the stanza the Britisher sweeps a wild one from off the floor and catches Scar a wallop that's so low the crowd yells murder. The referee rushes over to get between the scrappers, but Sullivan brushes him away.

What follows is almost too quick for the eye. Scar tricks Bottsford into lowering his guard. Bing, bang! A short right to the button, a left over the heart—and the Britisher crashes, face down.

The third gent in the ring doesn't even go through the motions of counting. When they fall that way, they stay fell for enough tens to outfit a decimal system.

"Well," grins Tracy, "I did put a murder on for you."

"Yeh," says I. "With the reverse English."

They're still cheering Sullivan when Joe and the Assassin of Angoulême, a rather gentle-looking lad, climb through the ropes

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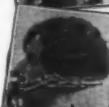
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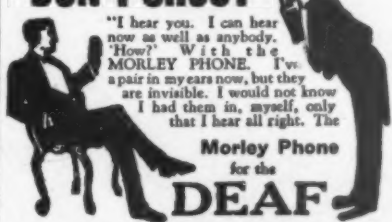
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"He's introducing the boys," interprets Tracy, "as a couple of babies who fought and bled for their countries. The Spider was in the French army."

That finished, the referee calls the scrappers to him for instructions. Sully listens closely, but the champ pays no attention. He's looking kind of fascinated at the livid streak across Scar's forehead. Suddenly the Spider leaps forward with a shrill cry—

"Soolivan!"

With that he wraps his arms around Scar's neck and plants a kiss on each cheek. Sullivan vainly tries to break away while the referee acts like he's gone barmy too. Something's wrong—I don't know what; so I jumps into the ring, followed by Joe and Tracy.

"What the hell?" I yelps. "What's he doing to you?"

"It's the guy," gasps Scar, "that I dragged in with the overcoat. Says he wont fight me."

"Non, non, non!" shrieks the Spider. "I cannot fight him—he save' my life!"

And that's those. It takes two to make a scrap, and the champ wont scrap. Anyhow, it's doubtful if the cash customers would have cared to see a mill between two gents on kissing terms.

"*Quel grand sentiment!*" murmurs the referee, as I leads Sully from the ring.

"I told you," snarls Scar, in the dressing-room, "that France is poison to me. You can't even save a feller's life in this country without getting into a jam!"

A KEY TO HAPPINESS

(Continued from page 85)

in-law has gone, Adele has the "blues," cannot endure the thought of her own life.

It is after such experiences, that in revolt she threatens self-destruction. It is not merely pain she feels, no doubt; it is despair. She will never have such things. Ted cannot get them for her, never will be able. Because of that she does not want to see him, shuts him out of the house. When she "comes out of it," she tries to make it up to him—I've seen her do it; she can make him happy—as happy as one can be who has learned that his happiness will be presently destroyed by something unpreventable. He has learned never to mention to her anyone more prosperous than themselves. I am quite sure that even when they are most unhappy, he is sorry for her.

THEIR acquaintances have less sympathy with her. People resent her continual moroseness. "Why doesn't she make the best of things," they ask, "—snap out of it? She can be different if she tries."

Can she?

One might think from Adele's distress at seeing other people have "pretty things" that she had been born in luxury and that fate had taken it away from her. That is not true; she never had it. Her parents lived in much the same circumstances that she and Ted live now; they had to plan and save and do without things. They were happy doing it. There were a number of children. Adele was the youngest.

There is no question that she was an unusually pretty baby. Mother, unquestionably, was proud of having such a pretty baby. Father was too. Brothers and sisters were less impressed, no doubt; still, having heard the baby called pretty, they must have repeated it when people asked about their baby sister. They said: "She's very pretty."

Adele knew nothing of all this, of course, understood nothing. But being a little living human creature, she began "reacting" from the very first, to things about her. And, because she was pretty, the circumstances around her, to which she was reacting, were a little different from what they would have been if she had been homely. Mother was more particular about the way baby Adele was dressed than she would have been if Adele had not been pretty. Probably brushed her hair oftener, maybe even handled her differently. Mother liked, when she showed Adele, to have people exclaim: "What a pretty baby!" Father unquestionably liked it too. It was a compliment to them—through their baby.

The person to whom it made least difference at first,—Adele,—meanwhile was experimenting—blindly. Crying, for instance. To be taken up? Not at first. At first, merely crying. But if, when she cried, some one took her up, she learned to cry for that. Learned almost immediately. She had "formed the habit." That was what she was doing, forming habits. The habits she

formed would be her "character." The more nearly her family world conformed, in its relation with her, to the ways of the big outside world, the better chance she would have of being happy in the big world when she came to live in it.

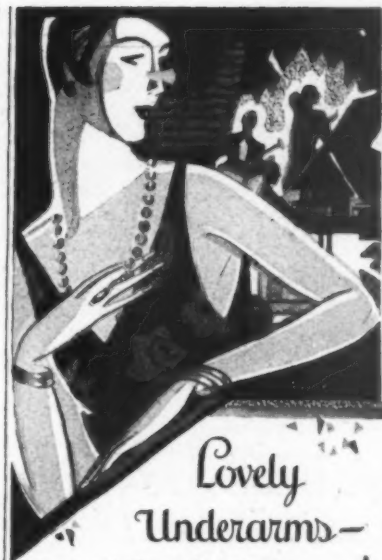
It did not conform. In Adele's little world she received special consideration because she was pretty. Mamma had never been very pretty; one cannot doubt that she had wanted to be. Now she was pretty in Adele. Mamma bought Adele prettier clothes than she bought the other children, paid more for them. It was impossible for her not to favor somewhat the child from whom she got such pleasure. The other children, no doubt, resented Adele's being favored; they could not help it. The excuse given them, which they remember, was that she was "the baby"—they must let "the baby" have what she wanted; they must be satisfied with poorer things in order that she might have better ones.

Everybody watches a baby; but nobody knows just when and how baby begins to know that it is being watched and commences to desire it.

Nature and Mamma together gave the center of the stage to Adele. No need of her doing things to get attention. A tiny creature, so beautiful, so exquisitely dressed, everybody kept their eyes on her. That was Adele's "world"—the only one she knew, a world in which she received more attention than anybody else, had the best things. Not because of anything she did—merely because she was Adele. Mamma made it so—and Papa. It was supposed to be preparing her to be happy in the big world outside her family. If Adele had been able to put into words the only idea she possibly could have of what the world was like, it would have been: A place where I have better things than anybody else, and where everyone admires me most. She could not have had any other idea; that was her experience.

No one, apparently, can receive what seems to him or her too much attention. Those who receive none adapt themselves to getting along without it; those who receive much, try to get more, whether they are grown-ups or babies.

WHEN Adele was about three years old, her parents had trouble with her feeding: she wouldn't eat. That is the case with many little children, and there are many different reasons for it, of course. A common one, according to baby specialists, is the desire to be the center of attention. In that there is no suggestion that Adele "planned" to get attention; she did it blindly, by chance experiment—as bumping her head taught her that the floor was hard, as pulling the cat's tail taught her the cat could scratch. One day she happened not to want her dinner; Mamma was troubled—she cajoled, argued, pleaded, tried other foods. Adele enjoyed getting all that attention. Very pleasant for



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Adele to get Mother so excited over her! When, later, she felt she was not receiving enough attention, she tried it again. A few experiments proved that it always worked.

Mealtimes became then a little drama—Adele the chief character, holding the stage. Mamma invented games, threatened, punished, consulted doctors; Papa worried, gave advice, made Adele's meals sometimes a kind of playtime, sometimes grew stern and made them more like tragedy; brothers and sisters offered suggestions. Adele carried it to the point where her desire for importance had been satisfied—far, if she was not hungry; if she was hungry, not so far.

When Adele came to play with other children, outside the family, she did not get on well with them. She couldn't. She quarreled with them, came to blows with them, beat them with her tiny fists. Other mothers said she had a bad temper. Adele came weeping to her own mother, told her the trouble was that they were "bad" children. They were—according to the only knowledge that she had. She was entirely logical. She had been taught that the world was a place where she was to be the center of attention, have the best things. Her experience gave her no material for imagining any other kind of world; but other children did not grant that premise. She wept in rage because a boy who had a velocipede she wanted would not give it to her. He should have done it—by the only knowledge which she had of life. He was a "bad" boy because he didn't.

Her school days were a time of real unhappiness. In a group of children there were many who had nicer things than she had; she could not keep the center of attention even by misbehaving. She had to yield and make the best of it—externally. But yielding did not change her "instinctive" feeling about it; it was "injustice." She wept over it in secret—sometimes openly. Had fits of temper—of melancholy, of despair.

ADELE was nineteen when the tragedy of her life—as she regards it—happened. She fell in love—romantically, ecstatically. The man appears to have been no good—by almost any standard; he was certainly that by the conventional standards of her family. He was reported to have a wife somewhere, but claimed to have divorced her. He was handsome. His courtship of Adele was somewhat clandestine; her family knew nothing about it until Adele's feelings had become deeply involved. The man had made her feel that, in a world which was "unjust" to her, he was one who "appreciated her."

Her parents felt that their daughter was in danger of ruining her life, made inquiries, asserted parental authority, shut Adele up, suggested to the suitor that he leave town. He left. This is the experience which Adele regards as her "life tragedy." Attended, of course, by grief, anxiety and suffering for her parents; by grief, anguish, rage, bitterness, injury and resentment for herself.

Something followed too, so close on the heels of it, that it made only one event. Adele, as soon as she was at liberty again, came to her parents, faced them—said:

"I'm married."

She had married Ted. He had "always" been around—comparatively unimportant in her life, but hopeful. He was a few years older than herself, had watched her grow up, had loved her—probably with no great expectation that anything could ever come of it. The supposition is that she proposed to him. After this fashion: "You've always wanted me; you can have me, if you take me—now!" He was glad enough to get her under any circumstances.

A successful retaliation against Papa and Mamma for having refused her something that she wanted. Even the home-world had turned "unjust" to her. So she got out of it.

She and Ted commenced living together with this revolt of hers against "injustice"

as their background. He was a plodder, satisfied to be "safe." Limited by his abilities, limited even more by his ideas and aims. His mind, one guesses, has never formed even an imaginary picture of himself as owning a big house, possessing luxuries. It couldn't. Her mind can form such pictures.

When they had been married for about a year, she left him and lived away from him a year—unhappily. She did not get what she wanted any more away from him than with him; she got less of it. She worked—a small, ill-paid job; she was not trained for anything. She wore poorer clothes than she had worn with Ted, ate poorer food, endured more pinching economies. Nobody offered to give her anything. Nobody offered her a big house, cars, jewels, furs, gowns, such as she saw "more fortunate" women having; those are things she thinks she wants. No millionaire pleaded with her to divorce Ted—she didn't meet any such person. She met clerks, stenographers, bookkeepers, most of whom were fitted in a niche in the world, with ambitions quite within their reach, in love or married, proud of their jobs and happy. She was helpless to get anything herself. So she went back to Ted.

DOES she love him? One can only guess at that. The guess is: *sometimes*. Does she hate him? The guess is: *frequently*. He represents her own defeat in life by his limited earning capacity and his contentment with simple things. He also represents, however, her protection against a world which she has tried and found worse without him than with him.

"She was a spoiled child!" For hundreds of years the world has been saying "Spoiled child!" without offering any help to the grown-ups that spoiled children grow into. If we knew exactly how it was that she got spoiled, it might be possible to do something about it.

Adele started out in life, like all of us, by forming habits. None of us could get along at all unless we could form them. "Habits" are "the tendency to do a thing over again in the way that we did it before." When we have done the thing over again enough times in the same way it becomes "automatic." We don't think about it any more. We simply do the thing as we have learned to do it and use our brains for something else. We walk like that. But we had to think hard to learn to walk at first.

We all of us form baby-habits suited to our baby-surroundings. As we grow up we have to change many of them to suit new surroundings. Some we don't change because we can get along "well enough" without changing them. Some childhood habits we do not change because we do not realize that we have them.

We all do things that we don't "mean" to do—do them against our will, against our judgment; we exclaim, annoyed: "I don't know why I did that. I couldn't help it. I am always doing that." We do things which cause us annoyance, embarrassment, unhappiness, and we can't stop doing them. Why can't we?

The newer psychology says: Because they are due to habits which we do not realize we have. These are mostly childhood habits of thought which we have never changed. Now it is "instinctive;" it does itself.

Adele cannot remember back to her childhood realization that her clothes were prettier than those of her sisters. Or to the attention paid to baby-Adele by admiring visitors. Or that she had nicer toys. Or that when brothers or sisters had something which she wanted they had to give it up to her because she was "the baby." But she still keeps the "instinctive" feeling which those happenings gave her that she ought to have everything. Because she is Adele.

And the real world, in which she is now living, is not made after that fashion. It:

does not recognize her "right" to everything. Consequently Adele is in continual agony in it. No wonder she is unhappy in a world which is so "wrong"—so "unjust" to her—so "wicked!"

Of course this attitude of Adele's is quite "unconscious." If you told her that she had any such attitude toward life, she would be indignant. "I certainly don't do anything like that," she'd say; "that would be too ridiculous!" Ridiculous, she would mean, to grown-up Adele. It was not ridiculous to baby-Adele who formed the "habit."

SO it is with Adele, according to the belief of psychologists who have studied many such cases; and so it is, they claim, with thousands of other people—in asylums, in sanitariums, in rest cures, in households which they make unhappy, in businesses where they are unsuccessful. They are controlled by "infantile thought-patterns"—by childhood habits of thought which they have never changed because they do not know they have them—which unfit them, in the world the way it is, for happiness and health and for success.

Can they get over it? Can she? There seems very little doubt by the experience of these psychologists that, if Adele knew the reason for her feeling as she does, she would be less unhappy. If she could go back in

memory to the events which made her form the habit, or if the way in which she formed it could be made plain to her, she would probably revolt against the feelings caused by it. Not deliberate revolt by will-power and determination to be otherwise. More, spontaneous revolt—unwillingness to have her present life poisoned by her long past.

When Adele is in the depth of her misery and despair, she will not eat—cannot, she says. It disturbs Ted, makes him anxious; it is evidence to him of her unhappiness. She has forgotten that, at three, she staged the same little drama to get attention from her parents. But she is still using the method. When she talks of suicide, threatens it,—to Ted,—she is announcing her revolt against a world which is so different from what she was taught in childhood to believe it. Probably she would not do such a thing in any way that could be mistaken for accident. She would want everybody to know that she had done it—in protest at her unhappiness, as the Chinaman kills himself on the doorstep of his enemy. She cannot "help" having such feelings—as long as she keeps the "unconscious" habit that gives rise to them. That is the opinion of practical psychologists. What we need, says one of them, for the help of such unhappy people, is a new adjustment of our attitude toward human behavior.

SHE GOES TO WAR

(Continued from page 45)

who had been devouring Joan with a rage of love and hate, noted that his mother had fallen asleep and woke her to take her home. As he steered her drowsy feet out of the clubhouse, he saw Joan in her car, almost submerged in soldiers—all of them snobs.

He ignored them conspicuously as he dogged down the steps, but once more as he walked toward his car, he had to shift his mother quickly out of the way when Joan whizzed by. She was tempted to run him down indeed this time, and he saved himself by a quick leap to the grass.

He glared after her, forgot his mother, and damned Joan up and down until his mother gasped:

"Tom, Tom, such language!"

"Excuse me, Mamma," he growled, wondering at Joan's curious gift for stirring him to strange frenzies.

After a bloodcurdling dash to the company quarters, Joan dumped her freight of soldiers, surprised to be alive.

She reached her bedroom in no mood for sleep. As she undressed, she scanned the pages of a magazine filled with war. Everything was war. She came across a picture of the Russian Women's Battalion of Death, and stared in fascinated envy at a portrait of the bulky commander, Maria Botchkareva.

With one stocking off and one stocking on, Joan shivered in her chemise as she read how the stout-hearted Slavic women organized for war, and fought alongside the men, sharing their hardships and the furies of combat.

She felt herself warming to conflict. She was used to wearing breeches and boots. She had often shot ducks from a blind. She was expert with a pistol. She could ride a horse to death, and she was strong and of good wind, afraid of nobody.

She crept into her bed and wished it were a blanket on a battlefield. Before she knew that she had fallen asleep, Germans sprang from the walls. Holding up an imaginary pistol, she emptied her forefinger of lethal bullets. At every shot a foeman fell.

She saw a mysterious hero whose face was hidden in a gas-mask, fighting desperately outside the lines. He fell wounded at her feet. She bestrode his body to defend it, and drove off a whole army.

She knelt by the unconscious hero. To her disgust it was Tom Pike.

She flung the body from her and woke up

to find herself at home. She sighed to find herself in bed, vowed that she would make haste to France, and sealed the vow with a yawn.

THE daybreak woke her with a spear of light. Far across the dawn-stained ridges of many hills she could just see the tops of a few tents. She thought she could hear a bugle.

A wave of bugle calls was just preceding the sun from the Atlantic to the Pacific seas. All about the continent from Maine to Oregon and California to Florida, men were clustered in camps making ready to defend their liberty against the helmeted ambition of the Prussian king who claimed to take his crown, not from parliaments nor from people, but from God Himself.

In later years cooler judgments would find that the war was not so simple as it looked to the people it devastated. They would debate the problem of its origins calmly, find them obscure, complex, the total of a thousand causes. They would debate the question of guilt and divide it variously, but no longer heap it all on the head of one man or one nation.

But to nearly all the Americans of 1918, the war was the creation of one man, who changed his cheerful lyric people into Huns, and drove them across peaceful Belgium, tramping into the bloody soil the brave little regiments of England, suddenly recalled to Americans as brothers of the Anglo-Saxon blood, and the fiery heroes of France, suddenly remembered as the savior of America.

The sweet songs of Germany, the noble music, took on a cursedness. The wildest lies were sanctified. The plainest facts were unmentionable. The historians of another day could go over the records and array the true truths, but the people of that time were making history, not analyzing it.

To Joan, as to the rest of her people, the Kaiser was Satan incarnate. She had no especial patriotism. She had rather looked down on her country-people. Travel and study abroad had made her contemptuous of American crudities and jingoisms. But her nostrils curled with wrath as she remembered what the Kaiser had said to women. He had told them that their only duties were to cultivate "Kaiser, Kirk, Kitchen and Kiddies—Kaiser, Kirche, Küche und Kinder."

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Joan took this as a personal insult to herself. She had no interest in any of his four K's. Her ambition was to add another, *Krieg*.

There were numberless men in America who were of the Kaiser's opinion and ridiculed the high ideals of womankind. Tom Pike had mouthed the hateful phrase that locked the door on women's hopes:

"A woman's place is in the home."
Now was the time to answer them once for all. . . .

Standing by her window in a filmy gown glowing and reddened in the fire from the eastern horizon, Joan had the look and the exaltation of a classic priestess. For only a moment was she permitted to be poetry. Then her skin turned to gooseflesh under the gauze whipped by a cold morning wind.

She yawned as she stumbled back to her bed and, falling into it, drew the covers over her and was instantly gone from this world.

That was Joan. Her ecstasies and her lofty moods were fiercely real, but brief. She went up like a rocket flaming, but came down like the stick, charred and cold.

WHEN she woke hours later, she realized that the train would soon be carrying the soldiers away from town. She flashed through her tub, gulped her coffee, put most of her grapefruit into her eye, thrust into her clothes and darted from her room.

The butler stepped hastily through the sun-gilded white columns of the portico and beckoned, put his fingers to his lips and whistled.

The dozing chauffeur woke. The butler wigwagged. The burly roadster shot to the foot of the steps. A dazzling girl in a scant costume dashed from the house, her heels going *rat-a-tat* on the steps as she cried:

"Morn'!"

"Good morning, Miss Joan!"

"Morn'!"

"Good morning, Miss Joan."

The village streets were nearly empty. Even the Salvation Army was at the station with the rest of the populace. The ladies of the town and of the Country Club were waiting at long tables loaded with sandwiches, fried chicken, and pop bottles.

Joan reached the edge of the throng just as the company marched in from its abandoned camp. The bugle shouted; fife were hilarious; drums purred and thumped, and the echoes gave the best imitation they could.

The troops came into view, looking as glorious as possible in spite of the dogs and the boys and girls scampering along both flanks. The soldiers pretended not to see their families and neighbors. Their eyes saw nothing nearer than France—or at least Hoboken.

The captain steered the long column up alongside the waiting panting special train on the side-track. Then he shrieked a lot of impressive gibberish ending in "Halt!" And the long winding column was a long straight line with rifles coming down as if they were being pulled out of the air.

Still, the soldiers had apparently not discovered that they were being observed or that they had ever met any of the observers. There was further ritual, and all the baggage was off their backs and on the ground.

The mothers, fathers, wives, sisters, brothers, children, relations, employers, servants, strangers all agreed that nothing was ever so beautiful or so worth-while as war and soldiers. All music was cheap but march-music. All business was contemptible but fighting. All emotions were paltry but patriotism.

Then the army disbanded and became just a lot of young fellows rushing here and there to find the people they wanted to talk to most.

Suddenly a frightful cloud quenched all the radiance. Every one of these blithe lads was

going to a far-off place overseas where the killing of mothers' sons was the only industry, where disease and wounds and hunger and hate, weariness, terror and lice and mud were to be the faithful companions of these boys.

A knife went into every heart. A mortal fear filled every throat with an unbearable ache. Arms that clenched bodies felt that they wrestled with death. Eyes were wrung with a dry ferocity as they strove to store themselves with visions against the dreary numberless days and nights when these soldiers would see nothing dear or tender before them, nor these who stayed at home anything they longed to see. And war was all at once only ugliness, cruelty, irreparable loss and savage waste.

Such were the thoughts that everybody thought and nobody uttered. People giggled who wanted to scream. Men hemmed and hawed who wanted to sob.

Mothers said: "Don't get your feet wet, honey." Wives whimpered: "You write me now whenever you can." Children whined: "Bring me a helmet." Many humorists were inspired to say, "Kiss Kaiser Bill for me," or "Send me a postcard from Berlin and just say, 'Havin' a fine time, wisht you was here.'"

Joan was troubled with feelings she had never known before. It seemed impossible that she should be left behind here with the farmers' wives and the washerwomen. Her bodyguard surrounded her and called her "Colonel" and told her they would be expecting her. But they could not spend more than a few words on her. They had their own womenfolk, and must exchange futile nothings until the train marched.

Joan recognized Tom Pike's mother as the little thing she had almost run over twice the night before. Catching a glimpse of her face, puckered as if she had pulled the drawstrings too tight, and twitching at the uniform of the big child alongside, Joan wondered if she would not have done the woman a favor if she had run over her—she would have saved the pitiful little thing a woeful amount of pain.

Joan could not hate Tom Pike this morning. He was as awkward with his mother as he had been with her, and that put a different light, somehow, on the blundering stupidity of his bad manners. She saw on his face as he looked down and patted his mother's back the very sickly grin that he had worn when he told Joan how "funny" it was when he sprawled on the dance floor with her. So that look on his face must be the last anguish with him.

When the captain nudged him and said, "Fall your men in; we're on our way!" Tom saluted, then hoisted his mother to his high head and crushed her as she stabbed his eyes and cheeks and mouth with her frantic kisses, and clenched her thin arms about his neck and would not let him go until he had to pry her hands away.

That same silly laugh was on his face as he stared at Joan. He probably did not see her, though, for his eyes were all a-blubber with tears.

Joan waved to him and called: "Good-by! Good luck!"

But he did not answer, so he probably did not see her. Not that it mattered, of course; but—well, she wished she had not been quite so harsh with him. She wished that when he stammered, "Can you ever forgive me?" she had not answered, "No!"

THERE was confusion of falling into line, taking up packs, clambering into cars, amid a horde of men and women who would not be denied one more hug, one more kiss. The heads of the soldiers reappeared at the windows, and the hardest part of the farewell was the unconscionable delay of the engineer to draw his long train out of the town.

When he did, it was like pulling a spear out

of a deep wound. The blood gushed after it. For all the waving and cheering and fluttering of handkerchiefs, and final smiling, that was a funeral train, and the town of Cheshelm was a mother bereft of her children. The crowd broke up slowly.

Joan went drearily to her car and took the wheel from the waiting chauffeur, who had a craven look. He was not proud of his wife and children, and he had the look of a deserter caught slinking away from the battle.

Woman though she was, Joan felt as much ashamed as he did. She had nothing to hold her back.

Why was she here? She would not be for long.

Turning one corner slowly, Joan saw ahead of her a small old woman tottering along as if she were blind. It was Mrs. Pike, of course. Joan said to the chauffeur:

"Drop out. You can get back to the house somehow."

She called:

"Oh, Mrs. Pike, wont you let me take you home?"

The poor thing whirled to see herself once more pursued by that terrible Miss Morant's terrible car.

But Joan was out and helping her in. And she drove slowly, listening to the creature's babble of Tom and the war. She was in such a panic of loneliness that Joan laid her hand on the withered fingers and squeezed them. Mrs. Pike said for the dozenth time:

"It's war is the terrible thing. The poor boys it murders! And who shall say which of them will ever be seen round here again? Oh, it's war's the terrible thing!"

"But the women have the worst of it, Mrs. Pike," said Joan. "They give up everything and wait for what comes back. I'm not as brave as you are. I couldn't stand it to stay home."

Mrs. Pike stared at her.

"You're not thinkin' of follyin' the troops?"

Joan nodded. Mrs. Pike marveled:

"Well, there's no stoppin' the women these days from anything! I'd be glad to be goin' along with Tom, but it don't look likely. If you do get over, look after him a little, wont you? He's a wild one, but good as gold—and all I have."

"I'll look after him," said Joan.

Then they were in front of the Pike homestead. It was to the other houses in town what Mrs. Pike was to the women, neat and little and poor and afraid. The garden about it was an old widow's garden.

But it was from and for such homes that the armies were streaming overseas, and the son this little woman had raised was a big man and a brave one.

There was something not so contemptible after all, Joan thought, in the fact that a boy from this cottage, a garage-worker, should be an officer superior on his merits to a Percy Van Ruyper on his family's.

JOAN was like a foreign exile in Cheshelm now. She could find no outlet for her military ambitions, and she had no other.

While the townspeople busied themselves in the countless industries of the stay-at-homes, she sulked. Joan would not knit. She would not make bandages, or pajamas. Joan would not work in a field garden, or serve on a committee to see that whole wheat bread replaced white, and that sweets were not wasted. Joan would do none of the wise and beautiful and womanly things that were being done or crying to be done. She bought Liberty bonds, but she would not auction them off, nor peddle War Savings Stamps. She would not lift a finger in any of the huge drives for this, that and the other.

In the gigantic mobilizing of American womanhood she was a slacker who would not



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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Charles M. Richter, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The Red Book Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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Equal but Different



The trend of education in America has been toward standardization—one education for all. This has grown out of the ideal so general in America—that “all men are created equal.” Every mother knows that no two of her children are alike, that the same food, the same discipline, the same daily routine brings forth in them different reactions, different behavior, different interests. In short, no two human beings are ever alike in rate of physical and mental development, in mental interests and abilities, in response to the educational environment. Is there not, therefore, need for many schools of diverse types, if youth is to be adequately prepared for modern life?

Nearly every private or independent school has a character of its own that is rather strongly marked. The Head of the school is usually the dominant influence at any given time; but quite apart from school heads, through tradition and locality, especially through the influence of a body of loyal alumnae, every strong school has a marked individuality that is all its own. On every pupil in the school this corporate personality has its influence, giving her something of its “hall mark,” stamping her as a child of the clan.

This is one reason for the loyalty that graduates and former students feel for their alma mater. The school embodies for them an ideal which is constantly living, expressing,—impressing on the children that flock to its gates. Through life it stands in memory and habit as a beacon, pointing the way from a loved past into a perplexing future.—*From the Bulletin of a Private School.*

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be drafted, persuaded or bullied into the ranks.

She spent her time writing letters and putting through long-distance calls to influential people who might get her a job appropriate to a namesake of the soldier girl of Arc.

She madly resolved to disguise herself in the uniform, enlist and go abroad in the ranks. She would stow away on a transport if necessary. She had heard and read of numberless women who palmed themselves off as men and deceived their own companions, their own lovers, even.

But when she studied herself in the mirror in her riding clothes, coat, waistcoat, breeches and boots, a costume not far remote from the uniform of field officers except for color, she realized the generally ignored but undeniable truth that a woman in man's clothes is more conspicuously woman than in her own.

She cursed her beauty and her grace and wept because she was so enviably the desire of many men and the despair of rival women.

Her homely friend, Dorcas, had long since gone to France with the first Red Cross units, and was playing the angel to wounded Allies while she waited for the cruelly delayed American troops to arrive in dribbles.

But Joan had never learned to administer ether, or prepare a shattered warrior for the surgeon's knives, or share his pain with him afterward. Fearless as she was, she was profoundly ignorant in their relief.

At length in an outburst of impatience she bade her vainly pleading parents farewell “for the duration of the war,” and took a train to New York determined to cut her way through to France by hook or by crook.

New York seemed transformed. Women were driving taxicabs, acting as conductors on busses, as motormen on street-cars, as laborers of every sort.

The elevators were driven by women. The waiters were almost all waitresses. In the banks, the offices, the shops, women, women, women.

The town was packed with soldiers, sailors, marines. The streets pulsed with brass bands and marching regiments. The air was full of orators and drivers of drives. The theaters were lairs for speakers haranguing the last pennies out of the audiences. The aisles were paced by women with subscription blanks. The nation was war-mad.

Joan whiled a few weeks away driving an army automobile and carrying officers and messengers here and there. This permitted her to go about in a uniform of a sort, a jaunty overseas cap, a long-skirted coat, breeches and puttees. But this was only a torment, for it took her no nearer to France.

The Y. M. C. A. had been calling frantically for women to go abroad and look after the spiritual welfare of the soldiers. But Joan had no taste for feminine piety.

ONE doleful winter night as she returned to her hotel she met in the lobby a bevy of girls from Jones College where she had spent a year or two. They were in a fetching garb of flattish hats, collars and neckties, broad-laped, patch-pocketed blouses and severe skirts.

One or two of them hailed her and told her that they were sailing in a few days as a “Y” unit from their Alumnae Association.

“And what on earth do you expect to do over there?” Joan demanded.

“Distribute cigarettes and chocolate and help cheer up the poor soldiers.”

“No fighting, of course,” sighed Joan. “No trench-work.”

“Of course not. Still, we'll be in France.”

“And that's the only place to be. I think I'll go along with you. It's better than nothing.”

“Oh, but we're full up. There's not a chance.”

Not even a chance to go as a “Y” girl

from old Jones! But as if providence had at last got round to Joan's prayers among the infinite files of ascending petitions, there came a chance.

Emma Pinkerton fell ill at the last moment and failed to get well until the transport sailed. She cried herself sick again when she learned that Joan Morant, of all women, Joan Morant, whom she had always abominated above all other women, had gone abroad in her uniform and under her name with her passport.

Joan had telephoned to Washington to a very high personage and had been promised that any forgeries or other juggleries she might commit would be rectified afterward. So she went over to Hoboken with the little flock of shepherdesses from dear old Jones.

The docks were mountainous with war equipment. Troops of every service from every region were herded like cattle, their needs attended to by uniformed women distributing coffee, sandwiches, knitted goods, housewives, writing paper, envelopes, postal cards. . . .

But the strangest things were the girls of all ages going overseas in such numbers and varieties of uniform that it looked as if this were to be a woman's war.

Red Cross nurses, ambulance drivers, motor corps girls, entertainers for the Over-There Theater League, Salvation Army girls, Signal Corps telephone operators, Yeomanettes, Y. W. C. A. women, Hostess House workers, Library Association workers, units from various women's colleges.

Since Penthesilea put her Amazons aboard the galleys to go to the aid of beleaguered Troy there had never been such an array of women warriors. Since Eve took the first bite of the apple of knowledge, womankind had probably had no such thrill of new experience.

Joan was more nearly content than she had ever been before in her life. Discomforts and hardship that would have driven her into tantrums before were the very luxuries of existence now. She did not mind being jostled by the common herd. The herd feeling was the big joy.

THE ocean itself was a new realm, once more a place of unknown terrors. Hitherto its only dangers for big ships had been the icebergs. Storms had ceased to mean anything perilous.

But now the submarines lurked everywhere with diabolic cunning. They had shot down the *Lusitania* and many other fine craft and dragged women and children into the deeps along with the rest. At any moment of day or night there might come the rush of a sharklike torpedo, the rending crash, the slow death of the good ship and the all-engulfing waves.

But this was war, and death was on the turn of a card. It was harrowing, but it was not dull.

Joan was not neglected by the officers or the soldiers, but she felt no temptation to flirt. It seemed too tame a diversion for times like these.

She took more interest in the women. They were the novelty of the era. Who were they, whence did they come, and why were they here? Men had been marching and sailing to war since time began. But this was woman's first crusade.

Joan made acquaintances of all sorts, but she did not get to know Sadie Slevsky and Katie Dugan until the voyage was almost over.

Sitting on a pile of equipment and studying a book on first aid, she heard a cry of alarm, a stampede of feet. Then all the noisy voices of the ship were hushed except the souging of the engine's great heart, the clamor of bells, the mournful swish of the waves along the side.

Joan ran with the rest to the rail, not

even seeing that she wedged in between two cronies, a huge Irish girl and a little Slavic thing. Silently hands went out to point where the staring eyes desecrated a something like a spear handle pushing through the water. It was a periscope, a submarine. From its hidden presence issued an unseen messenger, whose fatal advance could be traced in a delicate evanescent procession of bubbles.

The gun crew at the stern had opened fire upon the target moving below the periscope. Officers cried commands to the life-boat stations. The crew stood ready at the davits.

Katie Dugan and Sadie Slevsky, clutching at each other, seized each a hand of Joan's and wrung it bitterly.

"Here comes death!" Joan sighed.

She did not think how overyoung she was to die, how frightful it would be to sink and strangle in the unfathomable welter of this ocean. She thought only: "So I shall not get to France after all."

The ship seemed to dodge and leap like a whale trying to escape a dart from a harpoon gun. And it swerved in the nick of time to let the torpedo pass ahead and continue its bubble track into indefinite space.

Thousands of souls felt life come back like a new gift, a re-birth.

NOW there was another cry, more pointing. A second torpedo was on its way. The transport shuddered with a last effort. The torpedo came almost mincingly flaunting its airy plume through the waves, as the transport's gun spat venomously at the now submerging periscope. The torpedo steamed alongside and passed by astern to the lonely vanity of its journey's end.

Fascinated, the multitude that it was to have annihilated watched its voyage. Little Sadie Slevsky leaned so far out to watch the torpedo that she lost her balance. Her wail of fear caught Joan's attention. She clutched, flung herself backward and brought the girl safely away from the precipice of the tall ship's side.

The rescue seemed to be more terrifying than the peril. The three had time now to realize what the plunge would have meant for that pitiful waif into that lonely sea.

Joan smiled as Tom Pike had smiled, feeling anything but cheerful. Sadie Slevsky overwhelmed her with an almost Oriental extravagance of gratitude, and big Katie Dugan smote her on the back with a staggering accolade and roared:

"God's fresh blessings about you! But fer you she'd have been but supper for the fish."

Never had Joan been so embarrassed as by the praise of these two plebeians. This was the first time she had ever saved a life. It was a poor life, but she had saved it. Perhaps there would be more of such work. If so, it was even more wonderful than taking life.

To be a soldier had been all her hope. Now she saw that there was something to be said for the womanly business of saving the pieces. And the society of women was not so stupid as she had imagined, partly no doubt from the fact that she had always rather despised her own sex for its general bad sportsmanship, cowardice, petty interests and petty jealousies.

But this going to war was the sporting thing to do, and the women were trampling over one another to get into the danger zone. The stigma of cowardice had been forever removed. There was nothing very petty about the titanic organizations being erected and managed by women. Their mutual jealousy was no more manifest now than that of the army officers and the rivaling men, and since that was a jealousy for posts of danger and toil, it was at least no petty jealousy.

Joan was beginning to see certain compensations in the misfortune of being a

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(Mrs.) GERVASE GRAHAM
Dept. RE-6, 25 W. Illinois St. Chicago, Ill.

woman. To be a woman of 1918 was something rather marvelous, when you came to think of it.

She was in a simmer of contentment with Katie Dugan on one side of her and Sadie Slevsky on the other. They could hardly have met at all, but for the war, and then only as hopeless aliens to one another's souls.

Joan knew from Katie Dugan's uniform that she belonged to the Salvation Army—the bass drum was probably her favorite musical instrument. She had been a waitress in Childs', indeed, before she saw the light and followed it.

But Sadie Slevsky was a puzzle. What was this peculiar flamboyant little East Sider doing in this company? Sadie explained:

"I'm doin' a song and dance single in a vawdvul when I see about the Over-There Theayter League—and I joined on."

"I do me act in one. I go grand in the small time, but on the big I'm a chaser."

"The war comes and it hurts me so I can't hardly dance. I read about all those poor people in Europe where I come from, dying, dying. My people's home was there. My father and mother, they cry all the time."

"Why should I dance? But the theayters get full of soldiers and they like to see dancing, hear jokes, singing. I am not so ashamed to be only acrobat, soft-shoe hoover."

"Then I read that the soldiers in France need people to make them laugh. They call for singers, dancers. I see the chance to do something for my country. It done so much for my people. Why wouldn't I want to pay back a little?"

"My father and my mother were starving in Poland—and they came to America—ah, such a country for them! Now my father makes money, my mother does not grub in a field, but she has a fine sewing-machine. My brothers will be rich, or their children. This is the grand country and even if I die, I die dancing for the soldiers."

Joan loved Sadie for her fire. She and Katie were not middle-class, anyway, not that horrible thing at least. Extremes are

always more congenial than the halfway hearts.

Katie was descended from kings, of course, but was a long way from the throne, from royal wealth. She was a stevedore of a woman. But Sadie was humble beneath humility, frail and useless except for her specialty. She could sing comic patter in a twang and intersperse it with cartwheels and furious contortions. She could make the spangles gleam on her lithe fierce body. She would make the soldiers forget for a while.

Joan was rich and wise and she could be tactful and very kind when she wanted to. And suddenly she wanted to.

The soldiers packed into the transport were big and forlorn and on their way to a world whose ways and words were altogether baffling to them. They needed help. They needed mothering. They needed womanhood about them, womanhood that spoke their language, knew their whims and prejudices and the little needs that are so much greater than the big.

Joan felt as old as the mother of God. She felt for perhaps the first time the rapture of maternity. The American army was to be her baby. She would take it on her knee and comfort it, heal it, and set it to laughing before it ran back again to its rough games on the battlefield.

Something told her that she and these two women would see much of the future together. They would be three musketeers, three knights errant, out in the world hunting adventure for noble purposes.

Women were at large for the first time after untold centuries of seclusion and suppression. There were new things ahead of them, and experiences more wonderful than could ever fall to any man, for, after all, these soldiers were going to do what men had always done.

These women were going to do what had never been dreamed before.

(Even more engrossing is the next installment of Mr. Hughes' remarkable novel—in our forthcoming July issue.)

THE MYSTERY OF THE THEATER AISLE

(Continued from page 53)

be satisfied till they pin the murder on him," but the older men knew that garrulity often surrounds evidence of importance. They were right this time. It was from Carson the first intimation came of the fierce scene that had taken place the afternoon of Kelrae's strange death.

Gold admitted it to the coroner grudgingly. It was like digging for nuggets to get at the truth.

"You say there was a disagreement," the coroner demanded.

The impresario heaved his fat shoulders in what he meant to be a careless shrug. "Of course. There are always disagreements at rehearsals."

"What was this one about?"

"Well, it had to do with making a change in the last act."

"Who wanted to have the change made?"

Gold wiped his perspiring palms, and as the question was shot at him a second time he answered softly: "Lila La Rue wanted the change."

The coroner leaned forward. "I don't know anything about the theater," he said. "But do the lady stars usually have anything to say about having a piece changed?"

"Ladies always have something to say whether they're stars or not." Gold essayed to be blithe, blithe as a producer may be who sees five weeks' salaries and his production cost gone, with no fair hope of his show ever opening.

"Save your wise-cracks for your theater. Tell me straight: didn't this Miss La Rue have more to say than most actresses would have under the same circumstances?"

Gold was understood to indicate a feeble, "Perhaps." The coroner nodded sagely.

"Well, what did she say?" he insisted.

"Well, it was like this," the harassed producer gave in. "You see, Lila felt the last act should be more hers, and that Kelrae had fattened the man's part too much. She just sort of suggested he change it."

"And Kelrae wouldn't?"

"No. Dallas Kelrae was as stubborn an author as there is in the business. Always wanted his stuff played exactly as he wrote it. Personally, I think La Rue was right in this case. People don't do like Kelrae had written. If he'd changed it like she—suggested,"—Gold faltered over the word, then went on,— "it would have meant changing the end, but I think it would have made it more reasonable. It would have made La Rue's part bigger; I admit that. But it would have made a better smash, too. The critics are always panning plays that aren't true to life, and Kelrae just held out and kept insisting his was. Lila tried to point out to him it wasn't."

"Got pretty hot over it, did she?"

"Well, naturally."

"All right. Go on. Then what happened?"

"Well, then Gracie Fairchild came in."

"Gracie Fairchild? Oh, you mean Mrs. Kelrae. Why don't you say so? What did she have to do with it?"

"She didn't really have anything to do with it. But she sort of butted in."

"Where was she?"

"She was sitting down front, about the tenth row. Just about where—where Kelrae was found later." Gold's voice trailed off.

"Where was Kelrae?" the coroner snapped. "Oh, he was all over the house, directing, you know. Of course when he and Lila began arguing, he was down near the footlights."

"How did his wife get into the argument?"

"She yelled out from where she was sitting to Kelrae that he should fire the—er—lady, and get a regular star that wouldn't carp."

"Meaning Lila La Rue?"

"Meaning Lila La Rue."

"What did Kelrae do?"

"He turned to where Gracie was sitting and told her to keep still. He said he could attend to his own rehearsals."

"Hum. What did his wife do?"

Gold cleared his throat before admitting reluctantly, "She didn't act as if she liked it."

"What did she do?"

"Well, she screamed something about his business being hers when he got under the thumb again of Lila, you understand. Said she'd show him if he tried to get away with anything again."

IT was out at last. In the airless little room, smelling of sweat and tobacco, Gold had reported dispassionately; but in the closeness the coroner saw somehow the distorted, jealous face of Gracie Fairchild as it had been in the theater that afternoon, heard the shrillness of her voice as she flung her hot taunts to that other woman. Presently the coroner began again.

"What did Miss La Rue say?"

Gold wiped his hands all over with his silk handkerchief, palms and backs, before replying. "She said she had a damn' lot more on Gracie than Gracie ever had on her."

"Then what?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know? Why don't you?"

"Because I went out front."

"Where's that?"

"Out front. In front of the theater. On the sidewalk."

It developed that everyone had stolen away about that time, leaving the somber bowl of the auditorium and the lighted stage to Lila and Gracie and Dallas Kelrae. Some had gone to their dressing-rooms, waited a little to see if they would be called, then convinced that rehearsing would be off until evening, had flitted out of the stage door and away. Carson had left long before. The head electrician had stood patiently in the wings, and because it seemed suddenly indecent to linger listening, had followed Gold "out front," where they chewed over the sordid, bitter morsels.

"And so far as you know," the coroner asked Gold at last, "Kelrae, his wife and Miss La Rue were the only people in the theater at last?"

After a single second Gold said thickly: "Yes."

"Did you see any of them leave?"

"Yes, I saw La Rue. In fact, I got her a taxicab."

"What about the Kelraes?"

"I saw Gracie get into her big car and drive away."

"But you didn't see Kelrae?"

"No."

"You didn't go back into the theater?"

"No."

GOLD went out into what was—to him—the unusual sunlight of ten A. M. It had been a long night, and he needed a drink. He ducked into a cab giving the address of a place he knew where he could get one. His collar felt tight about his throat, and as his fingers fumbled to set it more comfortably, something like satisfaction poured over his face. He had answered all the questions. But he had not told more than he had been asked to tell. He became rather proud of his rectitude.

What Gold had not told was that the girl

How to Get Rid of Arm and Leg Hair

So it won't grow back, thick and bristly

An interesting NEW DISCOVERY that solves the hair-removing problem amazingly



The man who works miracles ridding women of hair
R. C. Lawry, noted mid-western scientist who recently astonished the cosmetic world by proving hair can not only be removed completely, but KEPT from growing back indefinitely.

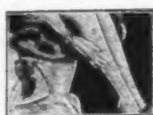
NOW it has been discovered that the hair on one's arms or legs can not only be removed completely, but coarse, bristly regrowth and enlarged pores be entirely overcome—and regrowth retarded indefinitely.

As a result, cosmeticians are taking back everything they have ever said about hair removing and taking a new stand. It would seem that the hair-removing problem has at last been solved, for women.

The discovery comes from the laboratory of the noted mid-western scientist, R. C. Lawry. Beauty writers are referring to him as "The man who works miracles in ridding women of hair."

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Hospitals are now using it widely to remove hair before operations.

Largely at the advice of beauty experts, women are flocking to this new creation. It simplifies amazingly the whole hair-removing problem. It definitely ends the stimulated hair growth thousands of women today are suffering from the razor.

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After the first application, normal hair growth (reappearance of the hair) is slowed 7 times.

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Los Angeles New York Antwerp

Georgia, agent of the show, might or might not have been in the theater all the time.

"Whoever's innocent won't get blamed," he decided. "Lila or Gracie or Duncan Berriman—or Georgia—or any of 'em. And it'll do 'em all good to stew a little, maybe. What's more important is for me to figure whether I got a show or not, whether there's any chance of opening."

To open: That was the question which whirled in the minds of everyone the following days, even the one upon which Dallas Kelrae was buried near that farmhouse of his. No arrests had been made, no formal charge obtained against any person; but the peril of arraignment hung suspended above the company. At any moment there might be arrest—for murder.

Could the play open? The tremendous publicity of the real tragedy in the theater gave apparent assurance that when the curtain went up on Kelrae's last play, the house would be packed! But—on the other hand, it might be empty as a mausoleum harboring a single ghost. No one could say in which way the public would react.

It was Lila La Rue who finally decided for Gold. "Why not?" she demanded. "You've sunk a big investment. Maybe you have so much money you can afford to throw it away—"

Gold was understood to make a gesture of fierce negation.

"Well, then, let's go ahead. You call in a play-doctor—get Abbott if you can—have him rewrite the last act as we settled, and—"

"But nothing was settled!" the producer burst out. "That last afternoon, you know nothing was settled, Lila. And you know even better that Kelrae wouldn't have made the changes you wanted."

Her eyes narrowed. A heart seemed to beat in her voice as she answered: "Oh, yes he would." She said it firmly. "He would have rewritten exactly as I wanted. He was going to." Her head went up proudly. Certainty burned within her.

GOLD drew back, appalled. How did she know? How did Lila La Rue know so surely? When he had left the theater that dark, tragic afternoon, poor Kelrae had been fighting passionately for the act to be left as it was; he was immovable as granite against Lila's changes. The last words Gold had heard were in the dramatist's rich, angry voice: "I don't care what you think, Lila! I don't care if it does throw everything to Berriman. That's life, by God! And no one's going to say I tamper with honesty to build up your part!"

But with Kelrae's voice killed out of the world, Lila La Rue could manage Gold. She actually had his promise before he left that he would get the play-doctor and have the rewriting done. Gold left with a strange sense of disloyalty, as if he had broken faith with Dallas Kelrae. "Whatever Dallas was or wasn't," Gold brooded, "he was an artist."

The play-doctor, curious by-product and great necessity of Broadway, was called in accordingly; and tearing into the living sinews of the play, he introduced the sham glitter of sensation. Every critic on Manhattan could have told just where Kelrae's writing left off and the fixer's began.

But Lila La Rue was satisfied. The last act was now all hers. Her velvet voice caressed the dishonest situations and dialogue at the rehearsals, and even Gold finally figured that the last curtain would come down on a riot.

What Duncan Berriman thought, no one knew. Before its revision Kelrae's work would have given Berriman his big chance. He had waited ten seasons on Broadway for a part like that, sometimes sick with fear that his opportunity to "show 'em" would not come before the years had taken away his right to be the best dramatic leading man in the show business. That last fatal

afternoon he had stood almost praying that Kelrae would not consent to rewrite.

The advance ticket-sale was large. Speculation as to the murderer of the playwright, and the motive, filled the papers; might he—or she—be upon the stage repeating Kelrae's last lines? Then there were paragraphs in approval, and others in condemnation, of the première, especially as it was to take place in the theater where the dramatist had been shot.

LILA LA RUE was in an impenetrable mood. Her costumes had been delivered and acknowledged perfect even by the company ingénue, which speaks for their indisputable beauty. Lila, often called "the best-dressed actress," had never had such a wardrobe; it was almost as though with the richness of brocades and softest furs she found the outward symbols to deck her triumph over the dead. She had won over Kelrae; she was magnificently alive in her tinsel world as he lay still, and those last thoughts of his in the manuscript of his play had been turned topsy-turvy for her sake.

Yes, Lila was triumphant; and a triumphant woman is dangerous—to herself. Lila La Rue could not help boasting of her victory. It was not enough that she had her way in all things. She must have admiration for getting it besides. And so she said, "Of course Dallas would have rewritten just as I wanted," and "Dallas would always do as I wished," and finally, "The last thing he said to me was that nothing mattered except to make me happy." And because she was a woman whose body was a white flame as well as an actress, she could not resist adding: "I was the only one Dallas ever loved. He came to know it before he died."

She dropped these things like smooth stones into the turgid stream of Broadway, where they were caught and tossed back and forth in the theaters and the night-clubs, on the corners, in the Lams and the Friars. It was inevitable that one should hit where it was not intended, and so the very day before the première Lila La Rue was summoned to "headquarters."

She swept in, a beautiful, sure lady. A man, evidently a taxicab driver, stood nervously beside the desk of a police captain—of a captain, that is, of that special squad of police investigators of murder called the homicide squad. A man in plain clothes stood beside the taxi-driver; it was the detective who had brought him in. There was another man in plain clothes—better clothes. Lila remembered him as an assistant to the prosecuting attorney. A police inspector also was present; but it was the captain who particularly affected Lila. At sight of him, something happened to her sureness, even to her beauty. She recaptured her aplomb abruptly; but in that second she knew she had lost the sympathy of her audience for the first time since her name had blazed in electric. Perhaps it was easier to keep a whole theater of people with her than this little group of police.

"You know this driver?" the captain asked.

"Hardly," she answered haughtily. But her lips were strangely dry.

"He's driven you, hasn't he?"

"Possibly."

The captain leaned forward suddenly, his small eyes boring into hers. "Didn't he drive you and Kelrae back to the theater the night of the murder?"

For a moment she was quiet. Then Lila's beautiful head went back bravely. "What if he did?" she demanded defiantly.

"Up to now, it was supposed you didn't see Kelrae after that afternoon rehearsal," the captain reminded her. "Why haven't you said you came back to the evening rehearsal together?"

She shot him a look of victory. "No one asked," she said; and something like a smile played about her satin lips.

The driver shifted uneasily. "C'n I go now?" he whined. The officer turned to him. "Yes, go on," the officer said; he knew where to get the fellow again if necessary.

The captain turned his attention again to the actress. "I want you to tell me," he said, and there was no doubt that he meant it. "Tell me how you happened to see Kelrae again, what you did, what happened." And as she hesitated, he added: "I'd advise you to answer."

A thousand thoughts whirled in her head. How much did these men know? Where should she begin? How should she talk—coldly, in a temper, with tears?

"Well?" his voice prompted her sternly, and that sternness gave her the cue. She broke down in an avalanche of weeping. She sobbed. She knew she was more than beautiful in such abandon, and a beautiful woman has an advantage. She wept on and on. But presently it occurred to her she couldn't do this much longer if she was not told to stop. She looked at the captain from wide, wet eyes. And he was scratching busily with a pen at his desk!

She sobbed twice as she tried to decide what to do next. In all her life Lila La Rue had never worked so hard. So, "Forgive me," she said in that marvelous voice. "I'm better now. I'll tell you." She knew now tears were vain. Her part called for frankness—or its appearance; and she was one of the best actresses on the American stage.

"After the disagreeable things that happened at the theater that afternoon," she began steadily, "I went home. I was *distracted*. My maid was bathing my temples with cologne. My special kind of cologne," she added; and the man interrupted her shortly: "Go on."

"The telephone rang. It was Dallas." She saw his sprung attention at that. She told herself this was the right line. Pretend to be frank. "He wanted to come up. He was downstairs in the hotel lobby. So I said he could. You see," she said gravely, "Dallas and I were fond of each other." She paused and then went on evenly as before: "That was the reason I thought he should be told."

"Told what?"

"About Gracie Fairchild."

"His wife, you mean?"

"Yes."

The captain patted his right hand with his left complacently. "Now we're getting some place," he said agreeably. "I remember that fellow Gold saying you shouted to her at rehearsal that you had something on her. So her husband came to find out what it was, did he? Well, what did you tell him?"

"I told him that Gracie was living with Monty Lammer."

"Lammer? The chap that runs that night-club?"

"Yes."

A look of genuine interest overspread the officer's face. "I'd like to know," he said, "I'd like very much to know why you told. I've always thought women weren't regular people, and if you told Dallas Kelrae that point-blank about his wife, I'd be positive they weren't."

THEN Lila La Rue went white. She forgot the part she had chosen to play there in the stuffy little room, forgot that her liberty, perhaps her life, depended on keeping her head. She was racked with a furious anger that surged back and swirled like a storm over her, setting her to trembling as she cried: "What do you know about being regular? That little vamp had Dallas so he'd do anything she said: He was ready to give in to her about not changing my last act. He'd have let it stand because he was afraid if he gave in she'd accuse him of loving me again. Dallas was stubborn, God knows, about his stuff. But I could have handled him—if it hadn't been for Gracie!" She was sobbing wildly now, the first real

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tears of anger or anything else she had shed in many years. "I said I'd show her up, and I did!" she screamed at last. The room seemed echoing with her hate.

The officer cut in quickly: "Go on."

She looked up then a little blankly. "Then we went to the theater," she said. The storm was departing from her, like rain slackening after a wind. "It was time for the evening rehearsal," she went on dully. Already she was wondering what harm that outburst could do her. She could hardly remember what she had said. She was terrified now. "Act! Act, Lila! You'll never have a better chance!"

She began taking off her glove and then remembered she had just put it on. She pretended to be annoyed at the clasp. Had he noticed? Her voice, long trained, responded gallantly to her will. She found herself listening intensely to its sound so that she could judge if it was steady. "We went into the stage entrance," she heard herself say. "Then I went up to my dressing-room. I don't know where he went."

There was a minute's pause. Then the inspector asked: "If he went down to the auditorium and some one had shot him there—" He waited, then repeated: "—shot him in the empty house, wouldn't you have heard the gun if you were in your dressing-room like you say?"

It was the old Lila who looked up at this man, sure of herself, beautiful.

"Why, no," she said politely. "No, I don't think I could have heard a shot. My dressing-room is on the second tier; and anyway, you see, the steel curtain was down."

The inspector nodded slowly. "I see. I see." He seemed casting about for something else to say; the captain found nothing either, and fell to patting his hand again.

She rose, a triumphant lady, a splendid actress. Through her went the giddy thought that she could always make men believe her. She was walking to the door now, a little drunk with success and relief. At the threshold she paused.

"This is not," said Lila La Rue distinctly, pleasantly, "the best preparation for an opening. My nerves can't stand much more. I must give a good performance tomorrow night. I owe that to Dallas Kelrae." The door was open now. She looked back. "Oh," she said charmingly, "are you coming? I'd be glad to leave a couple of passes at the box-office for you."

She was gone. The men began talking among themselves. What sort of people were these who lived—and died—in the theater? Not one with whom they had talked seemed to be concerned with anything but the show; their world centered in their individual beings; their only thought was the "performance." Whoever carried the evil secret of Kelrae's death could float over the murky deed of the dramatist's undoing if it would carry to the bank of a "success."

"And I've heard this Kelrae was all right, what they call a real artist," the assistant to the prosecutor brooded. Then he drew a pad toward him and wrote upon it.

He was sure he had the secret; and being sure, he could afford to wait.

THE theater was packed. The audience assembled for that first night with the excited feeling it was part of the show. Those near the tenth row, where—as everyone knew—Kelrae's body had been found, felt stimulated. The women in their shining low frocks moved their white shoulders with too much laughter; the men bantered more than usual. The regular first-nighters came in, conscious, as always, that they were being pointed out: the fictionist with her black hair like a velvet cap, the famous editor who would rather be known as the town's Beau Brummel; the town's Beau Brummel, who would have given his Bond Street smartness to be a famous editor. All the critics

were there; even some of the second-string dramatic reporters were seen talking in brisk little groups in the lobby, hopeful they would be taken as important.

There was a taut suspense, both in front and behind the footlights. Though it was cool, programs fluttered out of pure nervousness into fans. Lila La Rue swore softly at her maid; the ingénue smudged her mascara. Gold wiped and rewiped his fat hands. Duncan Berriman was in a tight silence, impenetrable even to his dresser. Despite the crime that had tossed the company, and indeed all Broadway, into a ferment, this opening would be like all others to Berriman after all: without a chance for himself, without hope of more than a mention by the critics. He hoped fiercely none would again call him "adequate," that safe adjective which actors abhor above all others.

Of all the hundreds of people in the playhouse only one was remembering Dallas Kelrae with tears.

That was the girl Georgia, sitting alone and stricken in the last row, shivering in the coat she held tightly about her. When the orchestra smashed into its finale, the house lights dimmed and the curtain went up, it was desecration to this girl, who of them all had loved Dallas.

He had been to her a sullen, silent god, and she had worshiped him the more for his silence to her. For all she knew, he had never known of her existence except as a machine through which flowed the necessary publicity oil to the press. She had been agent for four of his plays, stealing in time after time to watch him direct, his white, nervous face in torment as the players haggled. She had known of the festering bruise given him by Lila La Rue's betrayal. She knew the taunting hurt of Gracie Fairchild. On that last afternoon she had seen him standing between those two women, struggling to maintain the ideal of his artistry, to keep it pure of the contamination with which two jealous women sought to pollute it, each for her own end. . . .

The curtain fell on the first act before she knew the act had begun.

SHE was growing colder. Life seemed bleak, lonely. "He was the only great artist I shall ever know," she kept thinking over and over. The thought made her future bereft. Why do people like Dallas Kelrae come into the world to be hurt by it? And she would have given her life to keep him from being hurt.

The second curtain came down on a burst of applause. She stirred slightly. Lila La Rue was taking her calls, beautiful and sure. Now she was holding out her white arms for the blood-red roses handed across the footlights. Duncan Berriman gave them to her with a little bow. She detached one and presented it to him like a reward—a reward for what?

Had Dallas ever known about Gracie? Would the knowledge have shattered belief in love's fidelity a second time? Would he have gone, so stricken and hurt that he wished to hurt in his turn, as he had after learning of Lila's unfaithfulness? "Oh, it's better, better," the girl Georgia told herself intensely, "better that he should die before he learned that a second time."

Out of the strange combination of her sorrow and her contentment that he had been saved from cruel knowledge, a sudden thought took possession of her. "After all, he couldn't hold the women he loved. But he could hold something greater: his faith in his work." And even as the words formed in her mind, she realized they had taken even that from him in the end.

The dialogue that poured now from the stage was not Dallas Kelrae's. She heard Lila's voice, magnificent and clear, saying,

"Oh, forgive me, my husband, forgive me! I have been wrong, I know. But it

isn't what you think. This man" (she pointed dramatically at the heavy) "crept into my room uninvited. He came perhaps to steal me, his friend's wife, but he did not reckon with that wife! I should have protected my honor and yours to the last breath in my body!"

Why, they had made Kelrae's tragedy into a comedy! The strained, stagy dialogue swept Lila La Rue along with its fake passion, throwing her at last into a climax of tears on the divan, from which she rose at last, forgiven and breathing quickly, to be kissed nobly on the brow by her unnaturally credulous husband. The curtain fell on the reconciliation.

GORGIA heard murmurs in the lobby as the audience flowed slowly out. "These stage husbands are the bunk," some one said, and laughed. "Kelrae must have lost his grip," another, unknowing of play-doctors, contributed. She saw one critic raise his eyebrows at a police and hurry away. Then she saw the police captain who had questioned them all variously. He looked as if he had been to tremendous bother over something that didn't, after all, matter.

The play had not gone over. Gold was crestfallen and somber. And Georgia knew, knew as if she saw her, that Lila La Rue was storming in her dressing-room by this time, blaming everyone, scolding, trying to cast the blame for the palpable flop at everyone's head except her own. Grimly the girl Georgia walked to her apartment.

Now they would be ready to admit Kelrae had been right about his last act. Now they would know they had been fools to tamper with the work of one who knew. *Of one who knew!*

Other thoughts went careening through her, thoughts that were bitter and cruel. All night they kept her company, and very early in the morning she was at headquarters, demanding the captain of the murder squad.

She was taken to him at once, for her words, "I've come about the Kelrae murder," were framed by lips so white her importance there was manifest.

Before the blue-uniformed man she spoke quickly, like a little girl repeating a lesson. "I know what happened. I can set everything straight. It's all so clear—Lila and Gracie and Dallas. Even Berriman."

The captain motioned for her to go on. She seemed not to see but to be living for him Dallas Kelrae's last hours. "You were there last night," she said quickly. "You know how that last act ended. The play-doctor wrote into it all the time-honored sentimental trash no one ever believes. You know he wrote the scene for Lila and let her be the eternally 'good woman' just so she could rant."

"But that isn't the way Dallas wanted it. He knew!" There was unutterable pride in the girl's voice as she said again, "He knew! He knew that people don't do that. Listen. I'll tell you how he had it. When he found out that the wife in the play loved another man, he wrote: 'The gift of yourself is yours to do with as you choose.' You see, I know the speeches! He wrote: 'If a man loves a woman, if a husband loves his wife, he'll not stand in the way of her happiness. Love makes a man brave if he has it, and a coward when he hasn't. But if he loves a woman enough, he'll get out of her way when she doesn't want him—even if he has to kill himself to do it!'"

The captain leaned forward. "Go on. Then what?"

Her voice was lifeless as she said: "Then Dallas had the husband shoot himself so that the wife could be free."

The walls of the narrow room seemed to Georgia pressing about her with the pressure of Dallas Kelrae's own broken spirit, explained and understood at last. The officer said musingly after a moment: "So you think

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he did it himself—after Lila La Rue threw in his face the truth about his wife. He must have loved that little Gracie person a lot."

The girl Georgia looked at him. "Yes," she admitted slowly, "he loved her; but he loved his work more. He was great because he put on the stage what was real to himself. He had written in his play the part of the husband who killed himself—who had to kill himself—when he found he was in the way of his wife whom he loved."

"They told Dallas that was bunk—a man wouldn't do that. Dallas replied that a man would—he would; and he forced them to play the part that way. Then—he found himself in that situation, caught by it, trapped by it; and he had to play his part as he'd made them play it. There was nothing else left for Dallas Kelrae to do."

The officer waited until he was sure she would volunteer no more; then he roused himself suddenly. "You feel sure of that?"

"I know it!"

"Then you know how the gun—the prop gun—got back where it belonged after Kelrae used it?"

"Duncan Berriman brought it back. I saw him pick it up."

"Why would he do it?"

"He found it right after, and—perhaps he thought Lila knew more about Dallas' death than she did. I believe he put it back for her sake." She paused, and went ahead firmly: "No one was doing any thinking right then. Berriman could have rubbed off what he supposed were her fingerprints. . . . If he realized later it was suicide, he didn't dare tell what he'd done. . . . But that didn't help poor Berriman."

"Help him? How would he figure it would help him?"

"He didn't figure; he just did it with an idea he was helping Lila—so that she would want to do something for him and leave him a big and important part in the play."

"A man wouldn't figure that—or do it without figuring—so quick!" the officer objected.

"He would in the theater. You see nothing matters there but the importance of your own part, your own success."

THE officer proceeded with formal inquiry, but his mind was satisfied. This girl's evidence that Berriman had removed and restored to place the prop gun lifted the last obstacle to the truth—Kelrae had killed himself.

Why? Because, in this strange world of his, where reality and make-believe continually were inextricably mixed, Dallas Kelrae had been trapped in an act of his own making? Or was it something else never quite to be known which lay between him and the wisp of a girl—a nobody—whom he had married in his hour of greatness and whom he had not been able to hold?

The captain was too old to expect ever to uncover a complete motive; to be certain that Kelrae had killed himself, was enough.

"It doesn't seem to me," the captain said to Georgia at last, "that you belong where you are. I don't think you'd die to be dramatic."

"No; but you see I'm not a success. If I told you I loved Dallas Kelrae more than Lila and much more than Gracie or anyone, and yet that I'm taking a train—as soon as I can—for the West to marry a boy out there, what would you say?"

"I'd say, I'll help you get away quick. There'll be little more about this. You can go tomorrow—probably—and good luck!"

But as she closed the door after her, he remembered the look in her eyes as she left, and he said to himself: "She won't go, though. She's fascinated, just like they all are."

And he made an entry in his book of the report of the Kelrae "murder," and closed it.



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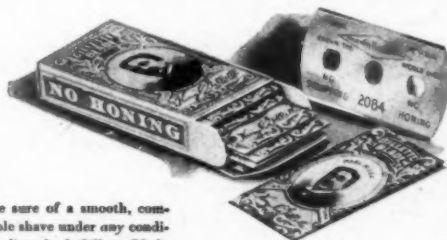
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EDWARD J. STEICHEN

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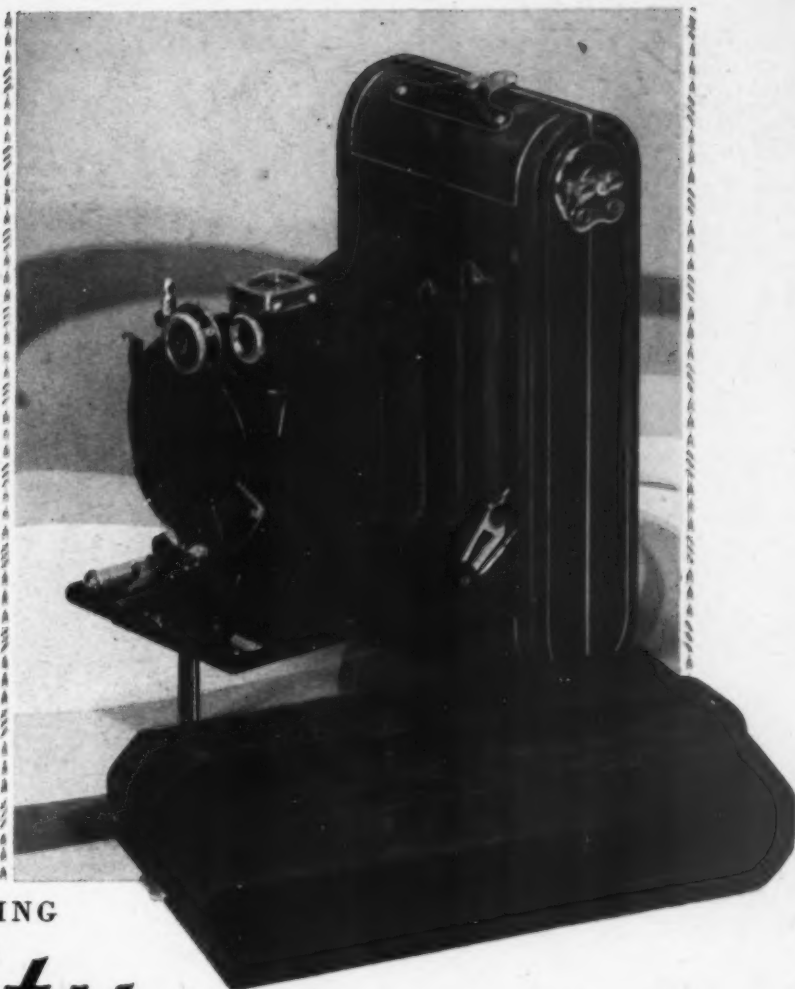
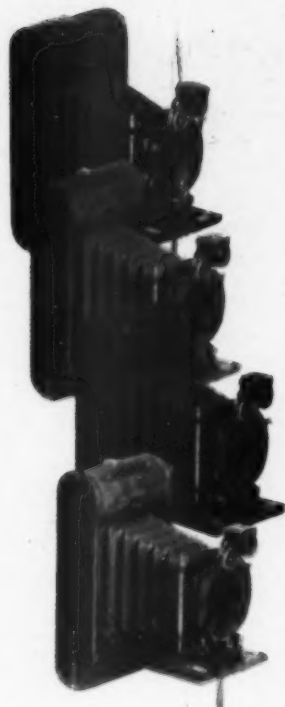
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